THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

JANUARY 8, 1949

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Beginning

The College Fraternity Crisis

By Howard Whitman

Also

Father of the Bride

A Forthcoming Book-of-the-Month Selection

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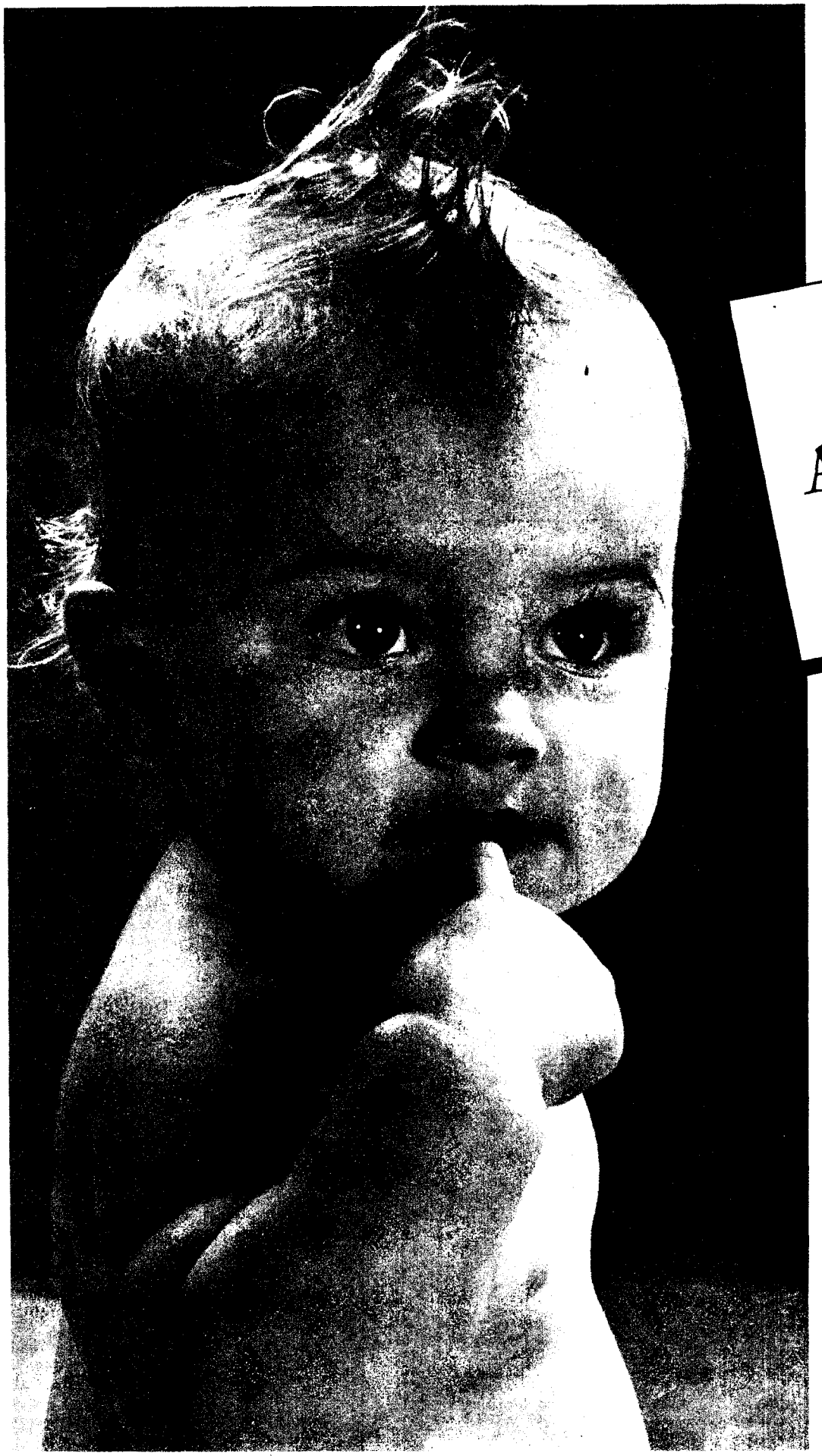

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By BILL DAVIDSON

Tough little tugs rush from New York Harbor to every section of the globe to rescue the ocean's floundering giants. Read this action-packed story of salvage on the high seas.

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By LEONARD LYONS

A noted columnist who has brought many celebrities together reveals the strangest, most amazing of the follow-ups to his introductions.

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RETURN OF THE NUMBERS RACKET

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

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ANOTHER LAND, ANOTHER LOVE

By HOWARD LA FAY

Joe Brooks, who fell in love with a Japanese girl during the occupation, finds that she has ruined all other women for him. He has to face it—to choose Mieko, or someone like Irene.

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The Week's Mail

O READER FAIR!

DEAR SIR: I sure admire the way your magazine takes letters of criticism on the chin. I always read The Week's Mail and notice you print the rude as well as the polite letter. I call that truly American.

ESTHER L. HUGHES, Davenport, Iowa

ROLLING HOME

DEAR SIR: We who own and use house trailers get quite a kick out of house-trailer gags such as the enclosed. But our amusement springs from the mistake the cartoonists make in assuming that people occupy trailers which are being operated on the road.

"Oh, my goodness! Run back and see if Daddy came home last night!"

If your cartoonist were to try the experiment, he would need to equip himself with a remedy for seasickness, and with half a dozen inflated air cushions. A trailer on the road takes a beating.

ROBERT J. TEALL, Los Altos, Cal.

In that case, just where *is the doghouse on the road?*

WHEN IS A FLOP NOT A FLOP?

GENTLEMEN: Billy Rose (Opera Through Rose Colored Glasses, Nov. 6th) and your own Ted Shane, panning Metropolitan Opera's directors, might be more convincing if they bristled with as many facts, as

(Continued on page 57)

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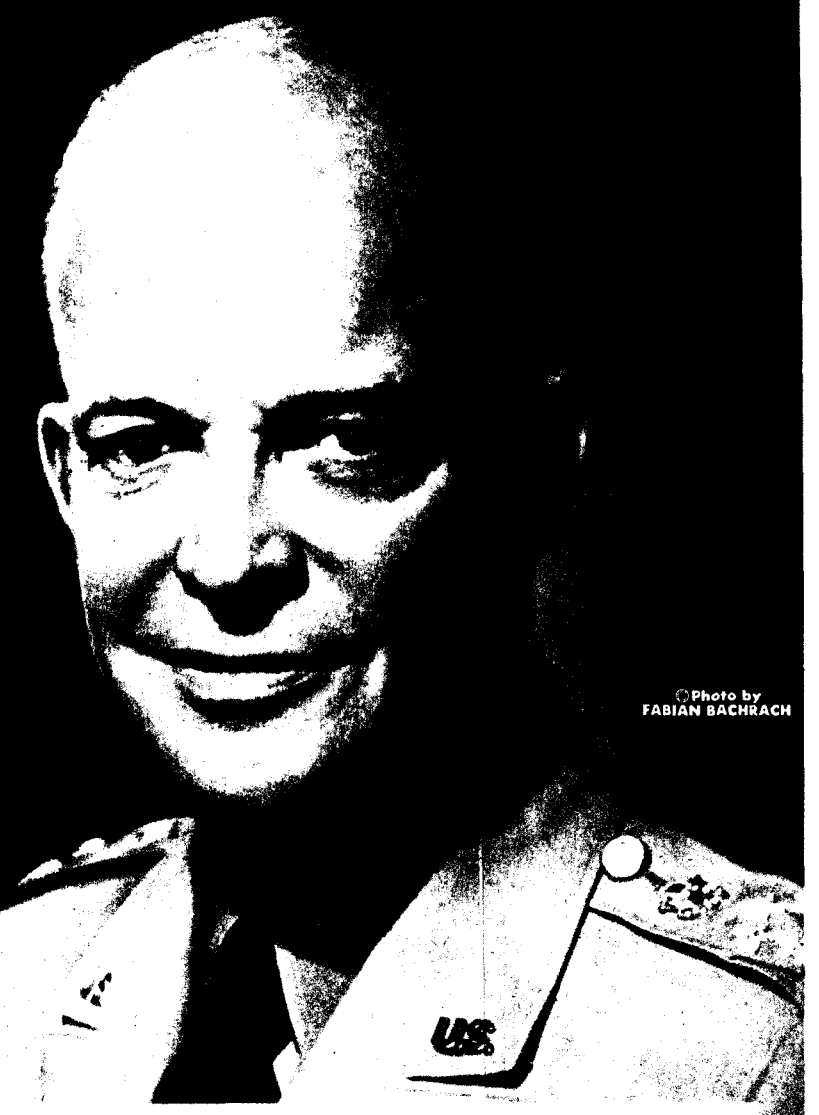

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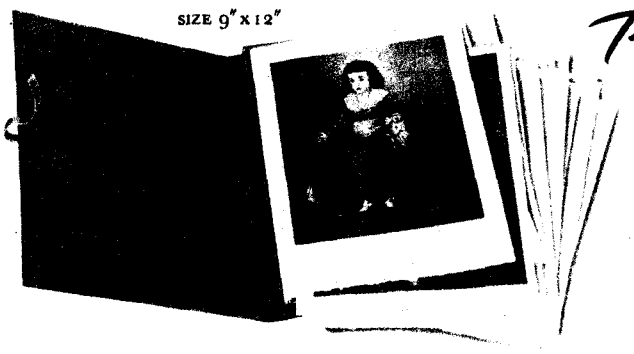

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★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

BECAUSE PISTOLS introduced in Pistoia, Italy, in 1540, fired only one shot and required considerable time to reload, the majority could not be sold unless they were combined with a supplementary weapon, like a dagger, ax or sword, for emergencies at close quarters. Later, concealed pistols became popular. Scores have been especially designed and installed in such unsuspected articles as canes, watches, fountain pens and the handles of table knives and forks. The newest, taken from a Nazi soldier during the war, is a gun in a belt buckle. In a split second after the wearer presses its starting button, while pretending to adjust his belt, the tiny gun barrel swings into position and fires two .32-caliber bullets.

AMONG FAMOUS SHIPS in history, few were more admired or feared than the Great Eastern, built in England in 1854–1858. At the time, she was the largest vessel ever constructed. No other exceeded her dimensions for 50 years and no other has yet equaled her normal passenger capacity of 4,000. On the other hand, the Great Eastern was always unlucky. She was the victim of frequent accidents while serving as an ocean liner, then as a troopship and later as a cable layer. While she was being broken up in 1888, a skeleton was discovered in a compartment in her double hull. As the man had been sealed in it during construction, many people believed his remains had caused the jinx that had so mysteriously plagued the ship throughout her 30 years' existence.

FEW MEN have been befriended by his fellow citizens as was Joshua Norton of San Francisco during the 25 years he was mentally unbalanced before his death in 1880. Wearing a peculiar uniform and calling himself "Norton I, Emperor of the United States of America," he attended every public function and session of the state senate, which reserved a chair for him. He traveled on life passes given to him by transportation lines. Newspapers never charged for printing his announcements. Restaurants seldom presented him with a bill for his meal. Bankers and merchants rarely refused to honor his checks as he never wrote one for more than $2. Persons whom he chanced to meet when he needed a little ready cash would not hesitate, unless broke, to buy at least one of his 50-cent bonds. Fittingly, the funeral of this penniless but popular old man was one of the largest ever held in Frisco and it was paid for by a club of millionaires.

WHEN MONASTERIES and nunneries were outlawed in Mexico in 1868, the famous Convent of Santa Monica in Puebla was closed and remodeled into apartments. Only the Church of Santa Monica in one corner of the structure was allowed to continue its services for the public. Rumors that the nuns still had their quarters in the building caused it to be searched many times. A convent was finally discovered, but it was not until 1934, when an investigator happened upon a button that, when pressed, automatically opened the wall and revealed a secret door. By burying their dead in crypts in the basement and by obtaining their food and necessities through friends who lived in the building, the nuns (always 24 in number) had managed to maintain the convent secretly for 66 years. Moreover, by opening panels in a wall in their chapel and looking through the adjoining grillwork covered with thin tapestries, they had been able to see into the Church of Santa Monica and thus attend Mass. They themselves remained unseen and their presence was unsuspected by the other worshipers.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

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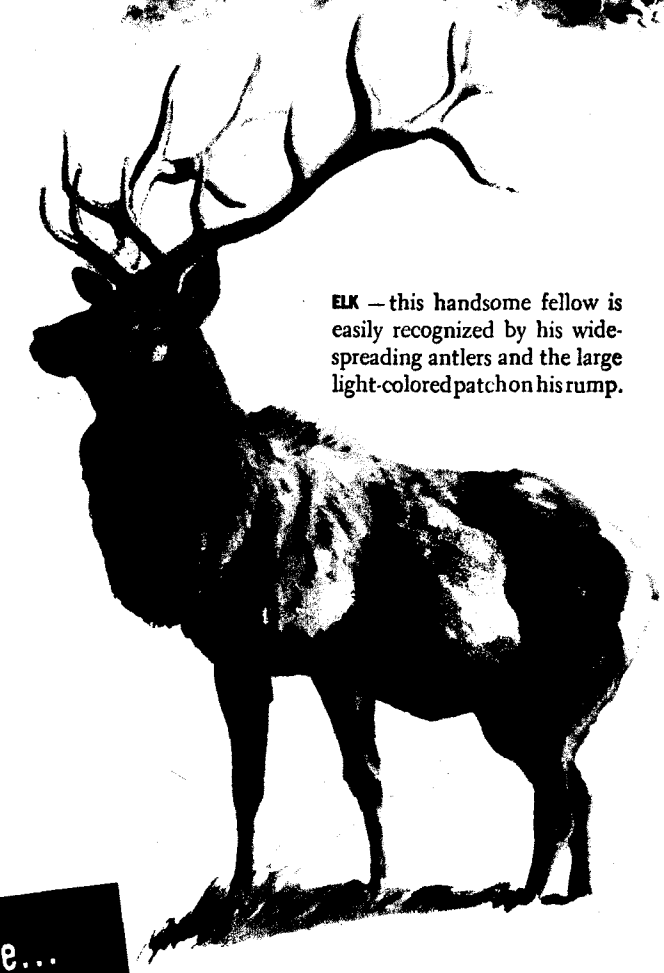
When you go hunting "THE TRADE-MARKS OF NATURE*" identify your game

*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y. Animals illustrated are males of the species.

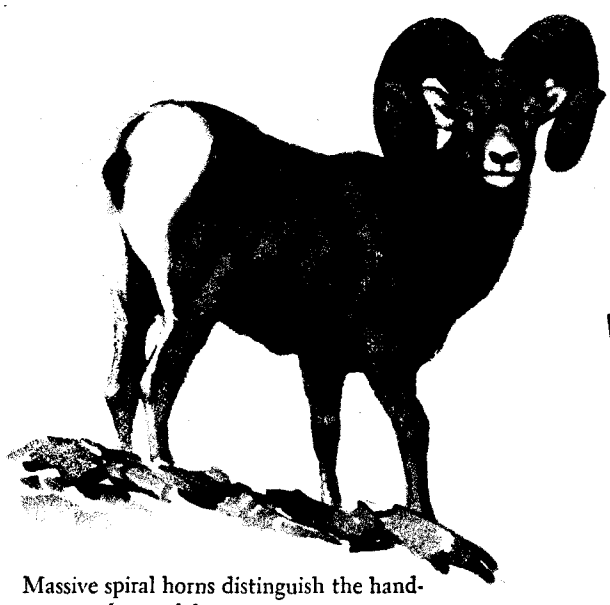
MOOSE—the largest of the deer family—has several identifying features: a humped nose, distinctive antlers and quite often a loose "bell" of flesh under his neck.

THE PRONGHORN ANTELOPE is distinguished by his horns, which have a spur-like "prong," or branch, above the middle.

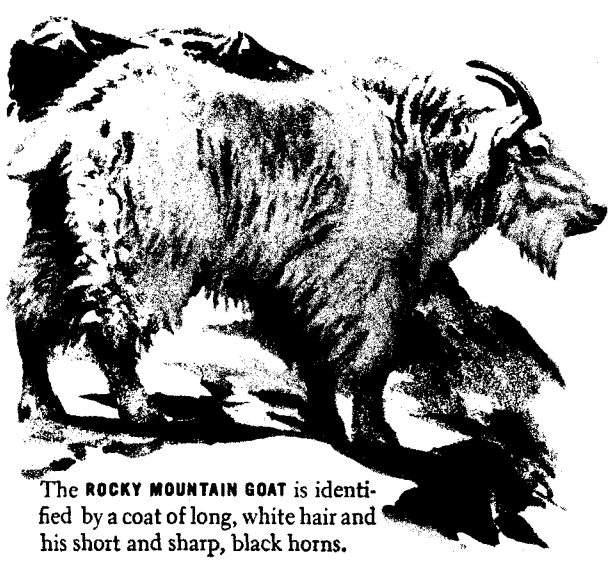
WHITE-TAILED DEER—identified by the white underside and fringe of the tail that flashes like a white flag when he is startled.



ELK—this handsome fellow is easily recognized by his wide-spreading antlers and the large light-colored patch on his rump.



Massive spiral horns distinguish the handsome and graceful **ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.**



The **ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT** is identified by a coat of long, white hair and his short and sharp, black horns.

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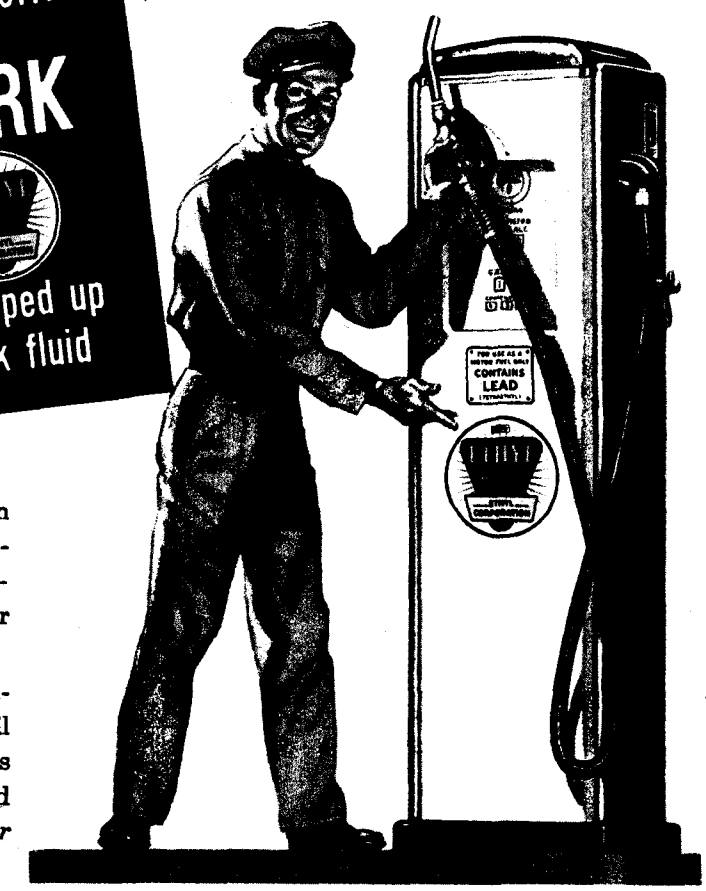

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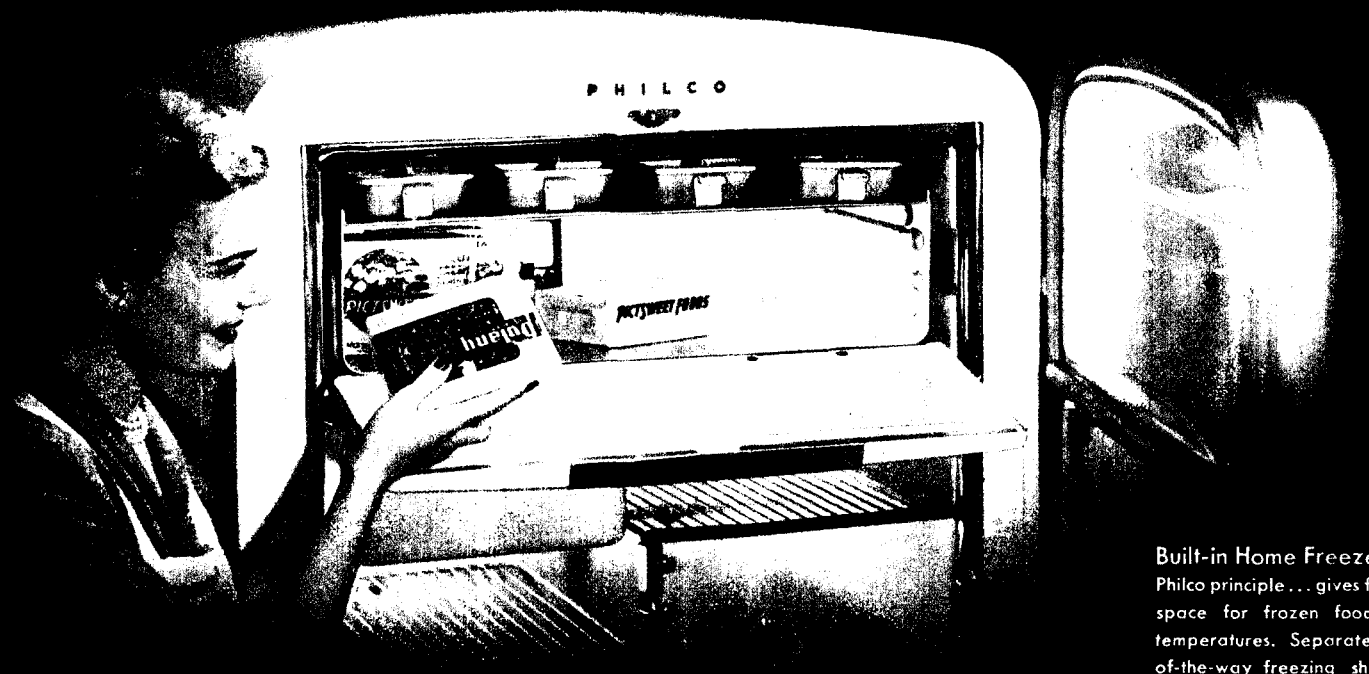

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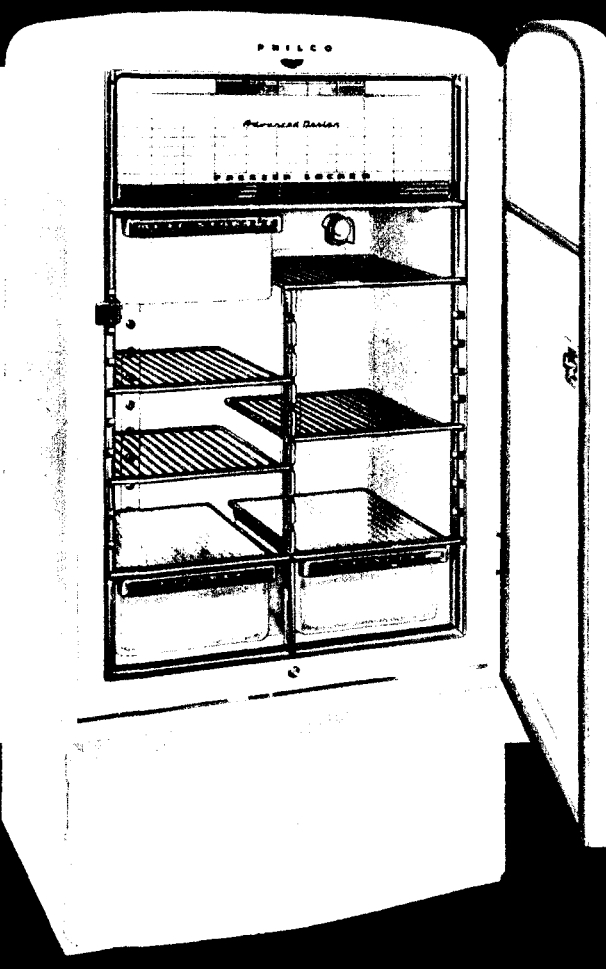

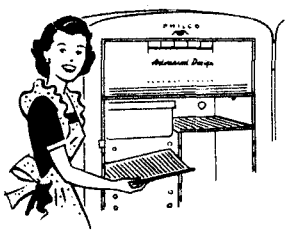

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The College Fraternity Crisis

By HOWARD WHITMAN

In this article Mr. Whitman deals with the subject of racial discrimination. But what constitutes a race? Collier's asked Earnest Albert Hooton, professor of anthropology at Harvard University to define it. Here is his definition:

"A race is a major physical grouping of mankind based upon the inheritance of combinations of anatomical features. Hence, members of the same race look somewhat alike, but they do not necessarily think alike or behave alike. Science knows no psychological or behavioral peculiarities certainly attributable to race. Nor are there 'superior' or 'inferior' races ranked by scientific tests.

"All civilized nations consist of racially mixed people. 'Pure' races are virtual abstractions. Aryans are not a race, but a linguistic classification. Jews are not a race, but a specially selected, inbred, cultural and religious group. Racial prejudice and racial discrimination arise from human competitiveness, selfishness and stupidity, not from real racial differences in psychology and behavior.

"There are probably more differences in temperament and behavior between fat men and thin men of the same race than between Negroes and whites of similar body builds, or between Jews and gentiles."

"No Jews, Negroes, or Catholics! Just a nice bunch of regular fellows," said a pink-cheeked youth describing his fraternity. After two wars in which we fought for democracy, discrimination is still rampant on our college campuses

PART 1—BIGOTRY ON THE CAMPUS

HIDDEN in the secret constitutions of some of our leading college fraternities are clauses which need airing. They deal with, and some calmly endorse, race discrimination and religious prejudice.

I have toured the colleges and I have met the practitioners of discrimination. I have met their victims. In dozens of fraternity houses I have heard the angry discussions and have visited the battle fronts in a not-too-cold war which is engulfing colleges from Maine to California.

The dawn of 1949 sees the worst college-fraternity crisis since 1875, when President McCosh drove fraternities out of Princeton. Today fraternities are "on probation" at some colleges. Cries for abolition are resounding at others. Many educators feel like the Middle West dean who said to me, "We'll either have *good* fraternities—or *no* fraternities."

The secret clauses, upon which the battle pinpoints, may jolt many Americans.

"Members must be of the Aryan race and not of the black, Malayan or Semitic race"—this from the constitution of one national fraternity.

Another states: Candidates for pledge-ship "must not be of Mongolian, Malaysian, Negro or Jewish blood."

The words "white Caucasian" are frequently used as an "adjustable" yardstick of discrimination. It of course rules out Negroes. It has been *interpreted* to rule out Jews. It has been *broadened* to rule out, or to put a quota upon, Catholics.

One secret clause, which sounds as if it had been lifted out of Mein Kampf, limits fraternity membership to "white persons of full Aryan blood."

I received a baptism in bigotry early in my tour of colleges. It happened at Ohio State, at one of the ranking fraternity houses. In a bull session with the brothers, the matter of discrimination came up. We were sitting around, smoking, talking easily. Somebody said, "Well, as to colored boys—"

A member rose and stomped out of the room. His trailing voice said, "If you're going to talk about niggers—count me out!"

At most campuses I found a few who felt the same way about discussing discriminatory practices against Jews, Catholics, Mexicans, Japanese, Chinese, and that vast group of native Americans from the "wrong side" of the railroad tracks, known in Greek-letter land as "social inferiors."

At the University of Virginia, President Colgate Whitehead Darden told me, "I am determined to fight against social stratification. It is a subversion of the basic policy of the university!"

But for his pains to democratize a university founded by Thomas Jefferson, Darden netted himself a death's head painted on his office door. Beneath it was scrawled, "Tyrant!"

"Damned if we want our fraternity opened to the common herd!" commented one of the Greek-letter boys.

At the University of Michigan, Walter Presnell, a Negro, filed his name with the dean's office along with other students who wanted to join fraternities. No fraternity would touch him.

Presnell can't quite understand it, because last summer he went to Harvard (where there is just one fraternity) and lived quite happily with two white roommates.

Dick Maloy, student city editor, writing in the Michigan Daily, stated bluntly, "Fraternities discriminate against Negroes, Catholics and Jews. Why not clean up these blots right here at the university before trying to convince the rest of society that discrimination is a bad thing?"

But Maloy expresses the minority opinion—more typical was the fraternity man at Wisconsin who said to me, "We have to grab back a pledge pin now and then when we find out a guy is Jewish."

At Michigan, a youth was pledged and then *depledged* because his ancestry was Japanese-American. "Not pure Caucasian blood," a fraternity man explained.

At Bowdoin College, in Maine, a Negro boy was thrown out of one fraternity because its national organization insisted on "white only." He was pledged to a second fraternity, thrown out again. He finally got into a third.

How does the knife edge of discrimination actually feel? Listen to the experience of a Catholic student at Boston University.

"I was asked to join *(Continued on page 65)*

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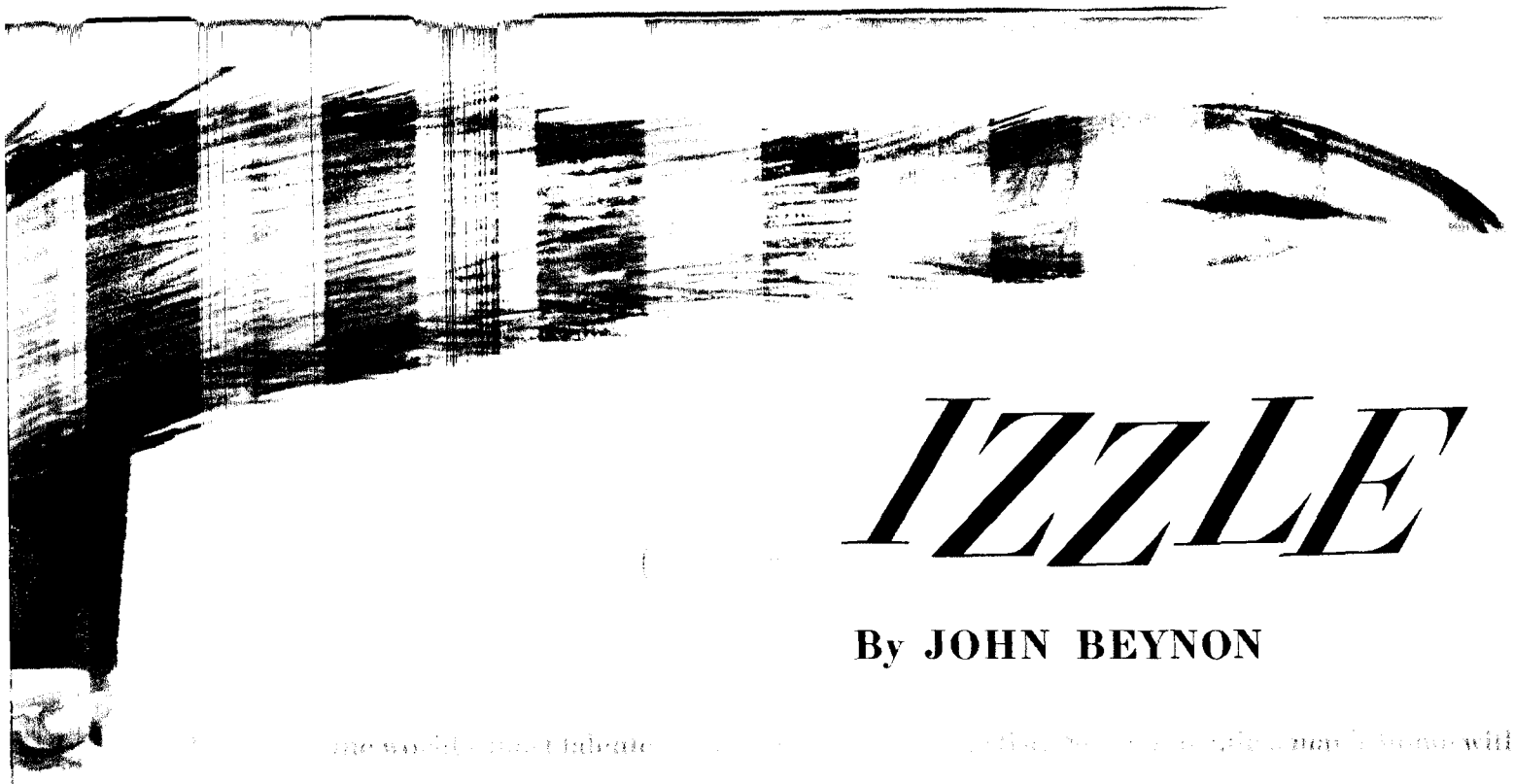


JIZZLE

By JOHN BEYNON

THE first thing Ted Torby saw, when he opened his eyes, was a monkey perched on the top of the cupboard, watching him. He sat bolt upright with a jerk that joggled Rosie awake and shook the whole trailer.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. He closed his eyes, and looked again, hard. The monkey was still there, staring at him with round, dark eyes.

"What's the matter?" Rosie asked sleepily. Then she saw the direction of his gaze. "Oh, that! Serves you right."

"It's real?" said Ted.

"Of course it's real. And lie down. You've pulled all the bedclothes off me."

Ted leaned back, keeping his eyes fixed warily on the monkey. Painful memories of the previous evening began to reassemble in his mind.

"I'd forgotten," he said.

"I don't wonder," said Rosie. And then she added, with a slightly sadistic shading: "I expect you've got a lovely head."

Ted did not answer.

"How much did you give for it?" asked Rosie, nodding at the monkey.

"Couple o' quid," said Ted.

"Two good pounds for *that*," she said. "And you call *your* customers mugs!"

There was no response from Ted; actually it had been ten pounds and he had beaten the man down from fifteen. A big Negro, he was, standing at the bar of The Gate and Goat and he had this monkey for sale—*ma petite Giselle,* he called her.

As a member of the circus and a seller of patent medicine, Ted Torby was proof against this sort of casual salesman, but when the man told him what the monkey could do, and then showed him, Ted weakened. He offered five, the Negro asked fifteen, and they settled for ten and a bottle of whisky. They drank the whisky together and nothing was very clear after that but evidently he had got back to the trailer somehow—and with the monkey.

"It's got fleas," said Rosie, wrinkling her nose.

"It's a female," said Ted. "And monkeys don't have fleas."

"Well, if it isn't looking for fleas, what *is* it doing?"

"I don't know," said Ted, "something to do with perspiration—"

The monkey glanced at them and gave a kind of snickering noise.

Ted lay and contemplated the monkey for a while and it returned his gaze with an indifference which was in itself vaguely offensive. Rosie continued to regard it without favor.

"Where are you going to keep it? I'm not going to have it in here."

"Why not?" asked Ted. "She's quite clean."

"How do you know? You were tight when you bought it."

"I got tight *after* I'd bought her. And don't keep on calling her *it*. She's a her. Her name is Jizzle."

"Jizzle?" repeated Rosie.

"A French name," Ted explained.

Rosie frowned as though its Frenchness was, somehow, a further mark against it.

Jizzle was at the moment in a complicated and unornamental attitude. She had disposed her right foot round her neck, and was absorbed in an intense study of the back of her right knee.

"She's no ordinary monkey—she's educated," said Ted.

"Educated she may be, but she's not refined. Look at her now. You can't say *that's* not disgusting," Rosie told him.

"What—? Oh, well, monkeys, you know—" Ted said, vaguely. "But I'll show you how educated she is. Worth a fortune. You watch." And he got out of bed to coax Jizzle down from her perch.

There could be no doubt after that; one demonstration was enough to convince the most prejudiced that Jizzle was a gold mine.

"I wonder why he sold it—her," said Rosie. "He could have made a fortune."

"I guess he just wasn't a showman," Ted said, "or a businessman, either."

AFTER breakfast he left the trailer and looked at the sign above his medicine stand: DR. STEVEN'S PSYCHOLOGICAL STIMULATOR.

In addition to this there were boldly lettered posters: A STEADY MIND IS A READY MIND. PLANNED THINKING PAYS. SNAP BEATS FLAP. MOBILIZE MENTALLY AND MAKE MONEY

For the first time in his career the display failed to please him. Still he was astonished to think of the number of half crowns it had helped to draw in exchange for his "Famous World-Unique Mental Tonic."

"May as well ditch this lot," he said. "We'll need a tent with benches and a stage." He went back to the trailer, and turned Rosie out.

"I got to think," he explained. "I got to work out the patter and the publicity, and we'll get you a new dress for the act.". . .

The tryout took place a couple of days later before a critical audience drawn from the circus. It included El Magnifico, Gypsy Clara, George Haythorpe from the rifle range, Pearl Verity, the Only Authentic Three-legged Woman in the World, and a sprinkling of others from both the main and side shows. A small audience, but Ted nevertheless delivered the build-up as though he addressed a large crowd of select customers.

It was in the approved style of superlative, and it ended with the phrase: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the greatest—the unbelievable—the supreme wonder of the animal world —JIZZLE!" The applause was enthusiastic.

The monkey sat on a square table with a red-fringed top, and beside her stood an easel with a large pad of sketching paper. She wore a bright yellow dress, and a blue beret. For the moment she had pulled the dress aside, and was searching beneath it with great application of purpose.

ROSIE entered from the left and her smile could have deceived no one. A few minutes earlier she had flatly and finally declined to wear the costume Ted had designed for her—a bright yellow dress and a large, floppy beret.

"I don't care," she said. "I've told you I won't, and I won't. You can dress your beastly monkey how you like, but you won't make me dress like it. I'm surprised at you asking it. Whoever heard of a man dressing his wife like a monkey?"

To Ted's mind this pettiness ruined his whole carefully planned effect, and he gave in to her reluctantly.

Rosie now wore the familiar costume in which she was accustomed to hand out bottles of Psychological Stimulator.

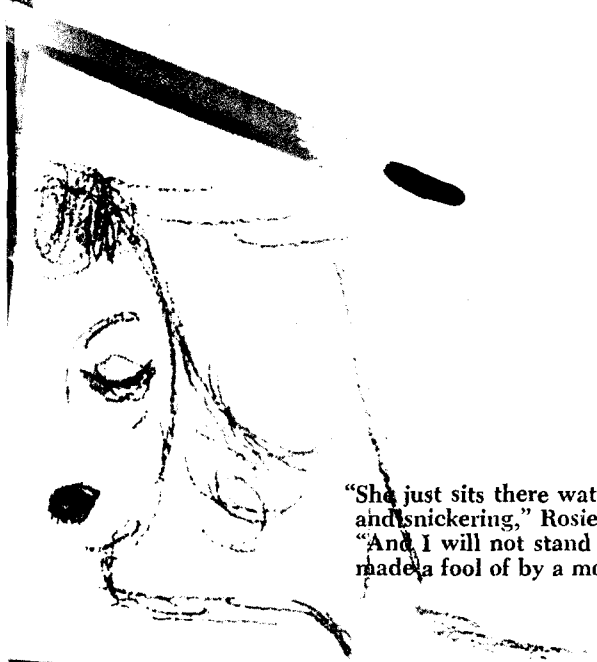
After a few more high commendations of his protégée, Ted moved over to the easel and struck a pose. Rosie advanced and handed Jizzle a drawing pencil. Immediately, Jizzle was on her feet, her left hand holding on to the side of the pad, her right hand drawing swiftly. An astonished muttering broke out among the spectators. Her technique had a certain simian flavor, but the likeness to Ted was indisputable. Sheer amazement made the applause a trifle slow in starting, but when it came it was wholehearted.

Ted tore off the sheet and moved away, and Rosie took his place. Once more Jizzle's sketch was remarkable, though perhaps the monkeylike quality was a shade more pronounced. The audience's laugh put Rosie's professional expression to a test which it only just survived.

"Now, if any lady or gentleman in the audience—?" suggested Ted.

El Magnifico was the first to oblige. Powerful and massive, he stalked onto the stage to take up one of his best lion-tamer poses beside the easel.

Ted continued with his patter while Jizzle drew portrait after portrait. She needed no persuasion; the moment one sheet *(Continued on page 60)*



"She just sits there watching and snickering," Rosie said. "And I will not stand to be made a fool of by a monkey"

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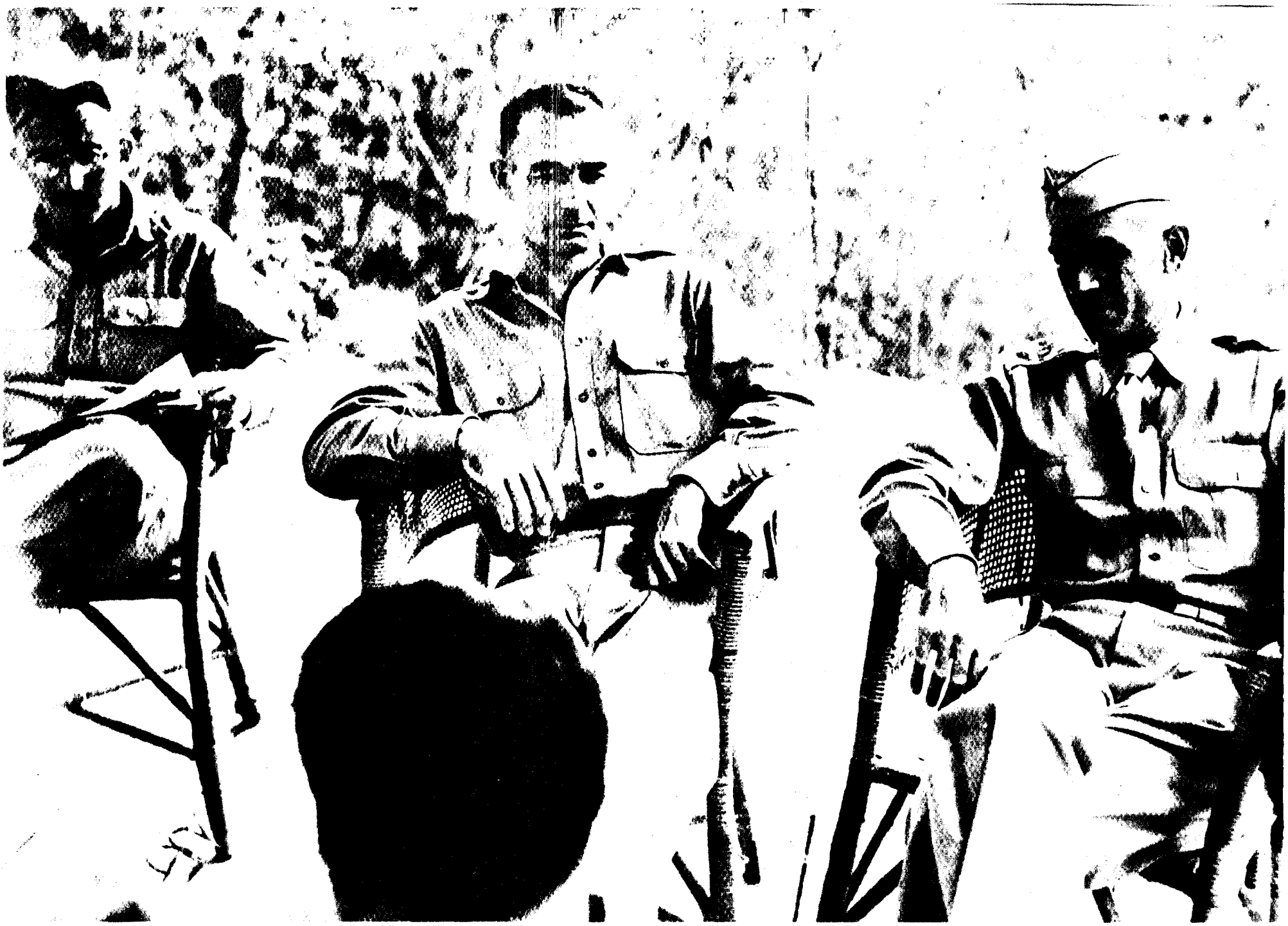

U.S. ARMY PHOTOGRAPH

Horrible though it was, men at Corregidor might have carried on but for one factor: hopelessness. It is written on the face of Lt. Col. Theodore Kalukuka, center

I Surrendered Corregidor

By BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES C. DRAKE

U. S. Army (Retired)

More than six years had to pass before this great war story could be told. Collier's is proud to print this haunting tale of a soldier who, in his commander's absence, faced the agonizing dilemma of surrendering to the Japs when the privilege of a fighting death was denied him

THE strangest thing about that dismal Philippine campaign was the way we surrendered Corregidor to the Japs. Contrary to popular impression Lieutenant General Jonathan M. Wainwright had nothing to do with it. As commander in chief of that theater the decision to quit was, of course, made by him but, by the fortunes of war, the dirty task of following through fell on me, his third-in-command on the Rock.

And it fell on my Executive Officer Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Kalukuka, whose action was heroic, even though it had to be in the losing, instead of the winning of a battle.

About 1:00 P.M. on May 6, 1942, "Skinny," as General Wainwright was affectionately known to us, led out of the Malinta tunnel a party of American officers under a white flag. They included Brigadier General Lewis Beebe, Wainwright's Chief of Staff, and General George F. Moore, Harbor Defense commander. They were to seek out General Masaharu Homma, the Jap commander.

Behind them, inside Malinta Hill, they left some 4,000 of us, virtually all the Americans that remained on the island. With their departure, leadership of this force automatically passed to me as senior officer—but as we expected the surrender to be accomplished promptly, this fact did not seem particularly important.

Since the fall of Bataan, almost a month before, the Japs had been raking Corregidor from the surrounding shores, playing streams of shells on us like water from a hose.

By April 29th—their Emperor's birthday—they had accumulated an estimated 400 guns of all calibers up to 240-mm. howitzers on the peninsula. Explosions were counted at the rate of one every second.

The inevitable land attack came on the night of May 5th, the eve of the surrender. We expected it on that date because the calendar promised clearest moonlight and by 10:30 sure enough, they were swarming at Cavalry Point, on the east or Bataan side of Corregidor, and at James Ravine up in the extreme northwest of the island. We got them on the beaches at the rate of ten to one but, fundamentally, it was a hopeless fight.

Many of our men had already done the impossible: crossed from Bataan on logs and driftwood, in defiance of all the hazards of those seas, treacherous tides, sharks and ferocious barracuda. They were in no condition to multiply miracles.

Lacking any permanent defense system, they were pushed back during the night from their improvised trenches and hastily dug foxholes. By dawn the Japs secured the beachheads. As the pressure was extended we had no choice but to take shelter in Malinta tunnel.

"Shelter" is the right word for that improvisation. Malinta Hill, at the base of Corregidor, rises to 500

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feet from sea level. Precipitous and rugged, it was a tough obstacle to the enemy advance. The only practicable means of passage through it was our tunnel which ran east to west, and had been dug for storage of supplies, equipment, ammunition and other war reserves.

Constructed of reinforced concrete, it was about 800 feet long and 30 feet wide; the walls met 30 feet above the floor to form an arch. Cutting across this main tunnel were a number of smaller ones—"laterals"—running roughly at right angles. These were only half as high and wide and about 150 feet deep.

The entire honeycomb, though never intended for humans, was converted to use as general headquarters fairly early in the siege since the Jap air force had made a shambles of Topside, the original site.

By midmorning of the sixth, the main tunnel was jam-packed with 2,000 exhausted men. About the same number of soldiers, sailors and medical personnel was huddled in the laterals, and over a thousand sick and wounded lay in the long north extension which connected with the hospital.

Unspeakable Horror in the Tunnels

Water was fast giving out and even the mules were turning away from what remained because blasting had shaken brine into the wells. Sanitation was nonexistent. Air itself was denied us, since the shafts which brought it down were, like us, out of action. The bodies of exhausted soldiers stank in the dust-choked heat with that animalism which renders one man intolerable to another.

Inconceivably horrible as it was, we might have carried on but for one factor: hopelessness. Even the privilege of dying fighting was denied us. We faced only the prospect of complete extermination by gas or flames, standing, sitting or lying where we were.

The Japs were, by now, chattering at the east end of the tunnel. Such static resistance would not have yielded any glory or solved any future battles.

So our hearts and hopes were with the leader as he stepped out of the east entrance, a piece of shirt tied to a bamboo pole.

In making his exit, Wainwright had taken advantage of a lull. The Japs were apparently cooling their guns for the next onslaught. When shortly the bombardment rose again to full fury, we took this as natural enough since it takes time to negotiate a surrender.

Soon the Japs started to bang away at the west entrance, having filtered around to that side of the hill. And, as the tunnel continued to rock under the blasting, it dawned on all of us that something had gone wrong.

The eyes of the men were on me, as senior officer. They expected me to take the initiative. But it was not until 2:30, an hour and a half after the surrender sortie had been made, that I was ready to conclude it was up to me to take command. Wainwright and his aides certainly must be either dead or muted in captivity.

Standing in lateral No. 3, my headquarters as chief quartermaster, I consulted with my executive officer, Colonel Kalukuka. A West Pointer, born of Ukrainian parents, he was fluent in five languages. He was ready to go out alone into the firing and make another try at surrender:

"I have a hunch," said Ted, "that some Jap officer out there, if I can just find him, will talk one of my languages. I will explain the conditions and tell him we are ready to surrender."

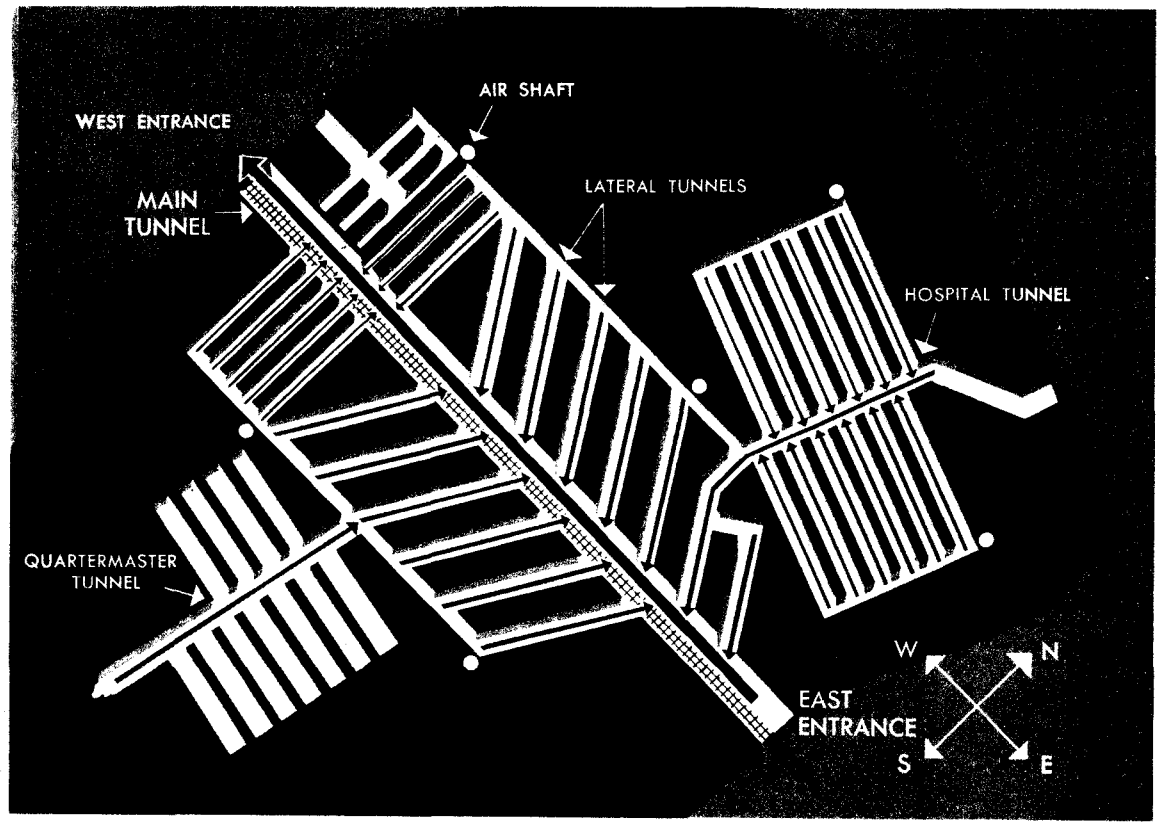
Reluctantly, I agreed. It was a desperate venture.

First, I saw about clearing the tunnel for at least 100 feet from the east entrance through which Ted hoped to introduce the Japs. Notoriously skittish, they would certainly be leery of entering unless assured of a clearance from which they could size up the situation. We procured a rope which, stretched across the entrance near my lateral, marked off the necessary space. As the men, unaware of the purpose, grunted resentfully out of the way to crowd toward the west end of the tunnel, I quieted their murmurings:

"Men, listen to me. We are going to try and contact the nearest Jap troops outside. We are going to tell them what conditions are like in here: that we have laid down our arms in surrender and ask that all firing stop so we can get out of here properly and as soon as possible.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY U.S. ARMY

Jap photo, captured by U.S. Army, shows Americans and Filipinos leaving Malinta tunnel after surrender



"If we can convince the Japs that we will show no resistance, they will come in here. If they do, I want every man of you to stand fast. Don't move an inch, and keep absolutely silent. Any demonstration, even the motion of a hand, could mean the end of all of us. We are helpless and at the absolute mercy of the enemy. If you want to live, don't move."

With that Kalukuka disappeared through the sandbag barrier at the east entrance. I stood inside the cleared space watching the men take their places along the walls of the tunnel. Gradually, as they found position, their *(Continued on page 64)*

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How to Dance Like Four Antelopes

Dancing together, between 1933 and 1939, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire earned $30,000,000 for RKO. They were marvelous! Dancing again, today, they are answering the skeptics who wondered if Miss Rogers could make a comeback. And they are still marvelous

By CAMERON SHIPP

THE reunion of Miss Ginger Rogers and Mr. Fred Astaire, the world's number one dance team, after a professional divorcement which lasted ten years, was the occasion of a considerable flurry in Hollywood several months ago. There was rejoicing, of course, including about 5,000 letters from well-wishing fans before the announcement was a week old, but there was also quite a little eyebrow-lifting.

The most widely voiced opinion was that since Miss Rogers had done nothing more athletic than win an Academy Award, and campaign for the Republicans during the interim, she would, if she did not fall on her face, at least come down with the world's most aggravated case of Charley horse. More forthright friends suggested that she would break a leg.

There was reasonable basis for these dire ideas. First, although dancing with Fred Astaire looks easy and is easy when you know how, any step an Astaire partner does is preceded by rehearsals that would exhaust a T-formation quarterback. Second, everybody knew what had just happened to Judy Garland.

Miss Garland, a small but durable girl, had worked with Fred in Easter Parade and had started with him in The Barkleys of Broadway. Suddenly, she collapsed. It was a plain case of being danced smack off her feet by the most insistent precisionist and the most diligent worrier the hoofing profession has ever known.

When Judy dropped out, Miss Rogers, who was up in Oregon tending her pedigreed cows, was sent for in a hurry, by plane, just as they do in the movies, and agreed to take over. Immediate reports of what she was in for were not encouraging.

Fred, she learned, had retired to his private rehearsal hall where he creates every turn and gesture used by himself and everybody else in his pictures, and was working and fretting on a firm schedule of ten hours a day.

It was reported that Astaire was leaping higher than a pole vaulter and expending enough nervous energy to power a small yacht.

He emerged, finally, and told Miss Rogers diffidently that he thought it just possible, maybe, that he had worked out an amusing little routine for them to do.

Ginger is a gay and willing girl who positively never worries about anything. She opened her interesting blue eyes wide and listened solemnly while Fred described the new dance with gestures in the technical terms of the profession, which sound precisely like this: "Da-da-de-da, da-da-da-da-de-da-da, da-de-DAH!"

"Wonderful, Fred," said Ginger. "Very nice indeed—all except that four antelopes couldn't do it. However—let's go!"

They went, and it worked out fine, after several rehearsals, and after Fred talked Ginger out of wearing long, lead-weighted sleeves which whapped him in the eyes and struck him blind on fast whirls. In the picture the new dance, or four-antelopes-couldn't-do-it number, looks as easy as swinging a foot from a boardinghouse rocking chair.

Miss Rogers suffered no Charley horses, and her legs, at which we have not had a satisfactory look for a decade, seem prettier than ever. She rehearsed a half dozen other strenuous numbers with Fred, working eight hours a day for more than a week on each, performed them before the camera, wound up as fresh as a dairymaid on a June morning, and there you have it: Fred creates the steps and no matter how high he leaps, Ginger can always leap with him.

This was the system that worked so well between 1933 and 1939 when Ginger and Fred made nine notable pictures for RKO, earned $30,000,000 gross for the studio, and became the last word in sophisticated style and exuberant fun. They also made fortunes for themselves. Then, suddenly, they parted.

The parting, of course, was something that had to be. No dance team story is possible without it. The most expensive brains of the stage, screen and fiction-writing trades have toiled for years in an attempt to devise a new plot line but it can't be done. The girl has to leave the boy. He continues to hoof. She becomes a star in another field. In an emergency, she rejoins the act, and the pair goes on, better than ever.

A Fugitive from Total Exhaustion

Actually, Ginger left the act in '39 because under her contract with RKO she had to make three dramatic pictures a year plus her big production with Astaire and she could see total exhaustion just around the studio corner. There was never a personal break between the partners. Still, except for a deplorable lack of love interest, the Rogers-Astaire incident follows the pattern on a fine, high plane.

Fred danced with a number of lovely partners during the ten years' separation, and continued to be a great star.

Ginger won the Academy Award for Kitty Foyle shortly after hanging up her dancing slippers, and settled down as a dramatic actress and ranch owner. Their relations were amicable.

Occasionally, they met on a golf course, the only interest they have in common except dancing, and invariably hailed each other with:

"Say, let's make a picture together, what say?"

Once, several years ago, they went so far as to consult with Irving Berlin about words and music, but got stuck for a plot, apparently unable to remember that all they needed was for boy to lose girl.

Their only serious quarrel occurred at the start of Top Hat, their fourth picture, in 1935. It disrupted the entire studio.

After rehearsing an elaborate number in work clothes—slacks and a sweater—Ginger appeared for the take in a whirlwind of a dress frothy with ostrich feathers.

"Go stick your head in the sand," said Astaire, grinning but alarmed.

"This I will wear in the picture, so there," said Miss Rogers.

Mr. Astaire, a patient man, explained that when they whirled they would resemble an explosion in a chicken house, that the feathers would get in his eyes, that Ginger's own face would be constantly hidden. Even the last threat failed to impress her.

The warring partners retired to opposite sides of the sound stage and sat it out until quitting time. On the second day, reinforced by her mother, a lady of notably strong will, Ginger sat it out again. Fred was reinforced by his stand-in, who sat with him. As production costs of several thousand dollars a day mounted, a compromise was finally effected by studio diplomats. It was agreed that Miss Rogers would wear the ostrich dress.

Later Disputes Have Been Trivial

Since that argument, Rogers and Astaire have bickered amiably over trivia but have not had a serious quarrel. Most of the disputes involve apparel. Fred's interest in his partners' attire extends to their fingernails and their shoes, and is entirely professional.

"The ladies are all alike," he says. "They will wait until the last minute, just before the cameras grind, and appear in a brand-new dress. Also, in new shoes with slick soles and tall heels.

"When you're dancing with a lady, her dress immediately becomes *our* dress. We have to manage it, keep it out of our eyes, whirl it, and get out of its way. But the lady never thinks of that. Always a new dress.

"I wouldn't dream of dancing in anything but the oldest, best-worn shoes, but *they* always show up in new shoes, slick as banana peels. And long nails, to scratch me with."

Not being a tall man, Astaire has an understandable objection to superhigh heels and he makes no bones about this. His chief point, though, is that new slippers with stilettolike heels are dangerous and might stab a hard-working man.

Fred offers these observations with the resignation of an admiring but abused husband. Nine times out of ten, he refers to a partner as "The Lady," including his sister Adele and Miss Rogers. This has the odd effect of making his comments as impersonal as if he were a violinist referring to his fiddle instead of to the girl he's going to kiss in the last reel.

If it seems incredible even to the middle-aging that Rogers and Astaire actually started dancing together more than 15 years ago, it may be even more surprising to know that their association goes back even further. In 1930, after performing all over the country with Paul Ash as the queen of the new dance craze, the Charleston, Ginger was starred in a Broadway musical, Girl Crazy, which almost fell to pieces during rehearsal because Ginger and her partner, Alan *(Continued on page 70)*

For a touch of nostalgia in their reunion, Ginger and Fred dance to They Can't Take That Away From Me, in M-G-M's The Barkleys of Broadway

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VIRGIL APGAR

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Mr. and Mrs. Perón Slug it Out

By RAY JOSEPHS

Brawling with each other for control of a continent, Evita and her Juancito are engaged in a tooth-and-nail, no-holds-barred fight. No piece of skulduggery is too low when they stoop to conquer

ONE morning not long ago a sleek, black, armored limousine pulled out of a driveway into swank Avenida Alvear in cosmopolitan Buenos Aires. As sirens roared, a platoon of secret service agents cleared the way. Helmeted soldiers manned machine guns. A vanload of aides brought up the rear —followed by more agents.

"Who rates all that?" a visitor inquired.

"General Juan Perón, *Presidente* of Argentina," he was told.

A few minutes later an identical car zoomed down the driveway. A second platoon held back traffic. More soldiers leaped to their machine guns. The rear guard was even larger.

"Am I seeing double?" asked the visitor. "Another *Presidente?*"

"Just about," the Argentine whispered. "That's Señora Evita Perón, the blond Pompadour who is the wife of our dictator. But just which one is boss is hard to tell. Today we not only have two Presidential cars—but two official offices, two official newspapers, two groups of brain trusters and two of almost everything else. One is run by him, the other by her."

The Argentine, knowing that curious ears are everywhere in his oppressed country, said no more. But what has made the problem most acute, I learned during my visit to Argentina, is that the hemisphere's two most colorful personalities have not only created their own overlapping administrations, but are currently slugging it out with each other in a battle for control of the strongest, most powerful country in South America.

Moreover, the struggle itself has become as highly dramatic as the Cinderella-style romance of ex-widower Perón and onetime soap-opera actress Evita. And the outcome will more than likely have a slam-bang finish. For where power has made Perón more cautious, Evita has become more reckless. "All or nothing is my motto," she has often told intimates. "And if I go down, look out for the crash. There won't be anybody left standing."

Outwardly the pair still tries to maintain all the lovey-dovey of a radio breakfast program couple. Often when they appear together on the balcony of the Casa Rosada—Argentina's pink-colored executive building—they noisily embrace in a back-thumping, Argentine-type movie clinch.

But the behind-scenes scramble for the whip hand is the same kind of open secret in Buenos Aires as a small-town scandal which everyone knows but nobody dares report publicly until something bursts. The Perón set-to has become so helter-skelter that in many ways it resembles the plotting and counterconniving of a Graustarkian kingdom. Some aspects, in fact, would be downright funny except that caught in the middle almost daily are some 16,000,000 Argentines and an even greater number of Good Neighbors on whose territory Perón has been casting covetous eyes.

JEAN MANZON

In this corner, the challenger, Evita—scrapping, battling first lady of Argentina and ex-radio actress

The clash has grown as Evita has gained strength, stopped introducing her ex-showgirl *amigas* to Cabinet ministers and carefully learned the tricks following her almost overnight metamorphosis from radio actress to first lady of Argentina. Neither has been anxious for an open fight. Argument and reconciliation are frequent. But daily they disagree on an increasing number of things.

Just before, and soon after their secret marriage in October, 1945, Evita was part pet and part goad —a decorative accessory who sometimes spurred her *esposo* on. Today Evita is no longer a mere power behind the throne. She sits on a throne right alongside Perón. And it's a throne of the same size, importance and force.

The Señora's Publicity Montage

On posters which cover every possible wall in Argentina, she makes sure her picture has equal prominence with his. When the applause rings out from the crowds, there is hell to pay in her propaganda department if the general's cheers get a higher decibel count than hers. Perón's fireside-chat patterned broadcasts are matched by her Wednesday-night show. And every station, including Belgrano where less than five years ago she played bit parts and posed for cheesecake publicity photos, must carry them—or else!

She has her own personal staff of advisers, yes men and ghost writers—as well as secretaries, assistants and personal attendants. He has his. She makes countless trips. But like many a wife who doesn't trust the old man, she never lets him go out of town on any important mission without tagging along.

Moreover, in the division of authority, she has managed to secure an edge in that she controls what Argentines shall publicly read, hear, see and think. Newspapers are under her personal supervision. So is radio. The Argentine film industry, which is the Spanish-speaking world's largest, submits each script for her okay. So does Buenos Aires' theater. But even though she probably possesses as much power as any queen of modern times, she has an eye on still bigger things.

Both Perón and Evita have a thirst for prerogative, plus a vanity of the Hitler and Mussolini stamp which permits no one else to get even a foot in the spotlight. Each, however, has a different approach to this ambition.

When Evita started on one of her recent trips around Argentina, Perón chided her and insisted that she wear clothes befitting one who constantly terms herself the "Champion of the *Descamisados*" or "shirtless ones" who are the regime's basic followers.

Evita flounced out, ordered her most glamorous items packed, and then put on a nation-wide fashion show.

At one provincial appearance she first kidded her own "glad rags." Then came the punch line: "Not long ago I dressed like you. Now, thanks to our program, I have these clothes. Soon, if you give me your help, *you'll* all have exactly the same."

Corny? Sure. But it got tumultuous *vivas*. Evita knows that her followers get the same vicarious thrill from seeing her dressed to the teeth, or about a foot below, as North American movie fans derive from the mink-draped Hollywood stars.

Additionally, she has traded on sex appeal, emotionalism and patriotic jingo to back a shrewd, intuitive political savvy matched only by Perón's. Evita's more frenzied partisans insist she can out-

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BEN KOCIVAR

And in this corner, the titleholder, President Juan Perón, second from right, who, like Frankenstein, is suffering retribution at the hands of his creation

talk, outcoax and outmaneuver the general. Perón's advocates—of whom an increasing number can't stand "that woman"—reply: "She is a witch who has hypnotized him into ruin."

I asked an impartial diplomat how Perón had got into the position where a woman who had been, in order, his light o' love, adviser and wife, had now become his most serious rival. He told me: "Perón, like many another husband, first gave his señora a few things to do because he was too busy running everything to pay her proper attention. By the time he found that the more she got the more she wanted, it was too late."

In many ways the Peróns are similar; in others poles apart. Both are flamboyant extroverts, cocksure of themselves. Both are geniuses at showmanship, hep to the dramatic phrase and the grandstand play, able to turn on grins as wide as the Río de la Plata, then lapse into sullen dead pans.

Both are inordinately ambitious, highly jealous and, like many Argentines, extremely touchy about real or fancied affronts to their *dignidad*. Both live in fear of conspirators. Both crave affection. More than any other phrase, slogans borne by their respective adherents stress *amor*—love—their love for Juan or Evita, the Peróns' affection for them.

But in other respects they are complete opposites. She improvises; he likes to plan each detail and has, in the past, written books on strategy. She has never forgiven anybody who has ever crossed or snubbed her, as can be testified to by both Argentina's cattle-rich society and once rival actresses, Libertad Lamaque and Nini Marshall who are now barred in Buenos Aires.

Perón usually makes peace and brings former enemies into camp. Evita is greedy. Perón has little sense of possession. Evita hates the United States because Hollywood's scouts once turned down her theatrical starring ambitions. Perón has favored the expedient of working with Washington to get all the arms, goods and machinery possible.

And Evita simply has more energy. She's in her early thirties; he's fifty-three. When I first knew him in 1942, he seemed ten years younger than his age. When I saw him a few months ago he looked tired and exhausted. Eczema blotched his face. His chain smoking had risen to two packs daily. Evita, however, had more bounce, verve and push than in the days when I first covered her activities for Variety, the theatrical weekly.

A Contrast in Motivations

Additionally, where Perón has been motivated by deep-rooted totalitarian political convictions (acquired during long periods as a student in Germany and Italy) plus a desire for a place in history as Argentina's Man of Destiny, Evita is driven by far more elemental urges. First it was a desire for respectability. Then it became revenge, wealth and ruling the roost, in just about that order, inspired, many believe, by her clouded parentage and earlier life.

Background has also sharpened the cleavage between them. Evita came from one of Argentina's poorer strata. Her mother's charms were sufficient to lure Juan Duarte from his wife and they began housekeeping in tiny Los Toldos. Youngest of five children, her father died when she was a child. Left penniless, her mother ran a boardinghouse. It was a hard life and at fourteen Evita walked out of her provincial town to try her way in Buenos Aires. Modeling, radio and films followed. She was no great shakes at any. But in meeting men, and using them to advance her career, she did very well indeed.

She found Perón, after having worked her way up, colonel by colonel, in the days when he was collecting funds for the victims of the 1944 San Juan earthquake. One of the few who stuck with him when he was temporarily overthrown in October, 1945, she married him that month and helped to prepare his well-rigged February, 1946, Presidential victory. Soon afterward she turned from an interest in the theater, movies and radio—to politics.

Perón, on the other hand, came from a sheep-raising family which traced its ancestry back to early British and Corsican settlers. Prussian instructors taught him six languages, helped him become fencing and boxing champion among army officers and gave him many of his ideas. Never did he lack for cash. Thus he failed to develop the grasping urge which has dominated his wife and led to some of their sharpest altercations.

One occurred a month before Evita accepted Franco's invitation to cross the Atlantic and receive a special medal for her "good works." Buenos Aires' leading dressmakers, furriers and jewelers were commanded to send over their most lavish things. Models put on a display, Evita picked enough to fill her special plane, and makers were instructed to alter everything in double-quick time. Then they forwarded their bills.

A day later shop telephones began ringing. It was Evita's hard, shrill shout: Wasn't it enough that La Señora Presidente was going to wear their things and show them off as they'd never been shown? Another time these insults of bills wouldn't be forgiven so easily. And so on and on. Few pressed the point. But *(Continued on page 68)*

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PAL THAT

It is better to be a dead hero than to have your life saved by a heel—especially if you both want the same girl

GEORGE PENDLETON stood on the corner, waiting for the bus. An icy wind snatched at his threadbare topcoat, billowing it out behind him and with force enough almost to upset him. Then, thank Heaven, the bus came, the door slammed open and—

"Wait, please, wait for me!" It was a little old lady, stepping down off the curb and hastening for the bus. "Only room for one more," snapped the driver.

George stepped back and helped the little old lady into the bus.

"Sucker," the driver said to George.

It was a long wait between busses and George decided to walk the ten blocks to the apartment where he lived. He lowered his head and butted into the wind. When it seemed that the wind had become awfully solid, a voice said, "Ouch!" and George looked up at the man he had run into. The man was tall, dark-haired, hatless and without an overcoat. He carried a cheap suitcase, which he dropped as he extended his hand and showed white, even teeth in a broad grin.

"Holy smoke," he exclaimed. "If it isn't George Pendleton, my old buddy, my pal. What a break!"

George did not consider the encounter a break. One usually resents his creditor, and George owned this man a debt of such considerable proportions that it could never be paid.

"Well, well, if it isn't old Steve Dudley," he said, forcing warmth into his voice. "How are you, Steve?"

"Fine, fine, fine," said Steve. "Where you heading for? Where you bunking?"

"Down the street a way," said George. "I've got an apartment—one room and a kitchenette."

"Let's go there," said Steve.

They walked into the chilling blast and Steve began to shiver. "Climate's kind of rugged for a guy just in from Florida," he said.

"Take my coat," said George.

Without argument Steve accepted the coat and, somehow, George found himself in possession of the suitcase. He carried it the rest of the way to the apartment building, up the three flights of stairs and into the apartment.

Steve shed the coat and rubbed his hands together. "You're a sight for sore eyes, pal," he said. "How they running for you, George?"

"Oh, fine!" said George. "How about you?"

"Great, great, great," said Steve. "Had a swell time in Florida. I'm sitting on top of the world."

George's eyes showed skepticism and Steve laughed heartily.

"It's cold and lonesome on top of the world," he

"Hello, boys," Sue said, the curlers between her teeth. "Glad to have you aboard. Be with you in a jiffy"

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I LOATHE

By
MICHAEL FESSIER

said, "and the pickings are thin. Are you lying, too?"

"Well," said George, "I'm unemployed at the moment, but I've got prospects. I may get a break in a day or so."

"Where there's life, there's hope, eh, laddie-buck?" exclaimed Steve jovially. "Well, well, well, just like old times, isn't it? Just like the Italian campaign, me'n you together, side by side, shoulder to shoulder."

George remembered the Italian campaign and he also remembered that, until that certain time, he and Steve had never been very close and that, even after that certain time, their newborn, constant intimacy had been oppressive to him. Again, he realized that he was being an ingrate and he forced a friendly smile.

"That's the way it was," he said.

"That's the way it'll continue to be," said Steve. "By the way, pal, would you mind if I put up with you for a few days—until I sort of get straightened around?"

"You're welcome," said George. "How about a drink?"

While George was in the kitchenette, Steve prowled around the small room, inspecting it. He felt the couch, found it to be hard and lumpy and made a decision. Then he spied a letter on the mantel and he recognized the name of the sender. It was from their old top sergeant, Burrell Quigley. Without compunction, Steve picked up the letter and read it.

"Dear George:
"Colonel Fansler, our old C.O., was in my town recently and we met in a bar. He's president of the Fansler Appliances Co. I understand there's a good sales job open. He'll be back in your neck of the woods in a few days. Why don't you look him up? I know he likes to hire men from the old outfit.

"Yours,
"Quig"

George returned with the drinks. Steve sipped for a while. "Oh, by the way," he said casually. "I forgot to tell you what brings me here from Florida. I got a letter from Quigley; remember Quig, our old top kick? Well, he met Colonel Fansler, our former C.O. who's running a big appliance company here. It seems Fansler has one good job open and good old Quig put in a plug for me. I'm going to see him tomorrow."

THAT night George slept on the couch, and the next morning Steve bounced out of the comfortable bed, borrowed a shirt, tie and topcoat from George and sallied forth for an interview with Colonel Fansler. He returned shortly thereafter.

"Good old Fancy Pants," he said. "The old murderer really does remember the boys, that is, the ones he didn't kill off. We're in luck, laddie-buck. I'm a senior salesman."

"Congratulations," said George, trying not to sound bitter.

"I said *we* are in luck, pal," said Steve. "I put in a good word for you. You start tomorrow as a junior clerk. A low beginning, to be sure, but with me to back you up and see you through the rough places there's no telling how far you'll climb."

George wanted to tell him to go climb a pole, but he remembered the rough spot Steve had seen him through in Italy and he remained silent. . . .

Much to his amazement, and without any help from Steve, George soon rose from the position of junior clerk. He discovered that he was a born salesman and that he was crawling with promotional ideas. This came to Colonel Fansler's attention and it was not long before George, too, was a senior salesman.

"There, you see?" said Steve on the night of George's promotion. "Teamwork does it, you'n me, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, onward and upward. We're in, laddie-buck."

Steve was off on his vacation when Colonel Fansler's secretary resigned her job to get married and Mildred Norton came to replace her. Mildred was a cool, composed blonde, perfect in every detail, tall but not too tall, beautiful in a classical way.

George took one look at her and he realized that this was it. He realized, however, that his tactics must be sure. A blitzkrieg, he decided, would not work. He had observed that those of his fellow workers who had used the Hi-toots-whatcha-doing-tonight approach on Mildred had all been retired in disorder.

George's strategy was to treat the office goddess with a studied deference. Whenever possible he helped her on or off with her coat, opened or closed windows for her and sharpened pencils for her. He performed these services with such an air of Old World gallantry that even one less susceptible than Mildred could not have failed to respond.

MILDRED had long noted and appreciated George's attentions and had formed a favorable impression of him. Lately, however, she had become impatient. Her feet were growing weary of standing on the pedestal provided by George; they itched to stray down the primrose path of some lively night club with a hot orchestra. She wished George would get down to cases.

And then Steve returned from his vacation, bronzed, rested and full of vitality. He went into the boss's office and shortly thereafter bounced out, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Oh, boy!" he exclaimed as he went up to George's desk. "What mine eyes have seen in Fancy Pants's outer office! What a lush bowl of cherries! Who is she, George? Where's she live? What's her phone number? What does she like for breakfast?"

George wanted to stab Steve with the paper knife. But habit had grown to be stronger than emotion.

"Her name's Mildred Norton," he said. "I wouldn't know what she likes for breakfast. She's a very nice girl and she does not encourage premature intimacies."

"You mean you haven't dated her?" asked Steve incredulously. "You mean you've wasted a whole, golden week?"

George gripped his desk and spoke slowly and with emotion. "The week has, indeed, been golden. Just to be near and see Mildred has afforded me more pleasure than I've ever experienced in life. To have a date with her is my fondest wish. Do you understand, Steve?"

"I sure do, pal," said Steve. "Place all your trust in me. Do nothing rash. Be calm and await developments."

Late that afternoon, Steve *(Continued on page 61)*

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WALTER SKOR

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Father of the Bride

By EDWARD STREETER

Mrs. Banks was for a very small wedding to which everyone would be asked

Begin this hilarious account of the wedding-laden Banks family, soon to be a Book-Of-The-Month selection and MGM picture. It's a riot for everyone but Father. He struggles to keep the size of the guest list within reason—but it grows like a young elephant and threatens to push the wedding into Madison Square Garden

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PART 1 OF A THREE-PART SERIAL

UNEXPECTEDLY the storm broke. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Banks and their daughter, Kay, were gathered round the dinner table on one of the increasingly rare occasions when Kay ate at home.

"Where are the boys?" asked Mr. Banks.

"They've gone to a night game," said Mrs. Banks. "They couldn't wait for dinner. Ben said they'd pick up something to eat in town."

"Don't those two boys ever stay at home for a meal?" grumbled Mr. Banks.

Kay sighed. "Ben's not a *boy*, Pops. He's a man. He's old enough to have a family."

"Well, Tommy isn't," said Mr. Banks. "He's in high school and he's supposed to stay home nights and do some work."

"Oh, by the way, Mom, that reminds me. I won't be home this week end," said Kay.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked Mrs. Banks.

"I'm going to spend it with Buckley's family."

Mr. Banks dropped an unbroken cracker into his soup. "Look here," he asked, "are you going to marry this character?"

"I guess so," replied Kay. She continued to work on her soup. Her tone had been so even and casual that the import of her words did not immediately register and the conversation threatened to end on this simple note. As a matter of fact it did for quite a while. Nothing could be heard but the thoughtful intake of cream of tomato.

Mrs. Banks broke the silence. "And when," she asked with timid sarcasm, "are you thinking of getting married?"

"I really don't know, Mother. It all depends on Buckley's *plans*." Kay's voice was that of a tired kindergarten teacher. "It might be months or it might be in a few weeks—or it might be just any time at *all*. We can't *tell* yet. And there's one thing—we *won't* be pinned down. Buckley's *very* decided about that sort of thing. He just *won't* be pinned down."

Mr. Banks felt his neck begin to push against his collar. He took a long drink of water. "I hope," he said in a strained voice, "that Buckley won't think I'm nosy or trying to pin him down if I ask a few simple questions."

Kay looked bored. "Okay, Pops. I suppose we have to go *through* this. It does seem to me, though—"

"Well, to begin with, who the hell is this Buckley, anyway?"

"Now, Pops, please. If we're going—"

"And what's his last name? I hope it's better than his first one."

"Pops, I'm not going to sit here—"

"And where the hell does he come from—and who does he think is going to support him? If it's me, he's got another guess coming. And who in God's name—"

Mrs. Banks interrupted. "Listen, Stanley, nobody's deaf and you don't have to swear every other word. It's just plain mortifying with Delilah in the kitchen listening. You don't give Kay a chance. Let her—"

At that moment Kay, the darling of his heart, turned on him for the first time in her life. "Listen, Pops, I'm twenty-four years old and Buckley's twenty-six and we're grown *people*—and as far as your supporting *Buckley* I'll tell you right now he's the kind that wouldn't let *anybody* support him. He'd rather *die* first.

"*That's* the kind of person he is. He's a wonderful person. He's the kind of person that's absolutely—I mean *absolutely*—independent. The kind that will always take care of his own. You don't need to worry about *that*, Pops—*ever*. Buckley wouldn't come to you for help not even if we were starving in the *gutter*.

"And his name is *Dunstan*. *That's* what it is—Buckley Dunstan. And he's a *wonderful* businessman—I mean a *really* wonderful businessman—and—he has a wonderful *job*."

"Doing what?" asked Mr. Banks, seizing the first factual straw.

"Oh, I don't *know*, Pops. He makes something. Does it *really* make any difference what it is? He's the kind of person that can do *anything*—anything at *all*.

"As for his *parents*—well, I'll tell you this, Pops—they're just as good as you and Mom." There was a suggestion in her voice that this was an understatement. "They're swell people and they live in East Smithfield and I guess you'll agree that East Smithfield is just as good a place as Fairview Manor—although I don't see what that's got to do with it *anyway*."

Mr. Banks agreed silently.

His blood pressure had gone down as quickly as it had risen. He scarcely heard what Kay was saying and he had forgotten all about Buckley. He was looking at his daughter's flushed face and remembering a small girl with brown pigtails and

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dirty overalls, who used to fly at her two younger brothers when they goaded her too far.

It seemed like such an incredibly short time ago. That was all. He had a panicky feeling that tears were coming into his eyes. Rising from his chair, he kissed the top of her head.

"Okay, kitten," he said. "I love him already. What did you say his last name was?" . . .

From the night of that conversation at the dinner table, with a detachment which was anything but calm, he watched himself change from a logical, well-balanced lawyer to an unreasoning, anxiety-ridden psychopath. It disturbed him so much that he did not even mention it to Mrs. Banks.

Each night he lay on his back in the darkness, his hands folded across his chest like a figure on a sarcophagus in Westminster Abbey. A street lamp threw a milky patch of light on a corner of the bedroom ceiling. He stared at it rigidly, struggling to make his mind a blank.

Who was this bounder who had invaded the sanctity of his home and snatched his child from under his nose? Child—that's what she was—a child. What did she know about the qualities in a man which are so necessary to a successful marriage? She was only a child who, a few months ago, was running around in pigtails—was it a few months or a few years?

He mustn't let himself go on like this or he would be a gibbering idiot in the office tomorrow.

Snatched. That was the word for it. She was sleeping in her own room, but only in body. Her spirit had moved out. She would always love them, of course, but never in the old way—never again with her whole trusting, needing self.

What mawkish bunk! He *must* cut it out. He knew that, under similar circumstances, he wouldn't feel this way about Ben and Tommy. Somehow or other Kay was more identified with those early years of married life than either of the boys. He had been used to the idea of parenthood by the time they arrived. Kay had been born in the uncertain days when his relationship to the firm of Barthlum, Henderson and Peck had been as nebulous as his salary—years before he had been made a junior partner and they had bought the white-shingled house in Fairview Manor. It had been a happy period in spite of the struggle, a period unmarred by the adolescent features of any questing male.

Well, the beans were spilled now! Casually! Over a cup of tomato soup! Not asking a by your leave, but giving him the devil for trying to find out what the goon's last name was! Outside of his name, what else did Kay know about him? Oh, yes. He was wonderful. That was going to be a great help when he started to raise a family.

Could he support a family? That was the point. How could he know that this guy had what it took? Up to date he'd sounded vaguer than dishwater every time he'd opened his mouth. An impractical dreamer, that's what he was. Kay was an idealist and she'd fallen for this fellow because he agreed with all her ideas and didn't make any sense.

Mr. Banks flopped on his side and looked over at Mrs. Banks. She seemed to be sleeping peacefully. Women were inconsistent creatures. If the kids were out at some little dance she couldn't sleep until she heard them come in. But when it was a question of how (or if) her only daughter was going to eat for the rest of her life, she fell asleep like a baby.

* * * * *

WHEN MR. BANKS re-entered the house the next evening, Mrs. Banks came out of the living room and put her hands on his shoulders. As he kissed her he was surprised by the worried look in her eyes. One might have thought she had been crying.

"Stan, I'm so upset about Kay."

"Kay? What's the matter with Kay? What's she done now?" he asked absent-mindedly, removing his overcoat.

"Oh, Stan, suppose Buckley *shouldn't* be the man for her. How can *we* tell? We know so little about him. And she's *so* young. Suppose he *didn't* have business judgment and *couldn't* earn a decent living. Suppose he made Kay *unhappy*. Suppose—"

Mr. Banks stopped fumbling for the coat hook. He stared at her in amazement. "For Heaven's sake, Ellie, what in the world's getting into you? For years you've been worried about Kay's not getting married. Now she finds herself a perfectly nice guy and you get the jitters. I'll bet he'll do a better job than that poopadoop you were so crazy about that hung around here all last winter."

He took her chin in his cupped hand and gazed down at her thoughtfully. "You know what, darling? I think you're tired. You've been going it too hard lately. You've got to take care of yourself. Tell you what I'll do. I'll knock together a couple of old-fashioneds. It'll do you good. And we'll drink a little toast to the bride and groom."

Buckley, Kay informed her parents with her best old-school irony, *also* had a father and mother. It seemed to her that the situation called for some display of interest from the Banks family unless, of course, they preferred to make it look like a shotgun wedding and introduce themselves at the altar rail.

Mr. Banks agreed moodily. The obvious fact that he must do something about meeting Buckley's family had been weighing on him for some time. Although he had never considered himself a shy man, the idea gave him as much pleasure as a summons to appear before a Congressional committee. He had been postponing action from day to day in the same way that he put off wearing a pair of new shoes to the office.

"I suppose Kay's right," he admitted gloomily to Mrs. Banks. "We've got to face it."

"I don't understand why you get in such a lather about it," she said. "What's so awful about meeting Buckley's father and mother?"

"Who said I was in a lather?" he retorted sharply. "All I mean is, you'd think Kay might have picked out somebody we knew instead of a family we never laid eyes on and that are probably awful. I just know the kind of people they are. It's going to be terrible."

"Stanley Banks, for a grown man you sometimes don't make any sense. In the first place, I don't see why you assume the Dunstans are terrible and in the second you're not marrying Buckley's family."

"I might just as well be," groaned Mr. Banks. "I'll probably have to support them."

The Dunstans eventually took matters into their own hands and invited Mr. and Mrs. Banks to East Smithfield for Sunday dinner—just the four of them, without Kay and Buckley, so they could get acquainted.

"That's the pay-off," said Mr. Banks. "They're the cozy type."

He made no further comment, but during the intervening days showed all the symptoms of a debutante about to be presented at Buckingham Palace. On Sunday morning he dressed carefully in a sport coat and slacks, then went upstairs after breakfast and changed into a business suit. He insisted on starting half an hour earlier than was necessary—just to allow for a blowout or something. The result was that they arrived in East Smithfield shortly after twelve.

Mr. Banks said he'd be damned if he was going to sit and moon at the Dunstans' for an hour. He preferred to slum around the town and get a line on the natives.

"I'll bet they won't even have a drink before dinner," he said gloomily.

"How do you know they won't?"

"Because I know. That's the kind of people they are."

"Well, suppose they don't. You're not an alcoholic, are you?"

Mr. Banks sighed, but didn't pursue the argument.

"I think it might be more intelligent to find out where the Dunstans live instead of driving around aimlessly," said Mrs. Banks. "At least we won't end up by being late."

"I'll bet it's a shack," said Mr. Banks.

When they finally located it, the Dunstan shack turned out to be a large, whitewashed brick house about a mile out of town. It sat well back from the road, surrounded by old elm trees. The discovery that it was at least twice the size of his own seemed to add fuel to Mr. Banks's agitation. He looked at his watch.

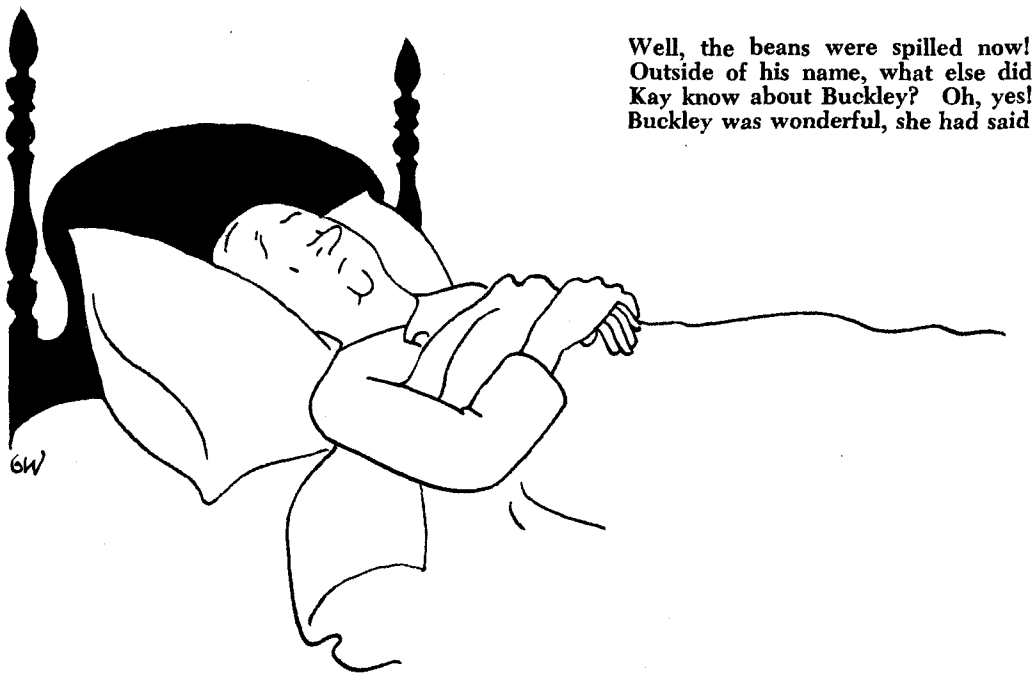
"I'm going back to that hotel we passed and wash up," he announced.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Banks. "You can wash at the Dunstans'. They probably have running water."

"I prefer to wash at the hotel," said Mr. Banks with dignity. She sensed that this was not the time to cross him.

When they drew up in front of the hotel he did not suggest that she get out, but hurried through the revolving doors. On his return, ten minutes

Mr. Banks stared at her in amazement



Well, the beans were spilled now! Outside of his name, what else did Kay know about Buckley? Oh, yes! Buckley was wonderful, she had said

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later, it was obvious that he was more composed. The interior of the sedan immediately took on the Saturday-night odor of a bar and grill.

"Stanley Banks, you've been drinking."

Mr. Banks did not take his eyes off the road ahead. "Why is it," he asked, "that a person can't take a casual drink without being accused of 'drinking'? It does seem to me that a man over fifty—"

"I think it's perfectly outrageous for you to meet the Dunstans smelling like an old whisky bottle. It's humiliating, that's what it is. What in the world's gotten into you? And Sunday morning, too."

"What's Sunday morning got to do with it?" asked Mr. Banks, hoping to divert the argument. But Mrs. Banks was still being difficult when they turned in at the Dunstans' entrance.

* * * * *

THE FIRST MEETING of in-laws is comparable to the original hookup of the Lewis and Clark Expedition with the Rocky Mountain Indians.

In the latter instance it is recorded that for a brief moment after the encounter both sides glared at one another with mingled hostility and curiosity. At this point a false move would have been fatal. If anyone had so much as reached for his tobacco, the famous journals would never have seen the light of day.

Then, each side finding the other apparently unarmed, the tension eased. The leaders stepped forward, embraced, rubbed noses and muttered, "How." Skins were spread and refreshments laid on them by squaws. The party was in the bag.

The Banks-Dunstan meeting followed similar lines. For a split second the two families stared at one another in the Dunstan entrance hall. During that instant Mrs. Banks took inventory of Mrs. Dunstan from hair-do to shoes. Mrs. Dunstan did the same for Mrs. Banks. Then, finding everything mutually satisfactory, they approached one another with outstretched arms, embraced and said, "My dear."

The two males merely shook hands awkwardly and said in unison: "It certainly is nice to meet you."

Mrs. Dunstan started to lead the way into the living room. "Would you like to wash your hands?" asked Mr. Dunstan.

"I've washed them," said Mr. Banks, glancing at him suspiciously.

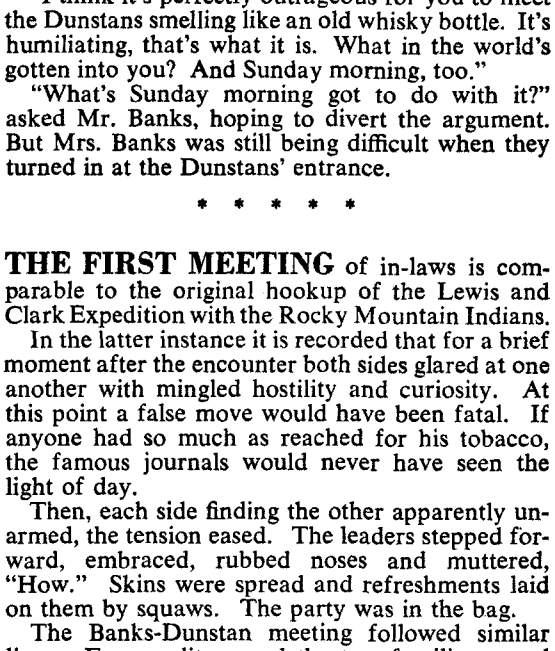
"I can't tell you how crazy we are about your Kay," said Mrs. Dunstan.

"Well, that's just the way we feel about Buckley," said Mrs. Banks.

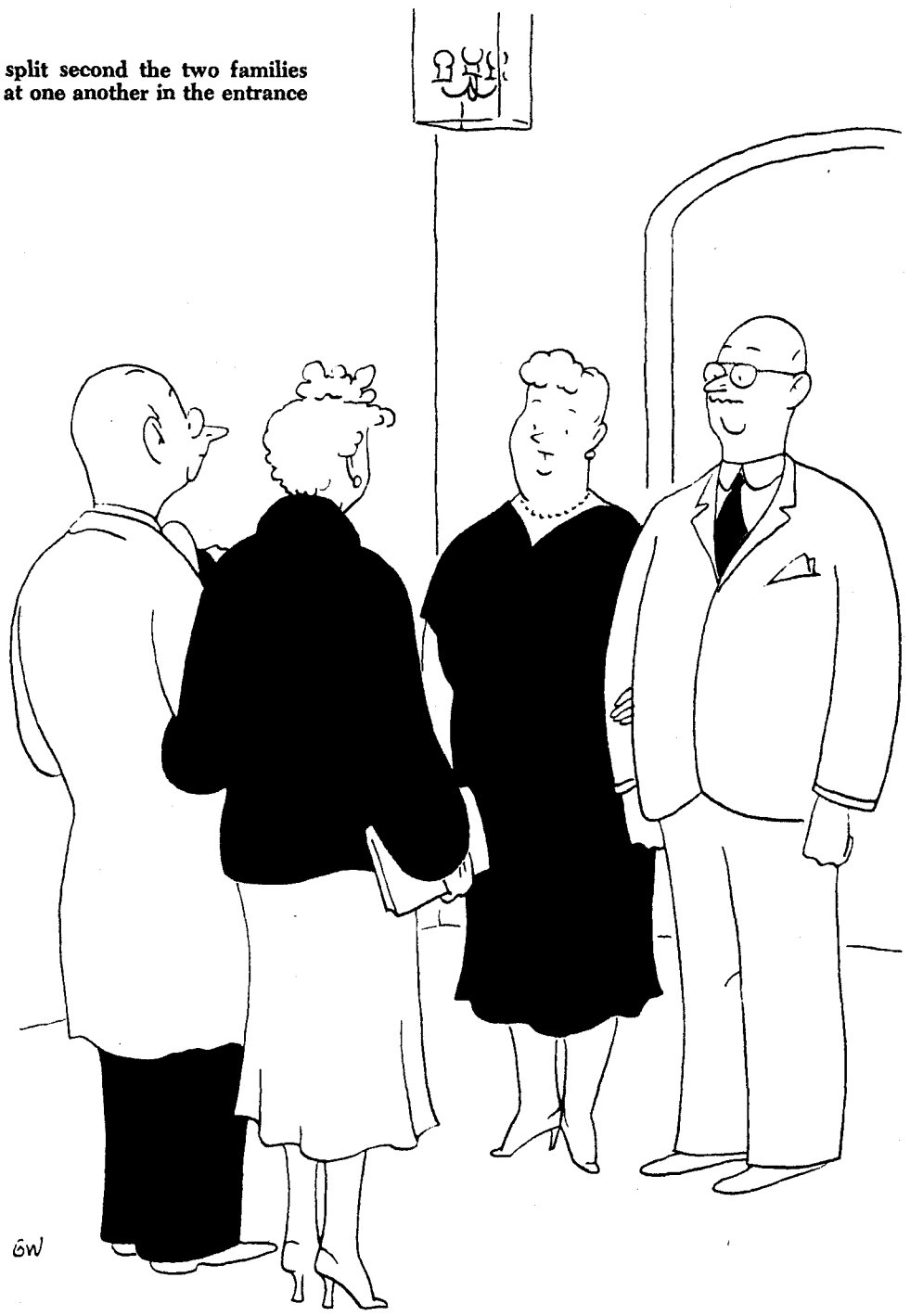
"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Banks. Obviously something was called for.

So far as he was concerned, that seemed about all there was to be said. He would have been quite ready to second a motion to adjourn.

The situation was saved by the appearance of a maid with a shakerful of Martinis and a tray of hot hors d'oeuvres. Mr. Banks looked at this arrangement with pleased incredulity.



The Dunstan shack was a large whitewashed brick house a mile from town



For a split second the two families stared at one another in the entrance

He took a Martini and found it excellent. "I think we should drink to the bride and groom," said Mr. Dunstan. Mr. Banks drank deeply and relaxed like a deflating balloon. Mr. Dunstan refilled the glasses.

* * * * *

WARMED BY THIS unexpected hospitality and his previous wash-up at the hotel, Mr. Banks felt impelled to words. "This is an important occasion," he said. "Mrs. Banks and I have been looking forward to it for a long time. Personally I thought your son was a great fellow the moment I set eyes on him. Now that I've met his father and mother, I like him even better. From here in I foresee that the Dunstan-Banks families will beat as one."

"I am sure we're going to be most congenial," said Mrs. Dunstan apprehensively, "and do call us Doris and Herbert, not Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan."

"And Stanley and Ellie," said Mrs. Banks somewhat overeagerly.

There was an embarrassed silence.

"Have you ever been in Fairview Manor, Herbert?" asked Mr. Banks.

"No, we haven't, Stanley. We've heard a lot about it, of course."

"I love your house, Doris," said Mrs. Banks, who had by this time sized up and appraised critically every article of furniture in the living room.

"Thank you, Ellie. We like it. I'm crazy to see yours. Buckley's always talking about it."

"Another, Stan?" asked Mr. Dunstan.

"Well, just to help you out, Herb," said Mr. Banks.

His wife moved over beside him. "You'd better watch your step," she muttered.

It was too late. The release from supertension was more than he could combat. He graciously helped his friend Herb finish up the shaker.

"I think dinner is ready," said Mrs. Dunstan, who had known it for a long time.

She led the way toward the dining room. "You've got a wonderful place here, Edith," said Mr. Banks, falling in beside her.

"Doris," she said. "Won't you sit there, Ellie? And now we want to hear all about our new daughter."

"I'm afraid there isn't much to tell," said Mrs. Banks.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Banks. "Would you like to hear the story about how Ellie left Kay in her baby carriage outside the A. & P. and then forgot about her and went home?"

He told them in hilarious detail. A flood of memories and anecdotes poured from him like a mountain brook. He took the Dunstans through Kay's childhood and school days step by step. Then, as a kind of appendix, he gave them a detailed account of his own boyhood, early man-

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hood and married life. Occasionally one of the Dunstans broke in with a comment. Toward the end of the meal they ceased to compete.

After dinner Mr. Banks picked out a comfortable-looking chair in the darkest corner of the living room. He felt suddenly drowsy. "Now," he said, "you must tell us all about Buckley." The desire to take just forty winks became overpowering. As Buckley entered his first year in high school Mr. Banks's eyes closed and he was instantly asleep.

They drove back to Fairview Manor late in the afternoon, Mrs. Banks at the controls. Mr. Banks felt relaxed and happy. It was hard for him to understand why he had dreaded this meeting so much. He sought in vain among his acquaintances for a finer family than the Dunstans. Certainly no one could have been easier to talk to. He hummed a contented little song. Mrs. Banks said nothing.

* * * * *

A MODERN WEDDING is somewhat like a new theatrical production. Once the cast has been decided upon, the next thing is to determine whether it is to be Big Theater or Little Theater and then fill the house.

Kay opened the argument at dinner. "I'll tell you one thing," she said. "This is going to be a *small* wedding and a small *reception*."

In theory this should have been music to Mr. Banks, but his trained ear sensed a discord. "I was talking to Jack Gibbons the other day," he said. "Jack's married off four daughters and he says weddings are either confined to the bosom of the family or held in Madison Square Garden."

"Well, mine is neither," said Kay. "I'm going to have my own friends and it's *not* going to be a business convention."

"I suppose I can't ask any of *my* friends," said her brother Ben indignantly. "I suppose Tommy and I can't have—"

"Who said anything about a business convention?" interrupted Mr. Banks. "All I'm saying is you'll end up with either thirty or three hundred."

"Three *hundred!*" There was a suggestion of hysteria in Kay's voice. "Pops, if you mean that, you're *crazy*. I know what you and Mom want. You want every old fogy in town. Well, I just won't *have* it. This is *my* wedding and it's going to be *my* friends."

"Listen, dear," said Mr. Banks with guarded gentleness. "This may be your wedding, but that doesn't mean it's going to be a kids' party. What do you think *we're* going to do? Leave out all our friends? Do you think we can leave out the Gibbons and the Roes and the Harts and all that crowd you've grown up with? Nonsense."

"All right, Pops. Who said you couldn't have the Roes? Molly Roe is one of my *best* friends. Of course they'll be there. But that isn't three hundred, is it?"

The argument grew more violent. Mrs. Banks was for a very small wedding to which everyone should be asked. Tommy and Ben shouted unheeded opinions. Mr. Banks pounded the table and skirted apoplexy. Kay's voice was teary. Delilah, hardened though she was to such scenes, retired to the kitchen in terror.

Mr. Banks finally had an inspiration. He fetched a yellow pad of paper and placed it beside his plate. On it he wrote three names.

"There," he said, "that's the smallest wedding you can have under the law—you and Buckley and the Reverend Galsworthy. Now. Anybody else?"

Kay threw up her hands. "Really, this is so *childish*, Pops. You always get so *technical*."

"Sometimes your father has good ideas, Kay. Go on, Stanley. Just put down the Dunstans and ourselves and Ben and Tommy."

"And Aunt Harriet, naturally, and Uncle Charlie," said Kay.

"Of course," said Mr. Banks. "But I'd go slow from there in." He wrote rapidly, keeping a tally on the side of the paper. After three quarters of an hour he ran out of sheets.

"Do you know how many you have on the list now?"

"About fifty," said Kay sulkily.

"Two hundred and six. And that doesn't include most of our friends; and perhaps Buckley's family might have one or two people they'd like to squeeze in."

"Oh, all *right*, Pops, if you're going to be so disagreeable about it. But I tell you it's *my* wedding and it's going to be *small*. I don't *care*."

She suddenly left the table and rushed up the stairs. Mr. Banks stared after her in amazement. "Good God, Ellie. What's the matter with Kay? We're just sitting here quietly putting down a few names and she goes all to pieces."

"She's nervous," said Tommy, through a mouthful of cake. "All women are nervous."

Late that night, when the hush of sleep had fallen over Fairview Manor, Mr. Banks lay on his back, gazing at the watery reflection of the street light on the ceiling. For years he would never look at that patch of light without thinking of Kay's wedding.

Three hundred people drinking his champagne. Three hundred people eating his food. Three hundred—

He was ruined. Clearly and utterly ruined. All his life he had been a prudent and thrifty man. Now he was caught in the nutcracker of convention and was about to squeeze out his economic life with his own hands.

"I won't do it," he groaned, rolling onto his side. But he knew he would.

Kay was alone at the breakfast table when he came down the next morning, feeling as if he had just returned from a three-day college reunion. Looking like a May morning, she slipped a piece of bread into the toaster for him.

"Hi, Pops."

"Hi," he said gloomily. He wondered how it was that women could go through these shattering emotional scenes and bounce up a few hours later as carefree as a sea gull behind the Queen Mary. He watched her butter the toast and a thought began to form in his jaded mind.

"Listen, kitten. I've got an idea."

"Good," she said, putting his toast on the Lazy Susan and twirling it toward him.

"I don't know whether it's good or not—and for God's sake don't tell your mother."

"Of course not. What is it, Pops?"

"I'll give you and Buckley fifteen hundred dollars to elope." . . .

* * * * *

"YOU PEOPLE ARE looking at this whole thing upside down," said Mr. Banks, the next evening. "It's not a question of how many people you *want*. You must start with the *house*. How many can stand in it at one time? The extras get jammed into the church."

After tense debate it was decided that one hundred and fifty was the absolute maximum that could be packed into 24 Maple Drive without physical injury. An additional one hundred might receive invitations to the church, but certainly not to the reception.

This did not mean, of course, that the invitations must be limited to these numbers. People living at great distances wouldn't show up if they were in their right minds, so the Bankses might as well get the credit for having asked them. Then, with any luck at all, it was safe to count on a certain number of local people being sick, or out of town, on the day of the wedding.

Mr. Banks estimated that they could rely on refusals from a third of the local invitations. On that basis, and excluding the out-of-towners, they could ask two hundred and twenty-five to both the church and the reception and one hundred and fifty additional just to the church.

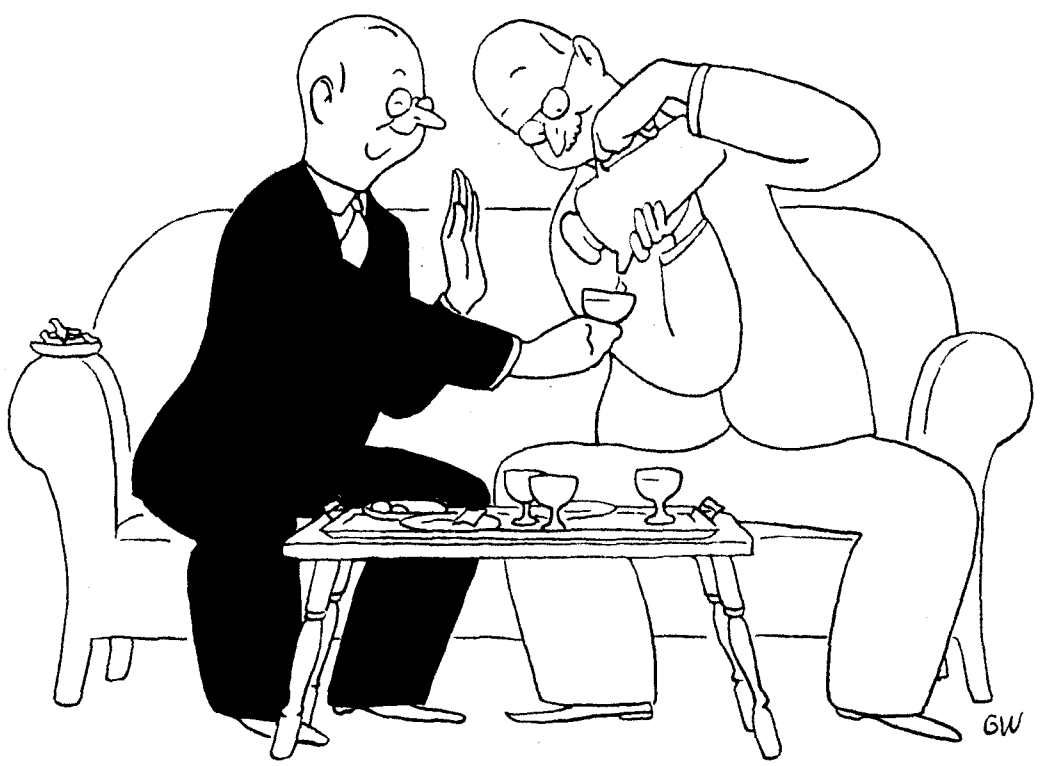
To Mrs. Banks, who was used to entertaining on a retail level, this seemed like a staggering number. She proposed that each one make a separate list—just the people they *really* wanted. Then these could be combined, the duplicates eliminated—and there you were. If there were more than two hundred and twenty-five, which was unlikely, the excess could be asked to the church only.

Mrs. Banks jotted down the names of all living relatives (and her memory was encyclopedic), plus her special cronies in the garden and bridge clubs —also all the people who had invited Mr. Banks and herself to dinner in the last few years and whom she had neglected to ask back.

Kay put down the classmates who had written fatuous messages across her photograph in her copy of the Heathwood Hall class album, all who had ever asked her to major football games, and those whom she had visited for more than two days. In a burst of gratitude she threw in the fathers and mothers of those who had put her up (or vice versa) for more than a week. To these were added her former cronies at the Fairview Manor Country Day School and sundry strays.

Mr. Banks thought in terms of old friends. As his memory limbered up, their dim forms passed before him almost faster than he could write them down. By the time he had finished with World War I, his heart was overflowing with good fellowship. Unfortunately he couldn't remember the last names of many of them and was obliged to let them go their way. Then he could not remember where most of the balance lived (or if they did). As a result, his list was a small one.

He spent the following evening combining the lists. There were alarmingly few duplications. Apparently the members of the Banks family had no



Mr. Banks graciously helped his friend Herb finish up the shaker

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friends in common. Finally he turned to his wife and daughter with a sadistic leer: "Guess how many."

Mrs. Banks squirmed uneasily. "Two hundred?" she ventured, without conviction.

"Five hundred and seventy-two!" shouted Mr. Banks triumphantly. "What did I tell you? It's either the immediate family or Madison Square Garden."

Mrs. Banks grabbed the lists. "Nonsense. Let me see. You've done something wrong. I'll bet *I* can cut this down. Now look here, we certainly don't need to have the Sparkmans. We never see them, and as for that dyed-haired woman, I don't care if I never have her in my house again."

Mr. Banks wondered why it was that every time he discovered an attractive woman, Mrs. Banks said her hair was dyed. And anyway, what if it was? "Listen," he said. He was dignified now; cool, austere—and on guard. "Do you realize that Harry Sparkman is one of my most intimate friends, to say nothing of being a very good client? Why, I'd go to the ends of the earth for that fellow and he would for me."

"How ridiculous! You hardly ever see him."

"There you are," said Kay. "I *told* you these were just customers. I *knew* it."

Mr. Banks bit his lip and said nothing. He realized that he was licked for the moment. "And who in the world are the DeLancey Crawfords?" continued Mrs. Banks smoothly. "I never even heard of them."

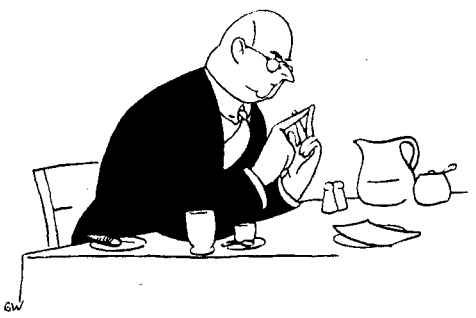
It was Kay's inning. "Listen, Mom. How can you be so stupid? Don't you remember that I spent half the *summer* with them at Western Point two years ago? And Twinkey Crawford is one of my *closest, closest* friends. Why, Mother, they've been right here in this *house*. Now if we're going on like *this,* Mother—"

"Maybe they won't come," suggested Mr. Banks. "Don't they live in Pittsburgh or some place?"

"We can ask those families to the church and not the reception," said Mrs. Banks.

"The church!" cried Mr. Banks. "You mean to say you want to ask Harry and Jane Sparkman to the *church* and not to the *house?* Harry *Sparkman?* My intimate friend? Did *they* ask *us* just to the church when *their* daughter got married? No. And you were delighted to go to the reception. The *church!*" . . .

The following evening, Mr. Banks returned with



He had reduced everything to neat figures

a card file and quantities of three-by-five cards.

"The pink are for 'Church Only,' " he explained. "The white ones are 'Church and Reception.' Now here's a rubber stamp. Whenever you're sure someone can't come because they live out of town or something, stamp that card 'P.N.C.' That means 'Probably Not Coming.' "

Three nights later everyone's name had been written on a pink or a white card. The out-of-towners and the local 4Fs had been happily stamped "P.N.C." Then Mr. Banks took the second census.

Mrs. Banks watched him nervously. "Maybe they'll come out about right now," she said.

Kay looked bored. "The whole thing is just *too* sordid. I always thought a wedding was a *joyous* occasion. The way you're going at it, you might as well hire a couple of *bookkeepers* to put it on for you."

Mr. Banks's only reply was to count audibly to help his concentration. "Here's the box score," he announced at last. "Ten people have been

"Five hundred and seventy-two guests!" Mr. Banks shouted

asked to the church and not the reception. Five hundred and sixty-two have been asked to both. There are one hundred and fifty-two cards stamped 'P.N.C.' That leaves four hundred and ten people who might show up. Figuring that a third of them won't, you'll have two hundred and seventy-three people at the reception."

"I don't follow you very well," said Mrs. Banks, "but it looks as if we'd have to cut out a few."

"All you've got to do is to throw a hundred and twenty-three people out on their necks," said Mr. Banks grimly.

Kay yawned. "I'm going to bed. *My* list is right down to the *bone,* so I can't be much help."

Mr. Banks opened his mouth but Mrs. Banks motioned it shut again. Kay stalked out of the room.

"We can work it out," said Mrs. Banks. "Kay's upset. All we have to do is to invite these superfluous people to the church and not the reception. Now the Harry Sparkmans—"

Mr. Banks refused the gage. The timing didn't seem right. "All right," he said. "Let's go. We'll start by putting the garden club in the church."

Each white card was removed from the box, debated at length, and returned to its original place with a sigh. At the end of each round, when they came to Carlton B. Zachery, they had only succeeded in eliminating or relegating to the church a handful of names. They had too many dear, close, loyal, lifelong friends, to all of whom they seemed to be indebted.

After three fruitless evenings of this sort of thing Mr. Banks had lunch with a client who was head of a large accounting firm. He had just run the gantlet himself and he liked to strut his scars. As a form of wound-licking he had reduced everything to neat figures.

Wedding guests, he explained, should be broken down into church units and reception units. That was the only way to get at the per-unit cost. At his wedding each reception unit cost $3.72 including champagne, caterers, tips, breakage, flowers, furniture-moving and extra insurance. He had not included wear and tear, feeling that, considering the occasion, it would be on the mercenary side.

Mr. Banks made some calculations on the tablecloth and the spirit of hospitality fled from him. That evening he had a business dinner in town, but the following morning he faced the shaving mirror with the set jaw of leadership.

Someone had to take the helm. Someone had to tie up this disintegrating situation before it fell apart completely. For $3.72 a unit he would undertake to tie up a wounded lion.

"I'll tell you one thing, Ellie," he announced as he rubbed in the shaving soap vigorously. "Only a hundred and fifty people are coming to this reception. You've got to cut down the list. I don't care who you leave out. I don't care how many just get asked to the church. Pack 'em in. Build a grandstand in the chancel if you want. All I say is that the hundred and fifty-first person to enter this house gets thrown out on his ear even if it's your own mother." . . .

He felt masterful and composed that evening as he entered 24 Maple Drive. "Got everything fixed up, Ellie?" he called into the living room.

"Yes, only—"

"Pops." Kay came out and threw a slim arm around his neck. "Pops, you big stupid. Do you know what you did? You forgot Buckley's list. It just came today."

Mr. Banks's psyche collapsed like an abandoned bathrobe. He walked slowly to the big wing chair and sat down heavily. "How many?" he asked. His voice sounded choked.

Mrs. Banks came boiling into action beside her daughter. "He couldn't have been cuter," she declared. "He only wants a hundred and twenty-five including *everybody.* And that's *everybody.* And he's marked those that he doesn't think will come—like the officers in his squadron, and so on."

"Oh, they've *got* to come." Kay clasped her hands ecstatically.

Mrs. Banks hurried on. "There are about fifty 'P.N.C.s' on the list. So that really cuts it down to seventy-five. And if you figure only two thirds of those will show up—"

"Okay," interrupted Mr. Banks firmly. "That just means cutting more from our list. If I haven't got a friend left when this thing is over—why, I haven't got a friend left—and that's that."

All evening the list was slashed. Everyone finally got into the spirit of the thing until bosom friends were thrown out with a whoop of joy. By eleven thirty it was reduced to two hundred and four. If a third of those didn't come there would be one hundred and eighty-six at the house, including Buckley's guests. Beyond that point they could not go.

Two nights later, Kay came into the living room and sat on the arm of her father's chair. She ran her fingers through his thinning hair.

"Pops, darling, are you going to miss me?"

He swallowed quickly and patted her knee. "Don't let's talk about it, kitten. If you're happy, I'm happy."

"You're so sweet, Pops." She kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Do you know something? I hate to tell you—but I've done the stupidest thing."

"Now what have you done? Mislaid Buckley?"

"No, Pops, but for the last few days I've been

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thinking of people I forgot. I mean *important* people. People that I'd have simply died if they hadn't been at the reception."

Mr. Banks sat up suddenly, his warm mood evaporated. "How many people?"

"Well, maybe forty."

From this point on, morale tended to disintegrate. So did the list. Mr. Banks thumbed through the "Church Only" cards with sad eyes.

"Bob and Liz!" he murmured. "If anybody'd told me Bob and Liz wouldn't be at my daughter's wedding reception I'd have said they were crazy. Remember the week ends we used to spend at their camp? Those were—"

"Why don't you ask them, Stan? I agree with you. It just isn't right not to have Bob and Liz. Why not make an exception?"

"Guess we should." Mr. Banks tore up the pink card venomously and carefully made out a white one. "Maybe a third of them won't come."

* * * * *

THE CLOTHES CARNIVAL was on. Mr. Banks gathered that the nation's dress manufacturers had suddenly gone haywire and that nothing which they had produced during the last few months would be used by a self-respecting charwoman for work clothes. He had supposed that the principal worries connected with weddings revolved around things like champagne and caterers. Now he discovered that these were small beer.

Although Kay's closet was bulging with clothes, he learned to his surprise that, for her money (or perhaps for his), it was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Had she been Venus rising from the sea, her outfitting problem could not have been more basic.

Because no one would pay any attention to him he was forced to resort to indirect methods. He would open the door of the closet and make playful remarks about the rows of dresses and shoes. He drew subtle comparisons with the children of Europe. He told anecdotes about his grandmother's frugal girlhood in a parsonage. The only recognition he received was when Kay occasionally pushed him aside with *"Please,* Pops. Can't you see you're right in the *way?* Why don't you go downstairs and *read?* You just don't *understand."*

At those moments he would be in full agreement with his daughter for the first time in days.

Mrs. Banks's own costume seemed to be giving her a perplexing amount of trouble. She had interminable and costly telephone conversations with Mrs. Dunstan on the subject.

"What in the world has her dress got to do with yours?" asked Mr. Banks. "Are you two going as Tweedledum and Tweedledee?"

Buckley never lost confidence during these trying times. He appeared each evening like a faithful sheep dog, to spend it staring at Mr. Banks. Neither of them could think of much to say to each other so they usually listened moodily to the radio and to the undertone of women's voices from the floor above—a never-ending dialogue occasionally punctuated by screams of pleasure. At each scream Mr. Banks winced, for he knew from experience that such female ecstasy is purchased at a high price.

As time went on, however, Buckley began to show signs of alarm. He would speak wistfully of simple weddings in little country churches. Mr. Banks said that, given his choice, he would pick a desert island. Once Buckley asked how much a girl —say a girl like Kay, for instance—spent on clothes in the course of a year. Mr. Banks muttered something about millions. The bond of sympathy between them grew stronger daily.

* * * * *

IGNORING the fact that Kay and Buckley were going to live in a tiny house where Kay, at least, would spend a large part of her time with her head in an oven, she was finally outfitted for every social and sporting event that could conceivably take place between Sun Valley and Hobe Sound.

Mysterious boxes began to arrive. They appeared to be from women who did not have any last names—"Annette," "Estelle," "Helene," "Babette."

"They sound like a bunch of madams," said Mr. Banks to no one in particular.

The force of example, however, is like a mighty glacier. Mr. Banks suddenly became clothes-conscious himself. Fortunately, and unlike so many of his friends, he did not have to depend on the cutaway he had worn at his own wedding. During the fine, flush days of the '20s he had bought a new one in order to act as best man for some backsliding old bachelor. The '20s were a long way off, however, and although Mr. Banks was proud of his figure, even he was conscious that subtle changes had taken place.

Each guest's card was removed, debated at length, and returned to the box

Mysterious boxes began to arrive

When he had last seen the suit it had been a splendid thing—a badge of old-world aristocracy. Now it lay in an attic trunk under a hailstorm of moth balls. When Mrs. Banks finally dug it out, it reminded him of something out of a thrift shop.

For a long time it lay dejectedly across the chair beside Mr. Banks's bed. Each day he could think of good reasons for postponing the try-on. In the morning he was too rushed. At night he was too tired. Finally, choosing a moment when no one was around, he slipped out of his business suit and stuck a foot gingerly into a trouser leg like a bather testing the water.

Well, his legs were through, at least. A bit snug perhaps, but it might not be noticeable if he sat on the edges of things. He sucked in his stomach as far as possible and buttoned the trousers. The effect was like squeezing the lower half of a sausage balloon.

"If any of these buttons give way they'll put somebody's eye out," he muttered, walking stiffly to the long mirror that was affixed to the back of the bathroom door. Not bad for fifty, though. It was going to be a strain, of course, to keep his chest blown out like a pouter pigeon and his stomach wrapped around his backbone, but the general effect was good—like a well-preserved old oarsman.

He put on the vest carefully. The cloth around the buttons had the strained look of a sail in a heavy blow, but if it held there was nothing to worry about.

Now for the coat. This was the crucial garment, the one which must withstand the hostile eye of the general public. Nobody looked at a man's pants. He wished it didn't fit like a freshly laundered union suit through the sleeves and that the back didn't make him feel as if he had been taped up by a surgeon. But these were minor inconveniences. The coat was on and holding at every seam.

Lifting his diaphragm as high as possible, he buttoned the coat quickly under his ribs. Mrs. Banks came in and surveyed him admiringly. "It's really wonderful, Stan. I'm proud of you."

Mr. Banks made a deprecating grimace and undid the single button of the coat. The edges parted as if they were on springs. "I think I like these coats better unbuttoned," he said thoughtfully. "You really think it fits, then?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Banks. "It might be a trifle snug, but that's all."

Mr. Banks continued to study himself appraisingly. "Perhaps I might manage to lose a pound or two before the wedding." He turned on her sternly. "Remember now. From here in, no more butter or potatoes or dessert."

"All right, dear. All right. But you don't need to be so cross about it."

"Well, people insist on offering them to me," said Mr. Banks.

(To be continued next week)

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In reality, the bill collector is a kind and gentle man who will, if the debtor refuses to pay, scare the guy half to death

Confessions of a Bill Collector

By COLLIE SMALL

Saul W. Kleinman could write a book about how to get money from dead beats. He knows all the angles. And he should—he has extracted some $4,000,000 from the gentry who won't pay their bills. Some of his methods are highly original. All get golden results

IT IS one of the marks of our time that certain benighted citizens consistently refuse to pay their bills, and it is to this parlous situation that several thousand bill collectors have dedicated themselves. A man who is serving the cause with high devotion, and a man who is to be avoided at all costs if one is in arrears, is Saul W. Kleinman, a collection expert in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Kleinman, who was born on Washington's birthday and is therefore helplessly committed to the pursuit of honesty, has been extraordinarily successful in squeezing the blood out of various turnips in and around the Smoky City. It may well be that he is the best bill collector in the United States, maybe even in the world, although this will naturally be denied by other bill collectors.

In any event, Kleinman has been lying in continuous ambush for approximately 30 years now, and during that time, as an agent for wounded entrepreneurs, he has swooped down on unwary debtors to the tune of some $4,000,000 in collections.

In return, he has had his life threatened, has been charged with inducing heart attacks and miscarriages, has been accused of tampering with the Bill of Rights, and has lost a number of close friends who were shot down when they inadvertently wandered into the no man's land between Kleinman and his painful duty to collect on bills owing. The cumulative experience, needless to say, has made Mr. Kleinman a philosopher.

It has also made him a highly affluent bill collector. Kleinman operates for fees that run as high as 50 per cent of the amount collected, and since he has collected bills for as much as $12,000 (the balance on a house), his gross income is appropriately high.

On the other hand, it costs him an average of 38 cents for every dollar he collects, and his *net* income suffers accordingly. However, with the national economy in the toils of what he diagnoses as a serious case of overextended credit, Kleinman is chasing lost dollars more vigorously than ever before, and his collections are currently averaging around $250,000 a year.

The fact that Kleinman lowers the boom on debtors with such merciless accuracy is not to be taken as an indication that he is in any way unethical. Kleinman is a ranking member of the American Collectors' Association, a thoroughly reputable organization of more than 1,300 bonded collection agencies, and he has long been engaged in the tedious task of trying to raise the bill collector to a new and exalted eminence in the eyes of a basically suspicious public. This lofty goal has been partially achieved by the adoption of a rigid code of ethics by the ACA.

On the other hand, there are a number of gentlemen in derby hats who are still operating on the fringe of the law. Certain quick-getaway agencies, offering "positive collection" guarantees, descend on unsuspecting clients, pick up whatever loose change is in sight, and then steal off into the night, leaving their clients to ponder over the fine print in their contracts.

Others use the sledge-hammer technique in pounding helpless debtors into submission, and Kleinman, who is pained beyond words by such tactics, finds his only solace in the fact that collectors of this stripe generally have very short careers.

Kleinman himself is not above scaring a defaulter half to death, but he operates primarily on the basis of sheer, relentless efficiency. The Kleinman juggernaut, powered by an office force of 28 people working in two shifts, is completely streamlined and serves over 2,200 clients who have been bilked in one way or another. It is equipped with hooks for pulling elusive debtors out of holes in the ground, and it can mow them down like a machine gun when it gets them out in the open. Yet, curiously enough, it is operated exclusively by mail and telephone.

Kleinman's arsenal consists mostly of 170 form letters which he has composed during the course of his 30 years as a bill collector. These are his principal ammunition, and they are artfully contrived to insure against backfiring. There are special letters for creditors and special letters for debtors. No office employee is permitted to contact the outside world with a letter of his own composition. If there is an emergency, Kleinman himself will whip up the necessary document, but he has the field so thoroughly covered by now that this is seldom necessary.

One of the more handsome letters for debtors is the SHO letter (Special Holiday Offer) which is dispatched shortly before Christmas, Thanksgiving and Easter. This little number offers in one convenient package the season's greetings, condolences, and a special discount for quick payment, as follows: "In keeping with the Holiday Spirit and in order to lessen your burden we will make a special concession in the form of AN ACTUAL MONEY GIFT TO YOU!" Under different circumstances, this would be recognized as robbing Peter to pay Paul—with 10 per cent off for alacrity.

Another interesting letter is the one notifying doctor clients that Kleinman is dropping an account because "your humanitarian attitude is spoiling the debtor." There is a sneaking inference here that merchants are not made of the same stuff as doctors; in any case, Kleinman has not yet been forced to drop a commercial account because of a department store's being suddenly overwhelmed with compassion for a fallen customer.

Code letter NLA (Night Letter Action) is a telegram which goes collect, and it is about the rough-

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est piece of literature in the library: "We are preparing to take drastic action against you in five days unless claim is paid to us in full immediately!"

Even the special letter for hotheads, which is sent by registered mail, is in a calmer vein. It simply says, "You are being notified that any further threat of violence or personal bodily harm to any employee in this office will be reported to the proper police authorities." An unexpected stinger here is a footnote: "Copy for district attorney."

Actually, Kleinman's life and limbs are not often imperiled, mostly because his prospective assassins are in debt and prefer to keep as far away from Kleinman as possible. However, a man did threaten him with a gun in his office not long ago and was dissuaded from shooting Kleinman only by Kleinman's eloquence, which rose to spectacular heights for the occasion.

The debtors who do venture into Kleinman's office in an effort to straighten things out are usually propelled there by fear, shame or pride. A proud man, in Kleinman's experience, is generally an honest man who sincerely wants to pay but can't afford to at the moment. The man who is ashamed is worried over the prospect of people's finding out he is in debt. The man who is motivated by fear is simply trying to protect whatever assets he may have.

Kleinman once sent an Ohio sheriff after a famous concert violinist with instructions to attach his violin on the stage of a Cleveland theater—a maneuver so effective that the theater manager agreed to pay the bill in question. Unfortunately, from Kleinman's standpoint, he can't do that in Pennsylvania. Under Pennsylvania law, a debtor can claim an exemption of $300 when pressed for payment, and neither his earnings nor the tools by which he makes his living can be attached.

Pennsylvania law stifles Kleinman in other ways, and it is a sign of his remarkable ingenuity that he collects as much as he does. In Pennsylvania, for example, it is impossible to collect a bill by process of law after six years, but Kleinman has collected bills of 40 years' standing. Not long ago, when an elderly Pittsburgh doctor died, Kleinman collected a bill for his estate from the grandchildren of a man whom the doctor had treated shortly after the turn of the century.

Until about two years ago, Kleinman also flirted with an ancient statute called the "Act of Common Scold," which provided that a jail sentence could be conferred on anyone found guilty of disturbing another person's peace of mind. Under the circumstances, it appeared to Kleinman that somebody had spiked his musket, but the courts finally ruled that the Act of Common Scold applied to gossips, not to bill collectors.

Once Kleinman comes to grips with a debtor, it is almost impossible for the latter to escape permanently. He may not pay, but he certainly will be relentlessly hounded unless Kleinman feels it isn't worth the trouble. Kleinman has the credit records of some 400,000 people who have defaulted or have tried to default in his zone of operations over the past 17 years, and only one, a Chinese laundryman, ever succeeded in completely baffling him. The laundryman simply vanished the moment Kleinman started thinking about sending him a form letter, and the incident still gives Kleinman pause.

It is true that some debtors have disappeared after a certain length of time, but it is extremely difficult for anyone to do a permanent fade-out if he is over twenty-one, has ever been married, has ever given his right name, or has ever taken out an insurance policy, for example. Kleinman's book of procedures lists exactly 110 ways to trace a "skip."

The incorrigibility of many debtors expresses itself in other ways, and Kleinman keeps a girl on his staff whose only function is to clip crime stories from the newspapers. A surprising number of the names on Pittsburgh police blotters are already on Kleinman's blotter, and he uses police records to pick up changes of address and other pertinent information.

Kleinman has even managed, with the help of kindly wardens, to collect bills from men in prison. He has also collected from defaulters hiding in the Army. His procedure in the case of a soldier is to write the soldier first, then the company commander, then the battalion commander, and so on until he reaches the War Department, which he has done on one or two occasions, but, unfortunately, with negligible results.

Debtors Reveal Their Dislikes

Like an inept fighter, a debtor almost invariably telegraphs his vulnerable spot to Kleinman. Some ask him not to call on the telephone any more; others ask him not to send any more letters to the apartment house because the landlady distributes the mail and might tell somebody; others ask him not to write their employers. When Kleinman provokes this sort of response, he tenderly draws out the debtor's card, enters an affectionate "DNL" on it (Does Not Like), and proceeds to do exactly what the harried defaulter asked him *not* to do. Kleinman finds it very effective.

In interviewing debtors in the office or talking to them on the telephone, Kleinman is careful not to ask questions that will open the way to an alibi.

In the vast majority of cases that come to a collector, the debtor has deliberately defaulted, and if the collector asks him, "Why?" the debtor will immediately produce the elaborate excuse he has been working on for just such an emergency. Kleinman's opening gambit is usually: "What do you intend to do about paying your bill?" This has the effect of throwing the defaulter on the defense, and the battle of wits becomes a rout.

Nevertheless, most debtors come equipped with an impressive array of excuses, and they are especially prone to attribute their failure to pay their bills to the fact that they were wiped out in (a) a fire, (b) a flood, (c) a pestilence or (d) some other devastating visitation.

It is a fact well known to collectors that habitual defaulters frequently refuse to pay doctor bills because the doctor didn't cure or because he operated and left a scar. The housewife who won't pay the milk bill because the milkman tried to put his arm around her turns up about twice a week at Kleinman's office, along with the housewife who won't pay because she found glass in the milk.

This latter type causes Kleinman a spot of trouble simply because a milk company, for example, is generally unwilling to risk unfavorable publicity just for the sake of collecting a small bill. The technique in such cases is to wait until the lady bilks two or three other milk companies, which she most assuredly will do if she is an orthodox defaulter, and then pounce on her collectively. When this happens, she can only flee for her life.

On the whole, women do not default as much as men, according to Kleinman's surveys, and the Chinese, despite the case of the missing laundryman, have the most honorable record as a race—probably because they are inherently frugal. Persons of Scandinavian origin also have good records for some reason which Kleinman does not profess to understand. He can only assume that they do not want to meet him in the hereafter.

Defaulting is not the special habit of any particular segment of society. Kleinman has been called upon to collect unpaid bills from such worthies as clergymen, jurists, and a former mayor of Pittsburgh who refused to pay for the gravel he ordered for his driveway. He has also collected from acrobats, trombone players, and a side-show performer who got away from an optician temporarily with a free glass eye.

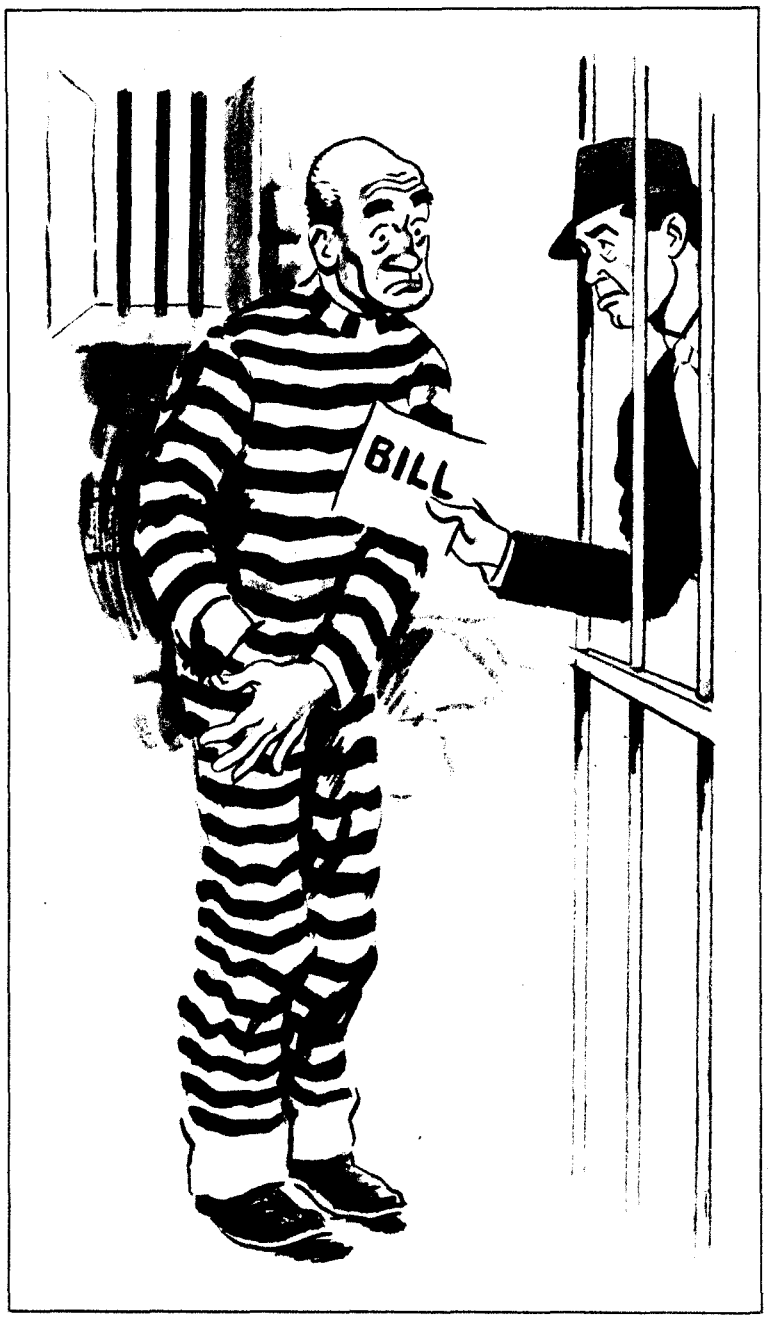
People who have no intention of paying are often tempted to order goods from mail-order houses on the theory that distance is a safety factor, and in addition they are helplessly addicted to coupon clipping.

Defaulting seems to be hereditary in some instances, and Kleinman is currently pursuing members of the third generation in families distinguished for not paying their bills. Likewise, Kleinman has discovered that one out of every four debtors is a repeater. He has also had as many as 17 claims pressing against a single defaulter simultaneously, despite the fact that the defaulter in this case changed his name so rapidly that he was listed in Kleinman's files under eight different names at the same time.

The one thing Kleinman does not understand is the lack of versatility among defaulters. Habitual debtors tend to repeat according to specific behavior patterns, and Kleinman is frequently nonplused to find a debtor in hock exclusively to a florist's shop or a lumber yard.

One gentleman in Pittsburgh cannot pass an awning shop without purchasing a special custom-made awning for his front porch. After it is delivered, he carefully pours acid on it or otherwise renders it unusable except as a tent in the back yard for his young son. When he is approached for payment, he insists indignantly that the awning was defective and refuses to pay for it.

Kleinman, who is accustomed to such performances, gives the gentleman just about one more free awning before they send for Saul Kleinman.



There is no rest for the wicked, not even in jail, when the bill collector is after them. The horrible debtors' prisons of the 19th century could not boast a torture scene as terrible as this one

ILLUSTRATED BY CASEY JONES

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FACE OF THE U.S.A.

No. 2

Bingham Canyon - Utah

WEST of the great Rocky Mountains, America sweeps toward the Pacific Ocean over a rainbow wonderland heaved up out of aeons of time. Here the birth-motion of the earth has left its record in twisting canyons, razor-sharp cliffs and lifeless deserts of sand and salt and alkali. Here the wind has sculpted massive rock into nightmare shapes, into whorls, arches and columns of geometric beauty. And here the rains and the snows have worked, and the streams and the racing rivers, to produce a land that runs the long gamut from fantastic abundance on the one extreme, to unyielding, barren waste on the other.

On the eastern edge of this fabled expanse of color and geological wonder, in the foothills of the Rockies, lies the state of Utah. A little more than 100 years ago, Utah had no identity—it was nothing. Then the Mormons came and forced the land to produce, turning the earth's rocky shell into a horn of plenty.

On the heels of the Mormons followed thin streams of people seeking gold, the miracle metal of the age. There was gold in Utah, but there was more than that. There was lead and zinc and silver. And there was copper in the age-stained rocks near Great Salt Lake.

A half century ago men were scraping at the hills in the Oquirrh range, some 20 miles southwest of Great Salt Lake. They were finding copper—10, 15, 20 pounds of it to the ton of earth and rock. This meant little. No one could get rich, digging holes for copper in such small quantities. Then a young engineer, Daniel C. Jackling, came to look at the hills and he saw in the rocky highlands a copper mine such as few men had dreamed of.

Jackling's copper mine at Bingham Canyon, Utah, shown here, is owned and operated by the Utah Copper Division of the Kennecott Copper Corporation. It is a development that staggers the imagination—a mountain that is being whittled down and scooped out to satisfy the needs of modern man.

Seen from the air, the mine looks like a colossal thumbprint twisted into the earth. Its ridges swirl and cut through copper-laced rock, eddying outward and upward from the gray-brown mists of a faraway floor. This is the vast bowl out of which 485,000,000 tons of ore have been mined in 45 years. This is the bowl out of which Utahans have taken more than 5,000,000 tons of copper to feed a metal-hungry world.

Around the 43 serried terraces of this Gargantuan bowl, more than 125 miles of standard-gauge railroad track carry long strings of ore cars that can hold 100 tons of ore each. The cars are fed by more than 40 electric shovels, each capable of scooping up 800 tons of earth and ore per hour. The terraces, looking tiny in this air photo, average 67 feet in height and 100 feet in width. The great bowl is more than 2,000 feet deep.

The mine produces almost a third of the nation's copper, a twelfth of all the copper in the world. This is industrial might. This is power. This is the symbol of American foresight and ingenuity about which statesmen speak and the world beyond wonders.

To the airman in flight, on assignment for the Air Forces of the nation, Bingham Canyon in the state of Utah is more than an object to be photographed. It is more than an experiment with the scope and value of photographic film. New aerial techniques, new data for the mapping of the earth in colored pictures—these are of importance and weight. They are way stations on the road to supremacy in the air.

But beyond them, rising out of them, is the face of a nation; the magnificent portrait of a strong country on a spinning globe. Beyond the brilliant focus of this photograph lies the United States and, unseen at this height, the fearless movement of men and women in a free and limitless national community.

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Has the Toothache

After this session Miss Joan Suyker of the Bronx, N.Y., may be through with the torture of drills and injections for the rest of her life. Not that we guarantee it. She is receiving a quick and painless treatment devised by Dr. Bernhard Gottlieb to do away with tooth decay

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Been Stopped?

By J. D. RATCLIFF

If you go to the dentist once or twice a year for fillings, or have children who are punished by aching teeth every time they eat a piece of candy or a cold dessert, this may be one of the most important magazine articles you have ever read

THIS is the story of a radical advance in modern dentistry—a quick, painless, inexpensive treatment which promises to banish a large per cent of dental decay. This new treatment isn't the fluoride treatment about which so much has been written lately, by this author as well as others. It is something which has been perfected and proved in the last few months.

The new approach to dental caries—decay—was devised by Dr. Bernhard Gottlieb, former head of dental research at the University of Vienna, and now director of the Department of Oral Pathology and Dental Research at Baylor University's College of Dentistry in Dallas, Texas. Dr. Gottlieb says that experiments have shown around 90 per cent of tooth decay can be banished by this method.

The treatment is based on a completely new concept of dental decay. Some dentists today accept the idea that mouth acids eat away tooth enamel. Once enamel is gone, bacteria attack the softer dentine—an ivorylike stuff which makes the bulk of the tooth—to cause decay.

Gottlieb contends the reverse is true. Decay starts on the *inside* of a tooth—which explains why dentists often have to use X rays to detect cavities hidden beneath apparently intact enamel. Gottlieb's theory—which led to the new treatment—is based on observations made by a New York dentist in 1896.

That year, the late Dr. Charles F. W. Bödecker ground down extracted teeth, placed the cross sections under the microscope. An eye-opening sight awaited him. Up until then, everyone had thought of teeth as being solid, homogenous, bonelike. Instead, Bödecker found that enamel was filled with minute cracks—much like fissures in a rock; and that the softer dentine under the enamel contained a complex network of tiny tubules.

These tubes and crevices were filled with spongy, organic—living—material, whereas the bulk of the tooth was of dead, calcified stuff. Bödecker had no notion of the significance of his discovery. He lamely guessed that the fissures and tubes were for "fluid circulation in the teeth." But he didn't know what the "fluid" was, or why tooth enamel, made of dead calcium, needed "circulation." But, like a good scientist, he reported his findings.

The book in which he made his report was translated into German. Gottlieb, living in Vienna, read it in 1921. Gottlieb, now sixty-three, has a round, ruddy face, a fringe of white hair around a bald pate. He has an infectious good humor and an almost explosive lust for life.

Before Hitler arrived in Vienna, in 1938, Gottlieb taught at the university, had the best practice in the city and was recognized as one of Europe's top dental authorities. Today he belongs to almost every professional society to which a dentist is eligible, including Britain's frosty, aloof Royal College of Physicians.

Gottlieb never liked the generally accepted theory of tooth decay—that acids eat away enamel and that bacteria attack to produce decay. It was based on experimental proof presented by Dr. W. D. Miller, a Philadelphia dentist, in 1890. Miller had put extracted teeth in a test tube, added saliva and bread and waited for an acid-producing fermentation to get under way. When the acid was formed, it attacked tooth enamel, producing something which *looked* like decay.

Pretty flimsy evidence, Gottlieb decided. How did the acid theory explain decay that apparently started *inside* a tooth? Why was decay often rampant in *alkaline* mouths? How come older people became relatively immune to decay although mouth acids were still there? What about the Eskimos, who also have mouth acid, but almost no decay? There were too many of these questions.

A better theory of decay was needed and Gottlieb proceeded to produce it—based on Bödecker's work. If teeth were filled with tiny fissures, wasn't it reasonable to suppose that the bacteria of decay, which are present in all mouths, could slip through them? Once they passed the enamel barrier, they could attack the softer dentine. Eventually the undermined enamel would cave in. Then there was a new cavity.

Gottlieb rushed on with his theorizing. If you could obstruct these invasion roads by which bacteria got into teeth—obstruct them, say, with chemical road blocks—then you could virtually eliminate tooth decay, the most prevalent of all human diseases. The theorizing was satisfyingly beautiful. There was only one thing wrong. How could you fill hundreds, thousands of minute crevices too small to be seen by the naked eye? The answer, of course, was by means of some chemical. But Gottlieb didn't know what that chemical was.

A busy life of teaching, lecturing and private practice left little time for basic research. But Gottlieb made time to try a number of chemicals—all of them failures. It was a matter of applying them to teeth, hoping they would block the invisible tunnels, then waiting a year or so to see if they had succeeded. Some of the chemicals he tried were mildly successful in cutting the decay rate. But none was worth shouting about.

Forced to Leave His Own Country

Gottlieb's work came to an abrupt end when Hitler marched into Vienna in March, 1938. His private practice evaporated, his university appointment was canceled, he had no further opportunities for research—all this, despite the fact that he had served the Austrian army with distinction on the eastern front in the first World War. If he were ever to work again, Gottlieb knew he would have to leave Austria.

With no hesitation, he liquidated his savings, used the money to bribe itching Nazi palms. He and his wife and small son made their way to Genoa, thence to Tel Aviv, Palestine. He stayed there two years, found no facilities for the kind of research he wanted to do, and applied for an entrance visa to the U.S.

Dallas dentists, knowing of Gottlieb's world-wide reputation, invited him there to conduct a seminar and this led to the faculty appointment at Baylor. Gottlieb now had time to work in earnest on his new concept of tooth decay.

He took the problem to Dr. Charles R. Stewart, biochemist on the Baylor faculty. He wanted chemicals, which could be applied to the teeth, which would react to produce an insoluble substance. The precipitate had to be fine enough to fill microscopic crevices, and had to be white so it wouldn't show. Also, it had to be completely insoluble in saliva—otherwise, it would wash away.

To Gottlieb, who knew little about chemistry, the problem seemed enormous. To Stewart, it was simplicity itself. Zinc chloride and potassium ferrocyanide would produce exactly the type of thing wanted. Simply swab the zinc chloride on a clean, completely dry tooth, wait for a minute, then swab on the potassium ferrocyanide and you'd get a fine, milky precipitate which would fill even the most minute crevice. Gottlieb bubbled with enthusiasm.

While Dr. Stewart prepared two small bottles of the chemicals, Gottlieb telephoned a dentist friend. He explained there was a quick way to find out whether these chemicals would block tooth crevices to bar entrance to bacteria. These strands of organic material which run through the teeth—the lamellae in the enamel, and the tubules in the dentine—also conduct pain sensations. Did the dentist have any patient whose teeth were unduly sensitive to cold? If you could block the pain that went with cold, you would, in all probability, be closing the entrances by which decay bacteria got into teeth.

The dentist friend was co-operative. He had such a patient. By good luck, the patient had an appointment that morning. A douche of cold water on this man's teeth would lift him out of the chair.

How the Experiment Worked

Gottlieb hurried down to the dentist's office. The treatment was explained to the patient. Was he agreeable to the trial? He was. First, the dentist cleaned the teeth with a rubber cup and pumice, and scaled off tartar. Next, groups of four teeth at a time were blocked off with cotton rolls, dried with alcohol. The teeth had to be *absolutely dry*—otherwise, saliva would block the channels the chemicals were supposed to fill.

Then the two chemicals were applied. When the first group of four teeth had been treated, the dentist went along to another four. Thus, he worked his way through the patient's mouth, the entire procedure taking a little over an hour. When the job was done, Gottlieb called for a glass of ice water. He drew some of the water into a syringe. This was the critical moment in which Gottlieb would know whether failure was still hounding his efforts—as it had for 20-odd years.

He douched the patient's hypersensitive teeth with the frigid water. The patient should have hit the ceiling. He didn't move. His teeth had lost their sensitivity to cold.

This was an enormously gratifying start. But it was by no means the end of the road. The two chemicals had blocked the pain pathways. Could they also block the invasion routes of decay bacteria? It would take several years to answer this one. It was a matter of applying the chemicals, then waiting to see whether decay appeared.

An outstanding Dallas dentist—whose name may not be mentioned for professional reasons—took this job upon himself. He went to work at the Richmond Freeman Memorial Clinic, a part of the Children's Medical Center. Fifty-eight children in the 8-13 age group who were particularly susceptible to tooth decay had teeth impregnated with the chemicals. For comparison, a control group of 12 children, also highly susceptible to decay, were not treated with these chemicals.

A year after treatment, each child was again examined. In the treated group, there was an average of half a new cavity for each child. The control group had a total of 54 new cavities—or 4½ new cavities per child. Here was a reduction in the decay rate of nearly 90 per cent!

Convincing though it looks on the surface, this experiment was not *(Continued on page 63)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY STAN LEE

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Ebb Tide

By PAUL ERNST

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She was the kind of girl who never let her hair down—but Steve took care of that

THE man was at his usual table when Sue Dexter came in. It was a table near the door, as if he wanted to be free at any moment to get up and leave, not in flight but because this was no longer his kind of place.

Once it had been his kind of place, half as large, not quite so dim, filled with men from boats and smelling perceptibly of fish. Now it was big and fancy and was filled with non-fishing people from the North who came to this Florida town near Miami to escape the winter cold. It was no longer a homelike spot for Steve Elvers, charter-boat captain.

Sue stopped at his table. She was smartly dressed in a cream-colored summer coat thrown capelike over her bare shoulders and partially covering her molded black dress. She had on what she called her working face, so beautifully made up that you could not guess within years of her age; and above this was her hair—corn yellow, waved up in front and dipped behind in a golden sworl so that it was like a gold helmet. It was her biggest vanity and its maintenance cost her almost as much as did her wardrobe.

Sue Dexter, christened Suleyda Deckstrom, smiled at the man in the white canvas pants and T-shirt. "Hello, Steve. Good day?"

"Good week." Steve's voice was calm and deep as were his gray eyes, which looked lighter than they were by contrast with the permanent tan of his face. "A paint mogul from Cleveland chartered me till Sunday."

"Nice," said Sue, preparing to go on.

Steve smiled. "The boat later? A beer or Coke between numbers?"

Sue hesitated. She was drawn to Steve. There had been a time last year when she had thought important thoughts about him. She'd thought of him at night, or rather in the dawn, when she was undressing for bed. He had said he would only propose to her the once, but that he'd be around whenever she was in this part of Florida. And he said he could wait.

Well, let him wait, Sue thought. A charter-boat captain. Living on what his prosperous clients regarded as tips. It was not quite what she had in mind. And yet his eyes were very kind and sure.

"Maybe," she said, and went back to the Porthole's dressing room.

The Porthole Café is on a narrow street with buildings along one side and with one of its home town's many inland waterways like a canal along the other. This particular canal was lined with boats like parked cars at a curb, each next to its pole on which was the electric company's meter and from which came power and a telephone connection.

Steve Elvers' boat was a hundred yards from the Porthole's door. He got up now and Sue, emerging from the dressing room, saw him walk out to the street and she knew he was heading for his boat, to wait and see if she would join him later. Sue thought: If only he had ambition, wanted to do something besides steer that silly boat around.

The white spinet piano was at the lower corner of the L-shaped bar on a small dais and lighted by a blue spot, so that it seemed to float in the air. Also seeming to float was Herb, the spectacled piano player. Putting on her working smile, Sue walked to the low platform.

She grasped the mike. Herb played a few chords. Perhaps half the people in the room looked toward them. Once all in a room had looked when Sue began to weave with the mike as if it were a rooted wand; even last year at the Porthole perhaps two thirds had given their attention.

"Everybody!" Sue's Minnesota blue eyes stepped up their candlepower. "Don't look away from those gals and guys of yours. Don't bother to stop what you're doing. But answer: Having fun?"

"Yes," some called.

"Like the sun and the sea, and the old Porthole after dark?"

"Yes." It had more volume now, as more turned to look. Sue had personality; no one had ever said she didn't.

"Want to go home to ten below?"

"No!"

"Want to stay here with little Sue?"

"Yes!"

All eyes were directed at her—a woman in black with almost a girl's slim body, with a face as unlined as any girl's and showing only indefinably in outline the lot that it had looked upon—and with that rather incredible hair above it, soft gleaming gold most careful and expensive in its waved perfection, with never a tendril out of place.

Sue sang her opening song, about a somewhat naïve girl from Duluth who eventually and rather sorrowfully learned the truth. When she had first come in she'd looked around to see if by any chance Charlie was here, and he wasn't, which as night followed night was an increasingly bad sign. So now she didn't look for him but turned her practiced beam on four young men at the center of the longer side of the bar. They were in sport shirts that had cost a lot of money but could have stood some cleaning. They were not tight but they were noisy, and Sue sensed from long experience that here was probably tonight's trouble. These young men would either be for her or most obstreperously against her. She set out to get them for her.

"Now what'll you have?" she asked directly of them.

"McCluskey from Boston," said one, very dark from the Florida sun and with long black hair. "If you can sing that."

"If she can sing. Period," a big companion heckled.

Sue sighed. Always something. Last night the drunk strayed from his convention. The night before, the young couple in evening clothes, with the girl more venomous than the man. She thought only half humorously: Why do I do this, when I could make a living selling lingerie? But she couldn't make as good a living; she couldn't buy the clothes that took the years off her age or keep her hair in that smooth, cast-gold perfection.

She beamed at the four as if she loved every hair on their hands. "You're from Boston? So am I." She was from every patron's home town. "What part?"

They truculently called what part, as tough New Yorkers might have called: Thoid Avenuh. "That part!" laughed Sue.

SHE sang McCluskey from Boston for them, and gagged a few later and then sang Beacon Hill Blues. She kept them in line—but just—and she felt a little tired as she went back for her summer wrap. These bar duels! And what if Charlie never showed up at all?

The four at the bar cheered Sue sarcastically as she got to the door. She turned to wave at them, blue eyes professionally merry, but she breathed sharply with relief when she was on the one-sided street. The hell with this, she thought. When Charlie comes. . . .

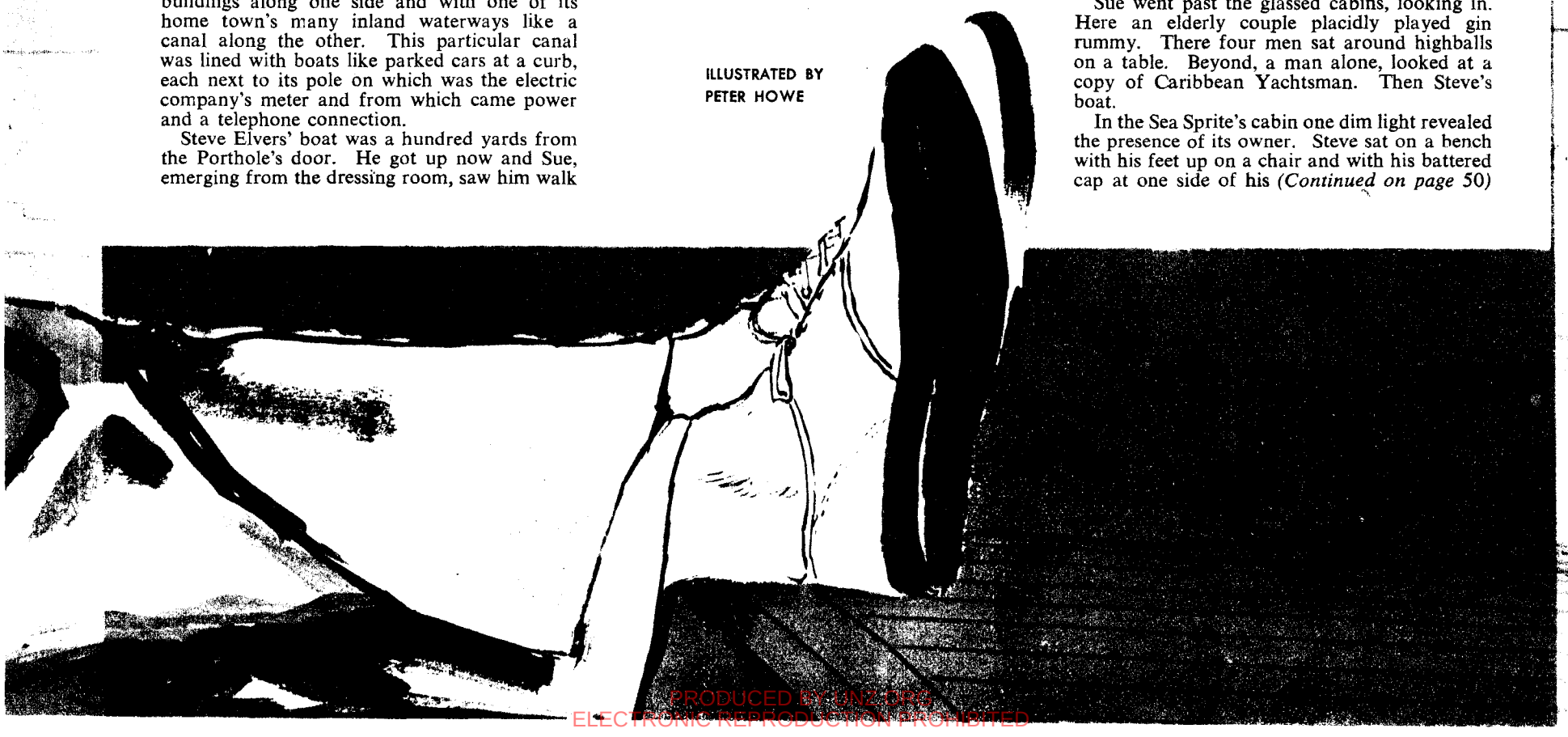
Because Charlie had to come. And he had to say to her what it was ten to one he'd never say to any woman.

The street was pleasantly dark. She walked slowly along the line of moored boats. They were of approximately the same cut, high at the bow, lower at the stern where the fishermen's swiveling chairs were bolted to the deck. On the same level were the wide, glassed-in cabins with benches, chairs and table.

Sue went past the glassed cabins, looking in. Here an elderly couple placidly played gin rummy. There four men sat around highballs on a table. Beyond, a man alone, looked at a copy of Caribbean Yachtsman. Then Steve's boat.

In the Sea Sprite's cabin one dim light revealed the presence of its owner. Steve sat on a bench with his feet up on a chair and with his battered cap at one side of his *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY
PETER HOWE



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The

Many dream of riches at the end of the rainbow but Carroll Chatham makes his gems—perfect synthetic emeralds which he sells at ninety dollars a carat

IN SAN FRANCISCO there is a young man who is successfully manufacturing synthetic emeralds—the only perfect synthetic emeralds being commercially produced anywhere in the world. Carroll F. Chatham is a thirty-four-year-old research chemist, who started his search for the emerald secret by experimenting with homemade equipment in the basement of his boyhood home. Today he has a lively business producing about five pounds of emeralds a year, or 11,350 carats, which he sells at about one tenth of the price of real stones. The pictures on these pages show six stages in production.

It all started on July 4, 1924. Chatham was ten and celebrated Independence Day by firing off a homemade bomb which shattered surrounding windows and spread alarm throughout the neighborhood.

The most violent repercussions, however, came from his father and mother, who gave him to understand that his career in fireworks was at an end. So Chatham, who must have been amazingly perspicacious for his age, shifted his experiments to gem making.

The beginnings were crude, but Chatham was persistent. Within a few years he was concentrating on emeralds, in the belief that of the precious stones which had not been reproduced commercially, emeralds would be the easiest to make.

Emerald is a green variety of beryl. Beryl is a

Chatham's synthetic emerald and natural stones look identical to the naked eye. A sure way to tell them apart is to apply intense heat. Natural emerald will crack at the surface; Chatham's won't

An expert glass blower, Chatham is seen here making a soshlet extractor, used to purify silica, a basic ingredient in the manufacture of synthetic emeralds

Chatham marks a huge emerald crystal for cutting. The crystal contains many flaws but will yield gem-quality emeralds weighing up to 3 carats

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED LYON

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Emerald Wizard

By WAYNE SNOWDEN

fairly common mineral, scattered widely over the earth. It appears in clear crystals when perfectly pure, and in various colors and degrees of translucence when seasoned with impurities. Only the clear emerald variety ranks among the very valuable stones.

By the time Chatham was sixteen he had synthesized the complex of beryllium and aluminum silicates which constitute beryl. By the time he graduated from Lowell High School he had learned how to introduce the traces of chromium and iron oxides which give emerald its precious color.

In other words, he was making emeralds. He would find them sprinkled through a crucible of beryl crystals—but unfortunately they were tiny, impure, worthless specks.

Then he attended the California Institute of Technology, where he graduated in chemistry in 1937. After his graduation he experimented at night while employed as a research chemist for a food-packing concern. Finally, in 1946, he built the small factory where commercial production is now under way.

His Secret Is Closely Guarded

What Chatham learned in those thirteen years he is keeping to himself. He won't even patent his process for fear the secret will leak out. In general, he says, emeralds can be grown just as rock candy can be formed around a string dipped in super-saturated sirup. Emerald crystals are hexagonal—sugar belongs to a different crystal system, but the principle of formation is the same. Chatham says emeralds take ten months to grow and believes most people will have better luck with rock candy.

Whatever the process, Chatham emeralds have won the endorsement of leading mineralogists. His first emerald of quality is in the Smithsonian Institution. Others have been shipped to all quarters of the earth. Fittingly enough, one of his best went into his wife's engagement ring.

In contrast to imitation gems, which are made of glass or other inferior material, synthetics such as the Chatham emerald are chemically and physically the same as natural stones and produce the same optical effects. The only sure way to tell a Chatham emerald from a natural stone is through close microscopic examination or to heat them both red-hot. The natural emerald will crack at the surface; the Chatham emerald won't.

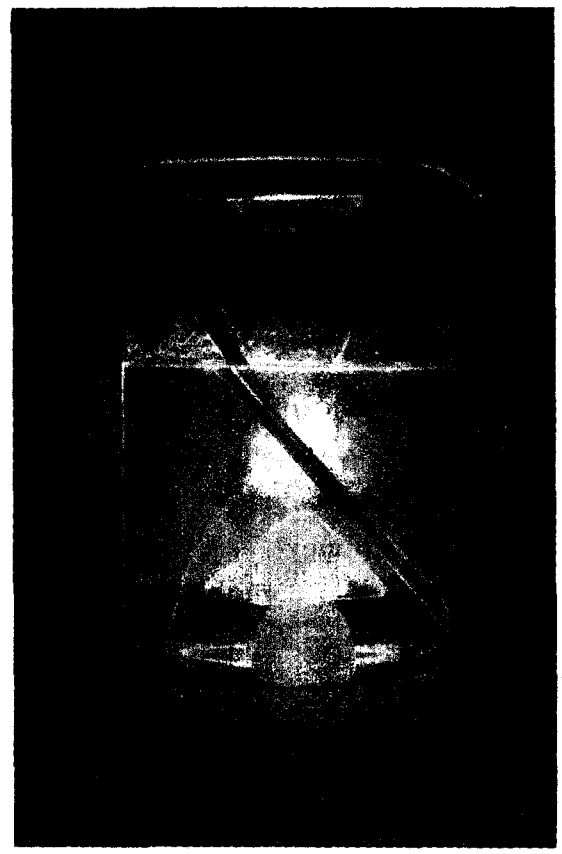
Nevertheless, a fine quality one-carat Chatham emerald retails for about $90, less than 10 per cent of the price of a natural stone. Although Chatham has produced an imperfect crystal of more than 200 carats, his quality stones have all been five carats or less.

The superstitious once thought emeralds aided childbirth, improved digestion and soothed the eyes. Now they are valued only as jewelry, and the buying public regards man-made stones as inferior to natural ones, whether or not the two can be told apart.

So although Chatham has a one-man enterprise, with no pay roll and no direct competition, he is not rolling in easy wealth. He is up against strong buyer resistance and is busy cultivating good will and promoting sales.

However, the electrical properties of emeralds are now under investigation. And if emeralds should prove suitable for use in electronic circuits, a big industrial market might be opened up.

He has other visions. He has always regarded emerald making as a first step toward making diamonds. Synthetic production of diamonds would revolutionize dozens of industrial operations where the cutting and grinding of hard materials are involved. Chatham thinks his process might be applied to diamonds. Wild dream? Maybe. But after all, Chatham has come a long way since he stopped making fireworks.



Emeralds can be grown as rock candy is, around a string dipped in a strong solution of sirup. A crystal of ammonia alum (a basic ingredient of emeralds) is shown growing in an aqueous solution

This array of stones represents a third of a month's output. Only the best are selected for jewelry. The one that Chatham is holding is about 7 carats

Unlike imitations made of inferior materials, the Chatham emerald is chemically and physically the same as a natural stone. Chatham weighs one on a scale

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Let's Give the Postman a Break

By LESTER VELIE

The mobile post office is an idea as revolutionary as supersonic speed. In this final installment the author discusses the money- and back-saving possibilities of a completely mechanized postal service and exposes the Department's antiquated operations. This crusade is vital to every U.S. citizen

CONCLUSION OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

THE biggest business in the world, the United States Post Office, has a date with a revolution, and it may not be long delayed. Look out of your front window any morning. If you look early enough you will see the milkman drive up in a low-slung truck, powered by a small, money-saving motor just right for house-to-house stops and starts. You'll see the one-time foot cop roll by in a radio prowl car. Keep looking, and you'll see your morning newspaper, the weekly laundry, the package from the department store all arrive on wheels.

Only your daily mail will arrive on foot, lugged by a human beast of burden who may be afflicted with a hernia, heart ailment or respiratory disease —illnesses that cost the government dearly in sick time and in pay for substitutes.

Your grandfather, looking out of his window, would have seen the milk and laundry and packages arrive by horse and wagon. He, too, might have marveled at the anachronism of the United States mail, which was arriving by foot in his day.

For its hand-and-foot methods, our faithful old post office last year took the critical pasting of its life. Congress and the men who tote the mail and drive the postal trucks led the assault. Herbert Hoover's Commission on Organization of Executive Government sent a task force of engineers swarming over the postal works, and in an initial report intimated $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 could be pared from postal costs each year if there were some changes made.

Some of the pot shots fired at the Post Office:

Why do you require trucks of obsolete design that cost more than modern trucks?

Why do you use men's leg and back muscles to deliver the city mails?

Why do you make city customers walk blocks to buy your wares—stamps, letter registry, parcel-post service?

As the world's biggest business (1948 income: $1,650,000,000) and the world's biggest boss (employees: 500,000), how do you get by without a research division to streamline operations and install labor-saving equipment?

Under this drumfire, a postal revolution seems inevitable.

In the first year after postal mechanization, as prophesied by the author, your mail would arrive in a mobile post office like this. In the rear of the truck, the mailman takes letters from the portable rack into which he has sorted them at the post office. He is freed from toting a heavy mail bag for miles each day. While he is delivering the letters, the driver parks at the curb to provide post office services for the neighborhood

Comes the postal revolution, and let's see what it will mean to your foot-slogging, pack-toting mailman and to you.

Let's say it is the first year of the great Postal Mechanization, and foot mailmen have begun to disappear from the residential neighborhoods just as the foot cop began disappearing from them some years ago. In the foot mailman's stead are trim new postal stations on wheels—mobile post offices.

Today, Mrs. Patron and her neighbors are rewarded by a novel sight. John Jones, their mailman arrives in style. He rides in a snub-nosed vehicle with a low-slung, package-delivery-type body, across the sides of which are emblazoned the words, Mobile Post Office.

Mailman Jones steps out of the rolling post office. He is without his familiar, loaded mailbag, and he twitches his right shoulder self-consciously as if to assure himself that the onetime 35-pound burden is no longer there. He still carries letters, but only enough for the mailboxes on one side of a block, and these he can handle in his two hands.

The mailman motions toward a uniformed driver at the wheel. "Meet my partner Joe," he says as he sets out to deliver the letters. "He'll show you around inside. Sell you nice postal merchandise, too. Any stamps today, ladies?"

Joe, the driver, pulls a lever near his seat and opens the rear doors. Mrs. Patron and her neighbors come around to have a look.

The facing sides of the truck are honeycombed with metal pigeonholes slanted so that the mail can't be shaken out when the truck goes around corners. Joe explains other things, giving Mrs. Patron and her neighbors a glimpse into the workings of the postal system. The pigeonholes are not built into the truck. They are part of a portable, aluminum "scheme box" or sorting case, with 56 openings into which their mailman had sorted the mail that morning in the order in which it would be delivered.

"When the mail was delivered by foot," Joe says, "we'd sort the mail in wooden scheme boxes then take the mail out of the pigeonholes, tie it with string into small bundles and pile it in the old mailbag.

"Now we sort the mail at the post office in these portable cases. See, they have a metal back so that the letters won't slip out. Then we pick up the sorting cases. They're light—aluminum—carry them out of the post office and hook them on the inside of the truck. Neat, eh?"

Joe's audience agrees.

The floor of the mobile post office is curb high

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ARTIST'S INTERPRETATION BY BIRNEY LETTICK

so that the mailman can get in and out easily as he picks up the handfuls of mail and parcels that lie neatly piled up front near the cab. Before the days of the mobile post office, parcels were delivered separately. There is a bin inside the rolling P.O., too, for letters "pulled" from street mailboxes. No more emptying of street mailboxes into the mailman's bag to be hauled around until he gets back to the post office.

"Step up and look at the cab," Joe says.

With his regulation key, Joe opens an oversized glove compartment to display money orders, stamps, mail registry forms and equipment. From beneath a built-in desk with hinged top, he produces a scale for weighing parcels.

"Ready for business, ladies," Joe announces.

For Mrs. Patron, sending a parcel or registering a letter had previously required a visit to the nearest postal station three quarters of a mile away. For tenants in the new housing developments on the outskirts of town, it was even farther. Now the postal station would roll right up to their doors.

The mobile post offices would do considerably more.

Because they could radiate farther from their loading stations than footmen, the mobile units would save money by *(Continued on page 72)*

Mobile units would speed service, save time, money and labor

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

By EDWIN LANHAM

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED—AND GOT IT

The Story: One day life in a small town suddenly becomes too much for AGATHA CHRISTOPHER. Abruptly she breaks her engagement with CHARLIE HARPER, whom she has known for years, and the next day she rashly quits her job as the village librarian. Charlie and Agatha's mother, GWEN, try to reason with her, but Agatha won't listen. Then, quite unexpectedly Agatha is notified that she has inherited the estate of her UNCLE LEO—and that this estate consists mainly of a restaurant in New York. Impulsively Agatha decides that she will go to New York and run the restaurant herself. She imagines it to be a very swank place, but it is really a West Side bar and grill frequented by prize fighters and horse players. OSCAR, the barman, is not looking forward to working for a new owner. And LEFTY LANGAN, the prize fighter whom Agatha's Uncle Leo owned ten per cent of, is not looking forward to a woman having this share—nor does this appeal to Lefty's girl, LUCILLE. When Agatha arrives in New York she goes straight to the office of her late uncle's lawyer, JACK BARLOW. Jack explains to Agatha where the restaurant is, that it is named Leo's Place, and then invites her to lunch. He is a handsome and pleasant young man who seems very interested in her. Afterward Agatha takes a cab to Leo's Place. When she sees that it is nothing but a bar and grill, and a cheap one at that, her heart sinks.

PART I OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

THE barroom seemed empty. Then she noticed a man standing alone at the far end of the bar, watching her with interest. He was a fat man with a round white face and very black hair. "Can I do something for you, Miss?" he said.

Agatha gave him a level look. "Are you Mr. Gumper?"

"Nope," the fat man said. "Oscar stepped out for a while. Don't know just when he'll be back. I'm minding the place for him."

Agatha leaned against the bar. "Is Mr. Gumper the manager here?" she asked.

"The barkeep," the fat man said.

"And you work here, too?" Agatha asked, turning to the other man in the place.

"Nope. I'm just a friend. Name is Si Kraft."

"Isn't there anybody here who works here?" Agatha asked.

"Got a cook," the fat man said. "Short-order cook. He ain't in yet. Got a waiter, too, but he don't come on until six."

"Oh," Agatha said.

"If you're gonna wait," he went on, "take a table. Want a beer or something?"

"Yes, I'll have a beer," Agatha said. "But I won't sit down, thank you. I'll just stand here."

The fat man spread his hands. "Sorry, lady," he said. "You got to sit at a table. Ladies ain't allowed up to the bar without an escort."

Agatha swallowed a lump that went down hard, and walked slowly to the table, in the nearly dark corner of the room.

The fat man pushed a switch that lighted wall lamps behind her, then went behind the bar to draw the beer. "You know how it is, here on the avenue. Leo wanted to run a clean place. You know, a joint you could even take your wife. You come in with your boy friend," he said, bringing the beer over, "and you can stand at the bar. Oscar's up at the gym," he said. "We got a boy comes in here, he's a pretty good boy. Maybe you heard of him? Lefty Langan."

Agatha shook her head.

"Lefty's a good boy," the fat man said. "He's gonna fight tonight at St. Nick's. Main event. Or maybe you don't follow the fights, Miss."

"No," Agatha said.

The fat man looked down at her, and abruptly turned away. He went behind the bar and rang up Agatha's dime, then leaned his meaty forearms on the bar. Every time Agatha glanced up she saw him look hastily away. She slowly drank her beer, and forgot about the fat man until she heard a soft noise. She looked up instantly; he was at her side again. Looking up at him, she felt a quick stab of fear, and glanced toward the door.

"You in trouble, Miss?" the fat man asked.

"In trouble?" Agatha looked at him hard. The tone of his voice had been gentle, and her fear was gone. "No. I'm in no trouble. Why?"

"It's none of my business," he said. "Sorry. But you looked like you was about to bust out and bawl."

Agatha lowered her eyes, said softly, "No, I'm all right."

She jumped to her feet, brushed past him, and hurried toward the street. He was right. She was about to bust out and bawl, and she had to fight to control herself.

On a corner two blocks away a motion picture marquee announced a double feature. Agatha did not even look at the titles; she needed refuge. She wanted a quiet, dark place to sit, a cave in which to lick her wounds. It was dark in the balcony; she settled herself in isolation off to one side and reached into her handbag for a cigarette. She wished she had been a little less airy in her manner back home. Her lip curled a little in self-mockery. *Restauratrice!* In an Eighth Avenue gin mill, with television, where a lady had to have an escort to stand at the bar. It would certainly be a laugh back home. She'd have to stay in New York a week or so, and sell Leo's Place, and then go home and announce that she'd had such a wonderful offer she had been unable to turn it down. That would be one out, Agatha thought, and probably the only out.

Feeling better because she had reached a tentative decision, she gave her attention to the film.

Agatha was surprised when she saw how late it was by the clock in the lobby as she left the theater. She was hungry. As she started out in search of a restaurant a glow of light several blocks away caught her eye and she flinched. It was the neon sign, flashing Leo's Place along the avenue. She turned her head away and walked on to a respectable-looking chophouse.

She ordered clams and a steak, and a Manhattan to restore her self-esteem. A second Manhattan went down before the clams were served, and by the time she had eaten the steak Agatha's mood had changed. She was angry.

Jack Barlow had known all the time, she told herself. All through lunch he had been smiling, and she had thought it was a friendly projection of personality that motivated the smile. But the truth was, Agatha thought furiously, he had been laughing at her. He had known what sort of place Leo's Place was and he had listened to her grandiose plans, and had let her go off alone to absorb the shock of it, and to be told, in her *own* restaurant, that she couldn't have a drink at the bar without an escort.

Why hadn't she told that fat man behind the bar, "A house rule, is it? Well, this is my place and I'm changing that rule this minute. You draw me a beer and be quick about it!"

Her fingers tapped the tabletop. No use transferring her anger to the fat man when it was the thin man who was responsible. The tall, thin sardonic man with the Phi Beta Kappa key was responsible.

Suddenly Agatha was on her feet, her temper blazing. As she started away, her waiter moved forward and she said, "Telephone. Where's the telephone?"

"Just through the arch, Miss."

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ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

The barroom became a scene of silent anguish, as the voice on the loud-speaker said, "Eight, nine—" Lefty Langan was on the canvas

She went through the arch and found a booth in the restaurant's bar. She flipped the pages of the telephone directory and found the name John F. Barlow. On Tenth Street. A Gramercy number. She stepped into the telephone booth and dialed it.

After two rings a deep voice said hello, and she snapped, "Mr. Barlow? This is Agatha Christopher." She leaned toward the mouthpiece. as if to concentrate the fury of her blast, and said, "Why didn't you tell me it was a b-b-b-b- . . ." her voice broke—"b-bar and grill?" Her sobs took possession of the conversation.

BARLOW kept murmuring, "Now say," as she wept into the telephone. "Now say. A bar and grill, is it? I didn't know that, Agatha. I never saw the place. But I warned you to expect something unpretentious, you remember."

"They wouldn't even give me a drink," Agatha said. "I didn't have an escort."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I would have gone up there with you if I'd known. Really, I'm very sorry. Where are you now?"

"I'm in a restaurant," Agatha said, comforted in her aggrievance. "Having d-d-dinner."

"Where?"

Agatha told him and he said, "Wait for me there, will you? I'll be with you in ten minutes. Will you wait?"

"Yes," Agatha said.

She brought out her compact and restored her make-up in the telephone booth, then returned to her table. She was a little ashamed of having given way to tears when she had planned denunciation, yet she felt better. The tension was gone.

When Jack Barlow arrived his face expressed concern most convincingly. His long stride brought him quickly to her table, and he dropped into the chair opposite her and said, "Listen, Agatha, I'm damned upset about this. If I'd only known. But I didn't."

"All right," she said. "I believe you."

"Naturally I knew it wasn't the Colony," he said. "But all I know was what was written in the will."

"I believe you, Jack," Agatha said. "I'm sorry I lost my head." She smiled at him. "You see, it was quite a blow to me. I talked a lot back home about how I was going to run a restaurant in New York, without any ketchup, and all that—"

"Without any ketchup?" he said.

"You see, my fiancé uses ketchup," Agatha explained.

"I hadn't heard about your fiancé," he said.

"He uses ketchup on everything," Agatha said. And then: "A bar and grill on Eighth Avenue with television. Oh, how they'll laugh. And I gave Charlie back his ring, you see, and I told him I was going to New York. You know, career woman stuff. I can't just go home. I'm on a spot."

"Can't you run what you've got? Maybe it isn't much, but you can run that, can't you?

"Without an escort?" said Agatha.

He grinned. "Then sell it, and buy yourself a little tearoom down in the Village. Something like that."

"Oh, God forbid," said Agatha. "I'd rather have a bar and grill."

"Perhaps something can be done with this bar and grill," he suggested. "Make it over somehow. Why don't we walk over there and take a look?"

"Why not?" she said. "Yes, at least it's mine. Yes. let's go. Let's go over and repeal the by-laws. Let's change some of those rules."

From across the street they saw a cardboard placard in the window of Leo's Place that said LEFTY LANGAN FIGHTS TONIGHT.

"Not in my bar, I hope," Agatha said.

"I guess on television," Jack said. "I never heard of Lefty Langan."

THEY crossed the avenue, and as they reached the entrance to the bar Jack whistled softly, "Agatha, look at the mob in there. This must be a mint. Look!"

"Yes," Agatha said. "But it was empty this afternoon."

They were lined along the bar. All the tables were taken and men were standing against the wall behind the tables. The lights were low and the glowing television screen was a beacon in the corner. The picture showed the announcer in the center of the ring; the loud-speaker carried his voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the feature bout. . . ."

A big man behind the bar was drawing beer and

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calling in a loud voice, "Last call until it's over. Last call. No drinks served after the bell."

"From Manhattan's West Side," the announcer's voice boomed, "wearing light trunks . . ."

"That must be Oscar Gumper behind the bar," Jack said, and called, "Hey, Mr. Gumper."

The barman turned his head only for an instant. The announcer concluded ". . . Lefty Langan," and there was a roar in Leo's Place that drowned out all sound from the loud-speaker.

"Lefty appears to be a local boy," Jack Barlow said. He called again, "Hey, Mr. Gumper."

Jack caught the barman's eye. He called again. "Are you Mr. Gumper?"

"Yeah. What'll it be? Beer?"

"I want to speak to you," Jack said.

"After the fight," the barman said. "You want a beer before the fight?"

Jack shouted, "Yes," above the din, and the barman's big hand slapped the handle of the spigot.

The announcer completed the introduction of the other fighter with the shout ". . . Eddie Manolo," and the two fighters moved to the center of the ring to receive instructions from the referee.

The barman put down the two beers and collected from Jack. The bell clanged and the fighters danced out and touched gloves in the center of the ring.

THOUGH Agatha had never seen a prize fight, she had seen little boxers trading blows on a television screen before, and had thought it rather dull.

"Why do they call him Lefty?" she said over her shoulder to Jack. "He boxes just the way the other fellow does."

The redheaded girl on her left said, without turning her head, "He's converted. He used to be a southpaw."

The round ended and there rose an excited sound of voices in the barroom. Jack caught the barman's eye again and called him over.

"My name is Barlow, Mr. Gumper," Jack said. "I was Leo Christopher's attorney."

"Yeah?" said Oscar.

"I want you to meet the new owner of Leo's Place," Jack said, "Miss Agatha Christopher. Agatha, this is Oscar Gumper."

"Pleased to meet you, Miss," Oscar put out his big hand. "Just call me Oscar. Leo spoke about you. Well, this is the joint, Miss. How does it look to you?"

The bell rang and the fighters were in the center of the ring again.

"I gather Lefty Langan is a neighborhood boy," Jack said.

"Yeah. He comes in here," said Oscar.

A hand tapped Agatha's shoulder. She turned and looked into the intent blue eyes of the redheaded girl. "You the lady owns a piece of Lefty?" the girl asked.

"I beg your pardon," said Agatha.

"Maybe you ain't heard," Oscar said. "Leo had ten per cent of Lefty Langan. I guess it belongs to you."

"Ten per cent of Lefty Langan?" Agatha said. "What in Heaven's name does that mean?"

"It means you get ten per cent of his winnings," Jack explained.

"You mean to say that I get ten per cent of everything he earns?" Agatha said. "You mean to say that every time he fights, that kid on the floor up there. . . ."

"On the floor!" Oscar cried.

There was a mighty groan in the barroom and the girl beside Agatha shrieked hysterically, "Stay down, Lefty. Take a nine count, Lefty!"

The referee's arm was rising and falling and the barroom became a scene of silent anguish. The voice on the loud-speaker said, "Eight, nine . . ." and then was drowned out by the roar of the crowd. Lefty Langan was still prone on the canvas.

Oscar looked down at his big, jagged knuckles and the redheaded girl next to Agatha began to sob. There was a dark, mumbling despair in Leo's Place. The local boy had not made good. Oscar moved down the bar to the beer taps and resolutely raised his voice.

"All right," he said. "Who wants a drink?" . . .

It required a definite agility of spirit to assume, all in one day, ownership of an Eighth Avenue bar and the ten per cent of a pugilist, conscious or not, particularly when a girl had anticipated something rather plush, complete with French cuisine and wine steward. But Agatha had adjusted herself surprisingly well, and as she stood at the bar, quite secure because she had an escort—and a tall, handsome one at that—she felt a new excitement.

As soon as the television screen had become dark, Leo's Place had begun to empty. The place was quiet now, and as she looked around at the barroom that now belonged to her, her senses savored the strangeness of it. She smiled at Jack Barlow and she felt a tingle of pride because she was a girl who owned an Eighth Avenue gin mill and a cut of a prize fighter. Her position, she saw, had certain prestige values. It was possibly unique.

"Jack," she said. "This will stun my mother. Wait until she hears I've got a fighter all my own."

"Ten per cent your own," he said. "I wonder who has the rest of him." He called the barman over and asked, "Oscar, who's Lefty Langan's manager?"

"Benny Small his name is," Oscar said. "He's got too many boys. That's his trouble. He don't get in there and push Lefty, and Lefty's a boy who's got to be pushed."

The redheaded girl beside Agatha had put her moist handkerchief away, restored her make-up, and now switched to rye with a beer chaser.

"If Lefty wants to see that manager of his he's got to go up to Skelly's Gym," Oscar said to Jack Barlow. "Benny don't come looking for Lefty. Benny don't know whether Lefty's training or not. He's just got no time to give to Lefty."

"How did Leo Christopher acquire that ten per cent?" Jack asked.

"The kid was fighting amateur," Oscar said. "Had him a job and fighting amateur. Leo liked the looks of him and give him a stake. That's how he got that ten per cent. Lefty looked good then. He started out like a ball of fire, but he didn't train like he ought. I seen it coming. I dunno—maybe Lucille made a bum out of him."

"What do you mean by that crack?" The redhead's eyes flashed indignantly. "I kept him off the stuff, didn't I? I seen he got to the gym every day, didn't I?"

"He was going great just a few months ago," Oscar said. "But he dropped three straight after you come along. Four now. A boy can't stay up until 4 A.M. and be a fighter. And you fed him pancakes for breakfast over at the diner. A fighter can't eat no pancakes."

"I'd like to know what's wrong with pancakes," Lucille demanded. "Just tell me what's wrong with pancakes."

"What's wrong with beer?" said Oscar. "What's wrong with whisky? What's wrong with women?"

Lucille sniffed. "You can't blame it on me, Oscar. He was outmatched, and you know it. He hasn't got that change of stance just right, and he was outmatched. Leo said so. Leo said Eddie Manolo was liable to take Lefty—"

"If he didn't train, Leo said," said Oscar. "And if *you* didn't crowd him so much, telling him to quit the ring. A fighter's got to have peace of mind."

"He'll get over being beat," another voice said. "He'll get over it."

Agatha turned her head and recognized the fat man who had been at the bar that afternoon. He grinned at her in benevolent approval, probably because she had an escort with her at the bar. He was standing between the redheaded girl named Lucille and a thin man with a large nose. Oscar, with a wave of his hand, introduced them: "Fellas, this here is the new owner of Leo's Place. Miss, these characters are regulars here. Si Kraft and Tony Franklin."

Agatha murmured acknowledgment of the introduction, and glanced at Jack Barlow for guidance in a social problem that was new to her. He whispered in her ear, "I think now is the time the house buys a drink, Agatha."

"Yes," Agatha said. "Oscar, the new owner would like to buy a round."

AGATHA expected Oscar to rap on the bar for attention and announce that the house was standing a round, the way it was done in the movies, and she dreaded the experience. But Oscar managed it quietly. He called the waiter over and told him to take orders, and as he himself served those at the bar he explained to each, "On the new owner. The lady at the end of the bar."

Everyone looked at Agatha and raised glasses, and as she looked at the row of friendly faces she found it hard to believe that she had thought this bar depressing and even sinister that afternoon. Leo's Place, she thought, was not so bad.

Oscar leaned his elbows on the bar and said, "Since you're taking over, Miss Christopher, I got a problem: I ain't been sleeping. Leo used to open up at noon and I came on at six o'clock, but since Leo went, I been opening up and staying through to four. I ain't slept good for a week."

Agatha said firmly, "Oscar, you get your sleep tonight. Don't give it another thought."

"Okay," he said. "Thanks. You gonna open up tomorrow, Miss?"

Agatha's mouth opened. She realized very acutely it was up to her; she faced her first managerial problem. She smiled and said, "We'll just stay closed until six tomorrow. There's no particular reason to open up at noon, is there?"

"Guys will be coming in to see the ball game," Oscar said. "You sell a lot of beer afternoons, and they count on it, Miss."

Jack Barlow spoke up. *(Continued on page 66)*

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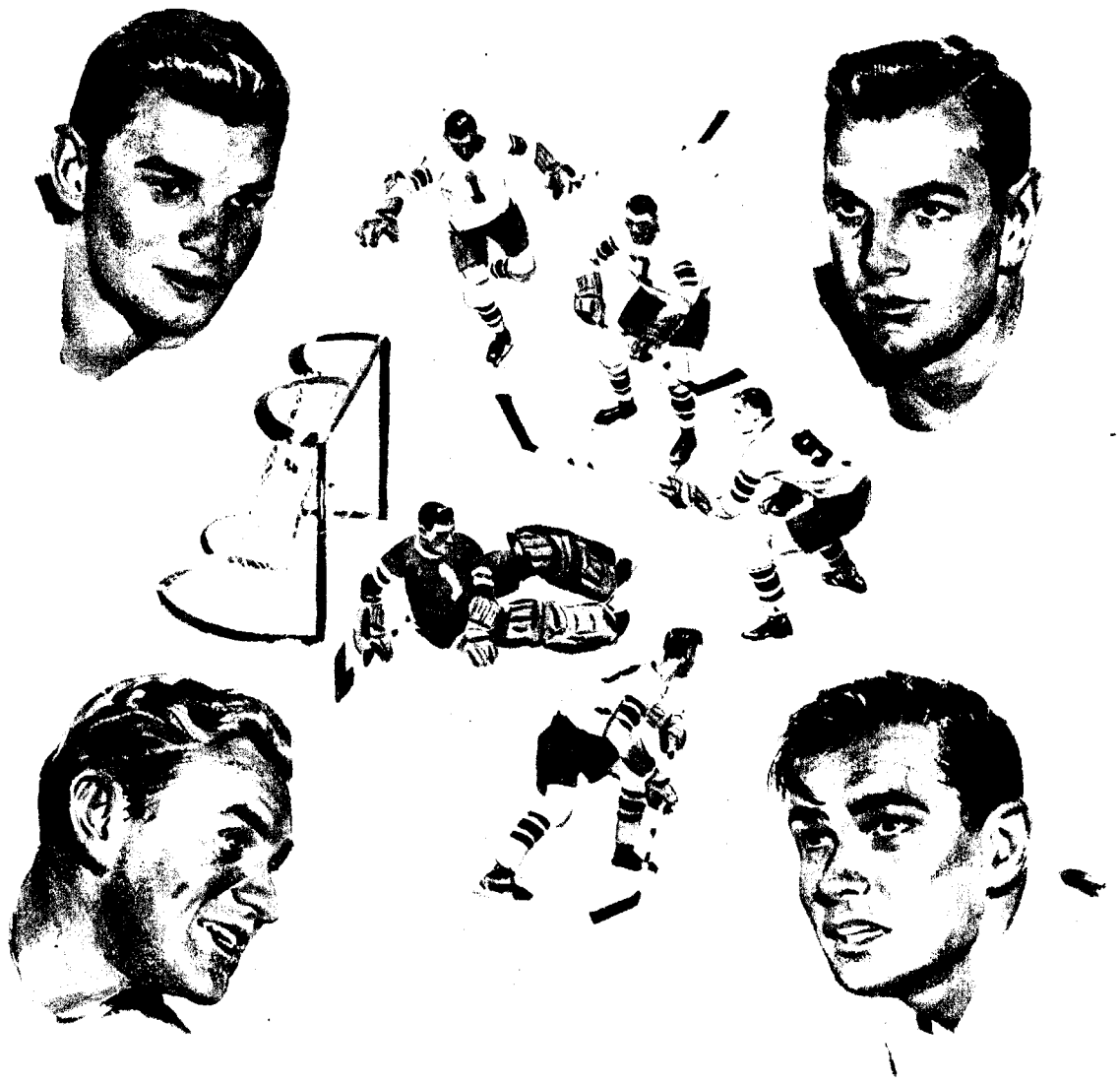
Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

The four Cassidys of old Connecticut put Georgetown University on ice and got to the National A.A.U. semifinals their first year



Tom and Jerry, top left and lower right, carry on this year for Pat and John, lower left and top right

ONLY two of the four Cassidy brothers are back at Georgetown University this winter, but even so Georgetown will have a hockey team, which is something the Blue and Gray didn't have last winter until Tom, Jerry, John and Pat called on Father Matthew Kane.

"Georgetown needs hockey," the Cassidys insisted.

Father Kane, at that time the director of athletics, wasn't convinced. Other schools had found hockey receipts seldom covered the players' doctor bills. Besides, the Cassidys didn't room together, because they got into too many arguments. It seemed neither prudent nor wise to sponsor four Irishmen in an activity which licensed every contestant to carry and swing a sawed-off shillelagh.

But the Cassidys insisted and persisted. Finally Father Kane said, "You can try to form a team, but you'll have to do all the work—and take care of the financing."

In three days, the four Cassidys (former prep stars at Taft School in their native Watertown, Connecticut) accomplished four major objectives. Specifically, they:

Signed a nonsalaried coach, Bob Panoff, former Union College player and Navy torpedo engineer.

Arranged a 10-game schedule.

Rented Washington's only ice rink, Uline Arena, for two-hour, triweekly practice sessions at 4:00 A.M. (that's right, four o'clock in the morning).

Named Ted Donahue business manager and Morgan McDonnell public-address announcer, the latter on the theory that a brother-in-law of Henry Ford II ought to know something about publicity.

Then came complications. Defense man Connie O'Doherty, a married veteran, had to give three-month-old O'Doherty, Jr., his 5:00 A.M. bottle. And the night watchman threatened to quit the first morning the practice-bound Cassidys woke him up by clattering out of Copley Hall at 3:20.

Fortunately, O'Doherty, Jr., compromised on a three-o'clock bottle, the night watchman stayed on, and half the student body crowded Uline Arena when Georgetown's volunteer varsity skated out for the opening game with Lehigh. With McDonnell manning the public-address system, urging the fans to watch the Cassidys go by, and promising them there was a hockey team in their future, the firm of Cassidy, Cassidy, Cassidy, Cassidy, Smith and O'Doherty whipped Lehigh, 17 to 1.

Georgetown's irregulars won six games, lost four, and gained the semifinal round of the National A.A.U. tournament in their inaugural season. This year, Tom and Jerry, the younger Cassidys, are hard at work on another nocturnal practice shift. John is taking postgraduate work at Columbia and Pat is in business at home.

"We'll miss 'em," Jerry admits, "but we'll be better than ever. Wait and see."

Jerry is the optimistic Cassidy. He refuses to worry about alarm clocks and budget problems. Last season the volunteers traveled by private car and nourished themselves on $2 per day per man. During a radio interview, Stan Lomax asked Jerry: "How can four Cassidys travel on $8 a day?"

"We eat lots of oatmeal," Jerry explained.

Lomax looked at his watch. "It's 6:58 and you've got to play at Norwalk at 8:30. That's more than 45 miles. Can you make it?"

"Nothing to it," Jerry said. "I'll make it."

And he did. A police escort whisked him down Merritt Parkway at 75 miles an hour and he arrived in Norwalk at 8:25—dressed for action. He'd bounced out of his street clothes into his skates and pads in the blacked-out back seat with the temperature four degrees above zero. Maybe the Cassidys just like to play hockey.

DRAWING BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

FOR BOWLERS

Should a bowler use a two-finger ball or a three-finger ball? "For better control on slow alleys," says expert Ned Day, "you need more speed, and you can get that speed easier with a three-finger ball."

WANTA BUY A HORSE?

Claiming horses is a bigger gamble than betting on them. Hirsch Jacobs claimed Stymie for $1,500 and collected Stymie's record earnings—$911,335. Pete Bostwick claimed Kordofan for $5,200 at Aqueduct last September and lost $5,300 in 10 minutes. If that sounds improbable, here's how it happened, but first, let's see how a claiming horse operates.

Any owner who is willing to sell a horse for a specified sum—in Kordofan's case, $5,200—can enter. Any qualified owner or trainer can buy the horse for its entered price. The claim must be made before the race starts and it stands no matter what happens to the horse. The horse races for its original owner, but the title belongs to the claimant.

Bostwick claimed Kordofan before a hurdle race. Kordofan landed badly at the seventh fence and went down with a shattered hind leg. Since it is virtually impossible to heal a broken leg, Kordofan was destroyed.

Claimant Bostwick had, for his $5,200, one dead horse. Not only that, it was his horse, dead in the Aqueduct infield, and he had to pay for having it removed. Net loss to claimant Bostwick, $5,300.

TAKE IT EASY

A suggestion from Patty Berg, Western Open Golf champion: "On downhill putts and chip shots, relax your grip just a bit. The relaxed grip should keep your approaches from sliding beyond the cup."

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In case you hadn't noticed, Tony Martin's trunks match Cyd Charisse's iridescent, knitted suit

Cyd and Tony strike another people-will-say-we're-in-love note in twin playsuits of cotton cord

Robert Cummings keeps up to date in a sport jacket with four patch pockets that is very season-of-1949

Vivid lobsters on the matching suits contrast with the impeccable pin-stripe ensemble of trunks and robe

Fashions for Fun

By BERT BACHARACH

Southbound or Northbound, movie stars preview the clothes you'll be packing for your winter vacation

AS LONG as he's in town the male animal, unless he's willing to risk ridicule, must remain a muted background for his splendid lady. But out where the blue begins the picture is different. Resort clothes have been getting gayer and gayer in recent years and today when the time comes to buy beach and sportswear, a man can assert his birthright and burst forth in brilliant plumage. Of course, the dyed-in-the-wool conservative can still find lots of good wearables that are in unobtrusive good taste. But if you want to emulate the peacock, you can. And a good thing, too. Men were mice for too long.

Naturally, men being men, changes are always in slow motion. So slow that you hardly notice any change at all. But in the resort and sportswear department things move a little faster. There are always some new ideas every season that embody enough comfort and/or speed to make the boys like them. If you're planning to be a blazing bird of passage this winter, you'll certainly be interested in the 1949 innovations. If you're not, take a look anyway. This winter's novelty is next summer's accepted fashion.

The over-all trend in sport clothing is toward less weight and more comfort. Cotton suitings have, of course, been getting better and better. This year they're taking on a new look in sharp, clear-cut patterns which make them handsome as well as cool and washable. This year's show stopper is the one with four patch pockets. It's a well-balanced flattering style.

Denims, sailcloth and cotton cords are in the ascendant. They're easy to look at, easy to wash and easy on the budget. What's more, they wear forever. You'll find these stalwart fabrics cropping up in shorts, slacks, shirts and even in crew hats. Jackets, incidentally, are acting up a bit too.

The knitted sport shirt is staging a big comeback with some provocative new tricks. Ones with broad, contrasting chest stripes and Gaucho collars have a bright future. And an interesting variation is the woven sport shirt with knitted waistband and crew neck.

In beach and sportswear, the season of 1949 promises the widest variety of fabrics, colors and styles on record. You can become anything from a wren to a flamingo.

Send your questions on resort clothes with a self-addressed stamped envelope to Men's Fashion Editor, Dept. MF, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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Ronald Reagan likes the four-patch-pocket idea too. He chooses a bold plaid with button-down flaps

Lowly denim is way up the fashion ladder these days. Witness David Brian's beach or boat outfit

Kurt Krueger teams cable-stitch sweater and flannel shorts. Josephine Hughes seems to approve of it

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD
DRAWINGS BY LINK HANNAH

Wise Winter Sports Want Warmth Without Weight

COLOR is busting out all over, in the North as well as in the South. Once upon a time ski clothes, like town clothes, toed the muted mark. But the new trend gained enormous impetus last year at Saint-Moritz.

"Is it functional?" is, of course, the first thing you ask about any sport outfit. And functional, in winter sportswear, means a happy blend of lightness and warmth plus water-and-wind resistance. You can't *schuss* far in a cocoon of water-logged wool. So good ski clothes are made of lightweight, closely woven fabrics like wool gabardine, poplins and nylons.

The experts recommend ski pants in medium weight, smooth-surface twill gabardine streamlined within an inch of their lives. They should taper down briskly to a trim ankle with a snow shield over the instep and an ankle strap to keep everything under control. Sand, navy, gray, black and medium blues are popular, but the small shepherd check is right up there fighting. Ski shirts of lightweight flannel in small but aggressive checks and plaids are a blithe deviation from the always correct, solid-color gabardine to match the pants.

The over-all Jacquard pattern, so long popular in sweaters, is being challenged by a new note—bold, contrasting chest and arm bands. While bright silk scarves, knitted mittens and headbands in all colors of the spectrum are doing their bit to brighten the snowscape.

A final word to the wise winter sport is to take along a knee-length, hooded parka for nonskiing times and a good supply of red flannels like Grandpa used to wear.

The torso of Lex "Tarzan" Barker is topped with skidom's best—a closely woven nylon windbreaker

Bold patterned sweater, bright scarf, mittens and headband combine splashily with pin-check pants

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doxie
AND THE AVERAGE
man

By PENDLETON HOGAN

Never lend your favorite young man to a friend, even if she seems hopelessly unattractive to you—men look at these things differently

WHEN she was halfway across the Capitol plaza it began to rain and Miss Doxandra Brown knew she could never make it to shelter. Without umbrella or raincoat, she pulled her last year's sedate green plaid tightly together and began to run—and she ran smack into a man.

For a split second they glared at each other. Then the man was holding his umbrella over her. "Here!" he said. "You take it. Run to the car shelter—I'll follow you!"

Doxandra ran. I don't care what Estelle says, she thought, I guess this proves flat-heeled shoes pay! The man ran past her and, when she reached the old-fashioned shelter with its glass roof, he was waiting solicitously. Doxandra darted in. She closed the umbrella and held it out to him. "Thank you very much," she said.

"You keep it," he said firmly. "We aren't out of this yet."

Doxandra knew she looked a fright. She never paid any attention to her appearance and now, with her naturally wavy, naturally red hair pasted to her cheeks she was worse than usual. But the unexpected exercise had brought flaming color into her face and her sky-blue eyes were sparkling. Suddenly, she began to shiver and her teeth chattered.

The man flung off his raincoat and put it over her shoulders without a word. Still silent, he stared out at the flooded street. At last Doxandra understood that, in spite of his gentlemanly kindness, he was ignoring her. She was so relieved to realize he was not going to try to take advantage of her that she looked at him.

He was tall and thin, and he had the end-of-winter look of an office worker. His face was solemn, its jaw lean. His hands were big and bony and his brown suit baggy. She knew he was a crusty, self-centered bachelor.

"You've been so kind," she said, "I feel I should tell you I'm Doxandra Brown."

"I'm Andrew T. Aubinoe," the man said.

"It was such a lovely day," she said as pleasantly as she could, "that I had planned to walk uptown."

"Walking's about the only exercise I get any more," Mr. Aubinoe said.

Feeling a trickle of water start down her neck, Doxandra took off her shapeless felt and shook it vigorously. Her beautiful red hair, wet only on her cheeks, flamed like an unexpected sun. As Mr. Aubinoe turned and looked at her, she blurted out, "I know I look horrible."

"You do," he said evenly.

She gasped. As her lip started to tremble he held out a folded handkerchief. "You'd better go on and cry and get it over with," he said.

Her quivering lip steadied, became an obstinate line.

As he put away the *(Continued on page 58)*

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said. "Going around like a frump. If you'd get yourself a hat—"

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

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Mary Worth and Us

NUMBER 5 IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO AMERICA'S TOP COMIC STRIPS

By KEN ERNST and ALLEN SAUNDERS

BECAUSE Artist Kenneth Frederic Ernst claims typewriters snarl and bare their keys when he approaches them, the next voice you hear will be that of the writing end of the Ken-Allen team. I'll dredge up a few vital facts which may explain, if they do not justify, the philosophy of life which glows from the pages of Mary Worth.

Ken and I were born in different states (Illinois and Indiana, respectively) and in different centuries—not far apart geographically, but far enough apart chronologically to cause him often to be mistaken for my son, an error which I attribute rather to his crew haircut than to my own thinning and graying thatch.

In our earlier years, we both went through the conventional phases of drawing funnies behind the teacher's back and taking a few formal art lessons. But Ken made his first money, at twelve, incredibly enough, as a professional wizard (he was then president of the Chicago chapter of the International Brotherhood of Magicians).

At about that time I was flashing an old Phi Beta Kappa key in the eyes of students at Wabash College and mesmerizing them into the fallacious notion they were learning French.

Ken eventually discovered it was more profitable to draw rabbits in ink than out of hats and I, having survived a brief and muddy career as an actor with a Chautauqua company, went to the now defunct Toledo News-Bee as drama editor, a position which largely entailed handing out free movie passes to printers and friends.

At odd moments, I tried my hand at playwrighting. The fact that both Ken and I are frustrated hams probably accounts for the theatrical aura which surrounds our strip. We plan each story as a production, with casting conferences, scenery designing sessions and one eye on the box office.

In 1941 we joined forces and began to help Publishers Syndicate sweep the depression-era bathos out of a waning feature originally labeled Apple Mary. For soap-opera suffering we decided to substitute romantic novelettes about glossy girls in the more glamorous professions, retaining wise Aunt Mary as a linking character, who provides continuity by tirelessly meeting very interesting people. The name was changed and the formula caught on. At least we are advised by the syndicate that sales have zoomed and that Mary Worth is read daily now by some 37,000,000.

Our long-distance telephone bills are staggering, a price we pay for the idiosyncrasy of working 250 miles apart. I write the copy and draw crude rough layouts of each release in Toledo and mail the results each Saturday to Ken, in packages flatteringly stamped "First-Class Matter." He draws them in a Chicago studio, leering into a mirror now and then to get the proper expression for our current heartbreaker.

We appear now in every state and on three continents but not in my home town. When asked how I pay for the kids' shoes, I reply, "I write Mary Worth."

Then they say, "Whoever she is, she must be a very soft touch!" And come to think of it, I guess she is. That right, Ken?

1
HOLD ONTO YOUR HOMBURG, KEN! IT'S THE EDITOR OF COLLIER'S! HE WANTS A STORY ON MARY WORTH AND US!
SCENE
THE KEN-ALLEN STUDIO
CHARACTERS
A LANKY ARTIST NAMED KEN
A PLUMP WRITER NAMED ALLEN
A NICE OLD LADY
TIME
THE PRESENT
MARY WORTH
2 HE WONDERS HOW A MAGICIAN AND A COLLEGE PROF EVER GOT TEAMED UP TO TURN OUT A COMIC STRIP ABOUT GLAMOROUS GIRLS!
3 I GUESS I CAN TAKE THE CREDIT OR THE BLAME! BACK IN 1941·· WHEN PUBLISHERS SYNDICATE WANTED AN ARTIST AND A WRITER TO CARRY ON MY LIFE··THEY SAW KEN'S DRAWINGS IN A MAGIC MAGAZINE AND READ ONE OF ALLEN'S PLAYS AND··· WELL··· HERE WE ARE!
4 BUT YOUR STOCK IN TRADE AT THE TIME WAS TEAR-STAINED MELO-DRAMA! WE DIDN'T REALLY GET OUT OF THE MINOR LEAGUES TILL WE ASKED YOU TO FEED US MODERN MATERIAL···STUFF THAT MIGHT APPEAR IN SLICK PAPER FICTION!
5 SO YOU INTRODUCED US TO A PARADE OF DAZZLING, DREAMLINED DISHES LIKE ANGEL VARDEN, THE SCREEN QUEEN··
HMM!·· I SEE HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES ARE BEING WORN LONGER THIS SEASON!
6 LISSA LAKE, THE DEPARTMENT STORE EXECUTIVE, WHO PREFERRED "MGR." AFTER HER NAME TO "MRS". BEFORE IT!
BEVERLY HALE, THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY, WHOSE ONE-SIDED LOVE AFFAIR ALMOST TILTED THE CAPITOL DOME!
7 AND TIGRESS-TEMPERED JUNIOR JAXON, THE DANCE BAND SINGER TURNED MODEL, WHO WAS TAMED BY A CUPID WITH A CAMERA!
8
9 YEAH! BUT WE'RE THE GALLEY SLAVES OF THE STRIP TRADE! I HAVE TO GRIND OUT A NEW HONEY EVERY FEW WEEKS, INSTEAD OF DRAWING THE SAME FACE EVERY DAY FOR 20 YEARS!
KEN-ALLEN STUDIO
10 THEY USED TO SAY IF YOU MARRIED OFF YOUR HEROINE, YOU'D KILL OFF YOUR STRIP! ··· WE CAN CLAIM THAT WE DEFY DEATH MANY TIMES EVERY YEAR!
11 LIFE FOR YOU BOYS IS JUST ONE BEAUTIFUL GIRL AFTER ANOTHER!··AND THE MORE GORGEOUS THEY ARE THE GREATER THE PROBLEMS I HAVE TO SOLVE!
12 HOW DID TWO MEN EVER LEARN TO OUT-DO THE LOVELORN EDITORS, ANYWAY?···· DO YOU TWO REALLY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT LOVE?
13 YOU DON'T THINK THESE CHARMING LADIES MARRIED A STARVING ARTIST AND A PENNILESS PROF FOR MONEY, DO YOU?

Collier's for January 8, 1949

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The Last Game

By BOOTON HERNDON

Gaines was pinned to the wrong girl—and he was beginning to think he was playing football in the wrong league

OUTSIDE the window a football soared up in a lazy punt and spiraled down out of sight. Most of the team was already on the field, noisy and eager for practice after a five-day layoff, gunning for the big New Year's Day bowl game; but in the coach's office the silence hung in the close air, as tangible as the heavy odor of sweat and soap and leather from the locker room. Finally Gaines Archer, the sophomore, shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that's all," he said. "I'm sorry. Can I go now?"

The two other men in the room let him turn, and then the coach slapped his fist down on the desk. "Come back here, damn it!" he roared. "You don't walk out on Bull Madden like that. What the hell do you want, anyway?"

"Nothing," Gaines said. "Not even money. I just don't want to play football any more."

Madden slammed the desk with his fist again. "It beats me," Madden said. "I didn't want to play any sophomore punk from a country day school in the first place. Nobody asked you to come here. But I bust up my combination to stick you on the first team and you block and back up that line like you're a whole one-man team and were goin' to the bowl and now you wanta quit. Why? Why the hell why?"

Gaines didn't answer. He turned his back on both of them, and stood, hands in pockets, looking out the window. Down below, on the grass beside the field house, the cheerleaders were warming up in the bright mild December sunshine; they were going to the bowl, too. The blond girl was facing the window, and her face was intent as she leaped with her hands high over her head. Sheila didn't need a sweater to look good, but the tight-fitting jersey with the big M on the front didn't hurt.

The fraternity pin that Sheila had worn all season, ever since he had moved up to first team, was now in Gaines's pocket. She'd thrown it at him.

They all took it so damned serious. Coach Madden, beating on the desk with his fist. Sheila bitterly returning him his pin—

"All over the campus they'll make fun of me. The girl who wore a quitter's pin, they'll say. I'll be out there leading cheers, screaming my lungs out for Madison, and everybody will know I wore your pin for a whole season—"

"Just since I made first team," Gaines had said. "I couldn't get to first base before then."

"Who were you before then? Who knew you? Nobody in the Kappa house. Take your pin, quitter!"

It was not over her heart any more, but in his hand, and he looked at the little badge lying there in his palm and he knew that it was the end of that, too. No more football, no more Sheila. No more long, lip-bruising kisses—they came only with body-bruising tackles on the football field. You had to have one to have the other; they didn't come separate—

"Damn it!" Bull Madden roared again. "Why? Answer me, you bum!"

"Tired of it, I guess." Gaines tried to sound flippant, but it didn't get over, and he blurted out, "I like football but I don't like dirty football. I don't like slugging."

"Ah." It was a sigh of relief and final understanding from Curly Wright, the team captain. "Yellow, huh?"

It was what he had dreaded, but he knew what he had to say, and he said it, slowly, thinking about each word. "Maybe. I *(Continued on page 54)*

Stuttsie was smiling coyly at the crowd and enjoying the applause when Gaines the blocking back reluctantly turned away from her and trotted off

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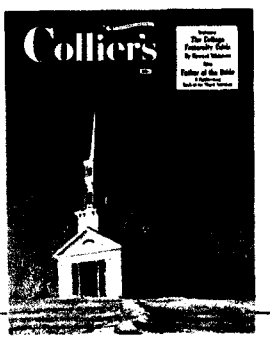
The Week's Work



This week's cover: *The Martha-Mary Chapel in South Sudbury, Mass. The late Henry Ford built it in honor of his wife's mother, Martha Bryant, and his own, Mary Ford.*

SINCE all the authors we know want to be bankers and vice versa, it is with some pleasure we come on Mr. Edward Streeter. Not only has Mr. Streeter written Father of the Bride, which begins its humorous course on page 20, but he is also the vice-president of the Bank of New York and Fifth Avenue Bank.

To arrive at this perfect compromise Mr. Streeter first went to Harvard where he edited the '14 Lampoon. After a fling in the building supply business in his home town of Buffalo, he switched to reporting for the Buffalo Express.

By the time he was called as a shavetail in World War I, Mr. Streeter had served a cavalry hitch, chasing Villa away from the U.S. border. With such a background it was only natural that Mr. Streeter should dash off a series of doughboy letters to Dere Mable—and find himself author of the number one comic best seller of World War I. Incidentally this slender volume of hilarity went to 600,000 copies.

After the war Collier's installed Mr. Streeter in an enormous pigeon loft above the old 13th Street offices in New York with orders to produce stories. "I paced up and down my huge cage," he mourns, "thinking to myself: If I don't get an idea, I won't write a story. If I don't write a story, I won't get a check. If I don't get a check, I'll start starving."

This sort of thing, coupled with a wife and four young mouths to feed, made him decide to take the Fatal Step—he went to work for a bank.

That was in 1921. By 1932 it was Vice-President Streeter—but he managed to write a book on commuting, Daily Except Sunday, published in 1938.

A couple of years ago, Mr. Streeter married off one of his two beauteous daughters. "About a month before the wedding," he mourns, "I began realizing what a rat race the whole business of weddings is. Why not do a book about it? I called Gluyas Williams (who had illustrated Daily Except Sunday) up at his home in West Newton, Massachusetts, to tell him of it. 'Darnedest thing I ever heard about!' said Williams. 'I've just married off one of my own and I was going to call you!' "

So in between fiscal years, balances, debits and credits, and on trains, in phone booths, during theater intermissions and week ends Messrs. Streeter and Williams began patiently putting together Father of the Bride. The Book-of-the-Month Club has selected it; Simon & Schuster will publish it; and M-G-M will make it into a movie. "It will pay for the wedding," the banker in Mr. Streeter says—or is it the author?

PENDLETON HOGAN, who has been with us before, says he's lived in Washington for 19 years, but Doxie and the Average Man (p. 44) is the first story he's ever done with a D. C. background. He wrote Doxie as the result of a phone call from a friend, a lady, who said she wanted Pendleton to meet a friend of hers, a girl with red hair, who was going to be in Washington for three days.

"Listen," said Mr. Hogan, "I'm trying to write. I don't want to meet any girl—"

"But this girl is different," the friend persisted. "She hates men, she won't wear make-up, she—"

"She ought to be in a story," said Mr. Hogan, "where she meets a guy who hates women—"

Mr. Hogan never did meet the gal with red hair and hates to admit he's still a bachelor.

AUTHOR of the dramatic I Surrendered Corregidor on page 12, Brigadier General Charles C. Drake, hails from Brockton, Massachusetts, down Cape Cod way.

"I'm West Point '12," he reveals, "graduating with the only distinction of holding up the bottom of my class for four years, to keep the rest from falling through."

Rushed immediately after graduation to the Texas border as a doughboy shavetail, he helped Blackjack Pershing chase Pancho Villa up and down that interminable line to keep the scalawag in his place.

"In 1914," he recalls, "I went to Vera Cruz with Funston, the Kansas Cyclone, where we tried to keep the Ole Man from pursuing the Mexicans all the way to Mexico City. We also played big brother to the Vera Cruzans, pursuant to Grape Juice Bill Bryan's policy that, when slapped by a Mexican for not walking in the gutter while you give him the sidewalk, you should turn the other cheek!" continues the general.

World War I saw him with the 4th Regular Infantry Division as a battalion commander. "I managed to carry on without any medals. Our division commander did not believe in weighing down his fighting troops with metal."

Between Wars I and II he went back to school, "preparing myself for a brass hat," he says.

In 1940 he went out to the Philippines for what he expected to be two years. The Japs had other ideas, and when It Happened the general found himself MacArthur's chief quartermaster.

"When MacArthur and Wainwright swapped horses in midstream I found myself hanging on to Wainwright's coattails," he says—and adds something about what Sherman said.

After Corregidor fell, the general began a sad detail through prison camps—Philippines, Formosa, Japan and finally Mukden, in Manchuria. On August 22, 1945, he and 2,000 others were liberated by the Russians.

Eventually General Drake made it back to San Francisco, where his wife, older daughter and son—an AAF colonel—met him. "A dream at last come true!" he sighs.

Rather the worse for wear, the general was retired in '46, and now lives with family (wife and a boxer) in the Mount Vernon hills at Bethesda, Maryland, overlooking the Potomac. "If ever I get mixed up in another fracas," he says, "I hope it will not be on a tiny island surrounded by a dark sullen sea."

Edwin Lanham and his wife Irene enjoying a snowless day at their home in Clinton, Conn.

WE HOPE you're rolling along as slap-happily as we are with Ed Lanham's serial, Ringside Maiden, now in its second installment on page 38. It might be dubbed a Television Special. Seems that the Lanhams are television pioneers, and their set came in mighty handy last winter during the Great Blizzard of '47-'48, while they were snowed in at their home in arty old Connecticut.

"Our one link with civilization," says Mr. Lanham, "was the fights videoed in from the old St. Nick Arena in New York. At times as many as fifty people would drop in to watch them. I began to notice how some of my lovely, more delicate lady neighbors at first shuddered—then became *aficionados*, crying for quick K.O.s. What was more natural than for me to seize my typewriter and approach these brutalities from a woman's angle? Hence Ringside Maiden."

PAUL ERNST (Ebb Tide, p. 32) uttered his first verbal protest in Akron, Ohio, at the turn of the century. Raised in Chicago, he moved East with Mrs. Ernst, settling in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, an artistic farming community.

"I wish I could say I was responsible for the beautiful contour plowing and the scientific restoration of worked-out soil around here," Mr. Ernst says, "but I'm not. My neighbor is."

He began writing in 1930. "Perhaps not the best of all years for beginning careers," he says. "But Fate has been reasonably kind." . . . TED SHANE

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WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's
SHORT SHORT
☆
STAR STORY

Bless this House

By JEROME BARRY

Her whole year's happiness depended on a man giving the New Year's greeting—and she had no man

AT THE last moment she remembered there was no cream in case her sister from Ridgewood dropped in tomorrow for a sup of tea, so she slipped on her coat and hurried through the snow to the delicatessen on Polk Avenue. As she made her way back, a church bell somewhere was chiming the New Year in.

There was a shiver of cold and excitement along Mrs. Bridie Monihan's back under the four-year-old coat. Old, but still warm. Warm as the thought that soon young Rob would be coming home from the V.A. hospital over in Kingsbridge. Maybe the next time the New Year's bells rang, they'd sound as merry as they used to when she was a girl in the old country, with the fine chime of them coming across the misty peat bogs and her brothers striving to see who'd be the first to cross the doorstep to cry out to their mother, "A Happy New Year and God bless all in this house."

Her key had opened the front door and she was moving across the lobby of the apartment house before realization came down on her like a load of soggy snow falling off a steep roof. She stopped stock-still, knowing that she could never go up in the little box of an elevator and open the door of her own apartment and step inside. She couldn't.

She felt the snow water on her hair and face as she said aloud, "For the first time in my life!" The minutes passed, and the random street noises of revelry lapsed into aching nothing. For the first time in her life there would be no man to be the first to cross the threshold and give the greeting that meant luck for all the year.

It had to be a man. There'd been her father when they were all tots. Then when they grew up she remembered the night when Dinny lay with his eyes closed tight so that Liam, the oldest and their mother's favorite, would think he was sleeping. But when Liam left the bed and strolled out to open the front door and come in by it again, Dinny whipped out the window and in at the door, shouting, "Happy New Year, Mother!" getting Liam's cake and Liam's black looks.

After she came to America and married George Monihan, who made fine money while he lived, he humored her by following the old custom every New Year's. They'd had more good fortune than bad; she could say that. But there was always the bad, waiting to get at you if you didn't watch out. When George went, he'd left her comfortable; anyway, she and the two sons could get along. During the war, while Rob was in the Army, it was young Johnno, her other son, who to please her had always made sure to be across the doorsill the first moment of the year. But Johnno was married now and gone to Philadelphia to work in a radar factory, and Rob was getting his bad knee patched up in the Kingsbridge hospital.

Not a man of her own, this year of all her life. She listened to the cold silence around her. It seemed full of evil, waiting to happen. If she could stick it out until daylight, maybe she could ask some neighbor, some man— But maybe that superintendent in the first ground-floor apartment would find out she was here and want to know what she was doing, loitering all night.

That Silverstein, you'd think he owned the place himself, with his this-is-the-way-we-do-it-in-this-house and his nose into everything. Clean, yes—the place was well kept; but you'd never get a word out of the thin, dark face of him but good morning or good night. You couldn't explain to a man like that, with his own New Year's three months gone.

The long minutes dragged, and the chill of the lobby ate through her nylons. The front door opened, and a man came in. She plucked up heart when she remembered having seen his face before.

"Sir." Timidly. "I hate to be troublin' you, but I'm a neighbor and I don't dare—" It seemed foolish when you tried putting it into words. How would she make him feel the need and the terror?

"Hanh?" he snapped, in the flat voice of the hard of hearing. He looked at her as if he didn't want to hear, either.

She said, raising her voice to a shout, "I'm afraid to go in without a man to—"

"Can't hear you." He walked to one of the apartments, slipped in and slammed the door, leaving her alone in the frigid emptiness of the lobby.

AROUND her was the silence of a city full of strangers, each beginning his year in a small selfish circle that shut out the rest of the world. Bridie Monihan was outside of all the circles in a little desperate area of nothingness.

An apartment door opened, and Mr. Silverstein's thin face appeared. He blinked crossly. "What's wrong?" As he peered at her she could feel him thinking: *Another New Year's drunk?* In that moment her fears were drowned in a rush of anger.

"In all my life," she said, "there's never been a New Year's when there wasn't a man first across the doorstep of my house to ask a blessin' on it, but I'd sooner have it cursed than be beholden to the likes of the men in this city, that haven't a decent word to throw to a—"

All the way up to the third floor in the elevator she was panting with the words she hadn't said. She stood before the door, key in hand, like the woman going to open the door that would bring Bluebeard on her. Then there were hurried feet on the stairs, and here was Mr. Silverstein's thin face again, the mouth open and puffing from the climb.

She flared at him. "Look here! What I do is my own business! You've no call snooping after me—"

He raised a hand, palm toward her. "It's a religious belief? There should be a man, first thing in the year, to bring luck?"

"It has nothing to do with religion," she said. "Don't—"

He nodded. "So. Just a custom. My brother in ladies' wear likes to make a sale to the first customer in the store. It's good luck for the day. I don't believe in it."

"You can believe whatever you want to—" she turned the key.

"But does it do anybody harm to believe in it? No."

He pushed the door open, flipped on the switch just inside. "Happy New Year," he said loudly. "God bless everybody in this apartment." He went from living room to bedroom to kitchen, putting his head in at each door. "God bless everybody in this *room,*" he said forcefully each time. Then he came back to the hall.

"That does it, Mrs. Monihan?" he asked.

"Oh, that does it fine, Mr. Silverstein!" Bridie said. "That's a wonderful complete job o' blessin' indeed. I never heard a better."

For the first time since she had known him, she saw him smile, a thin little friendly smile, with a great deal of shyness in it. "Any time you need something . . . I try to make it a well-run house."

The elevator slid down out of sight. She went into the apartment, feeling the warmth of it receive her.

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY HARRIS

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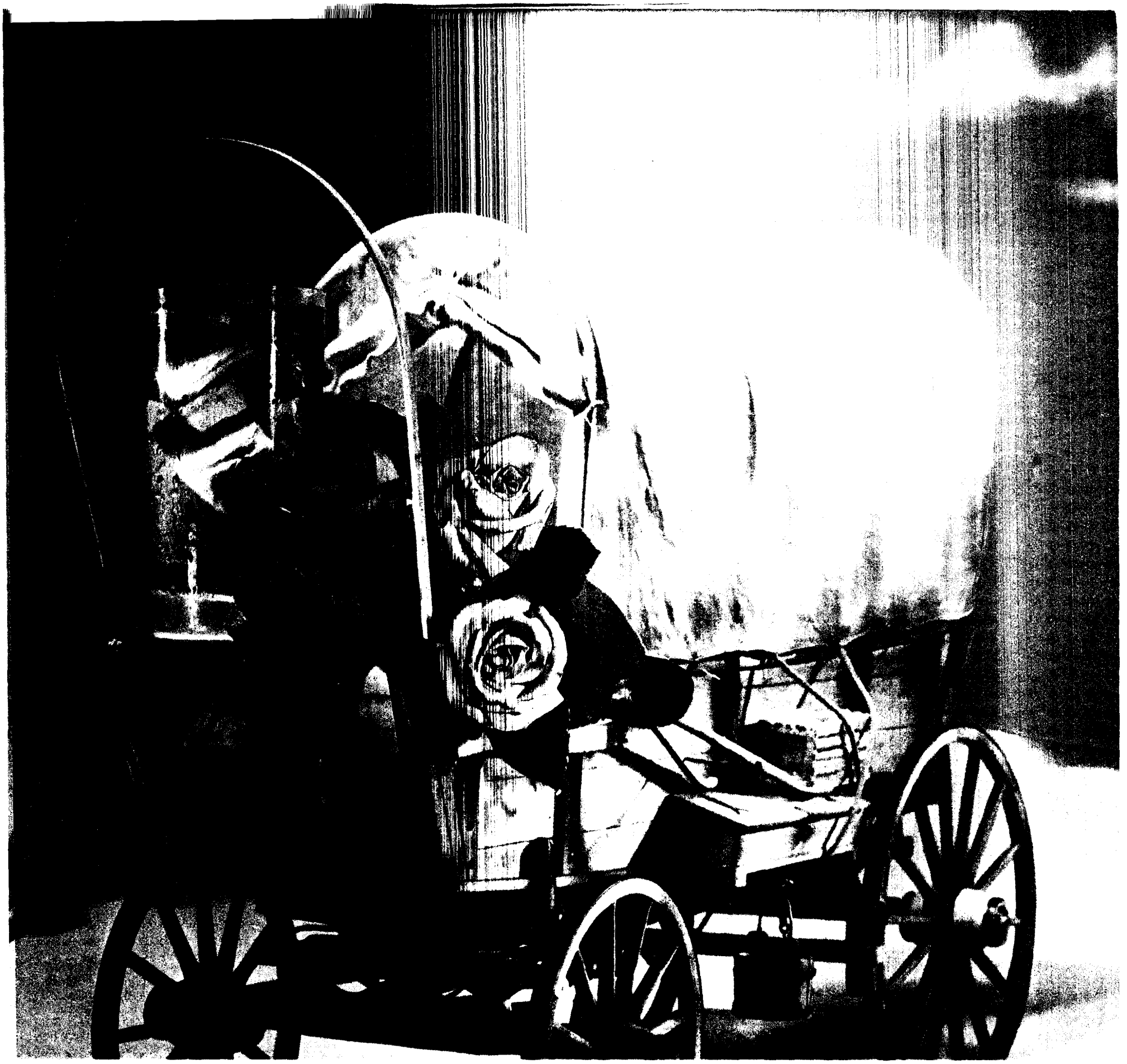

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THE Forty-Niner we're talking about is a *Nineteen*-Forty-Niner – and here's one good reason why you're lucky to be one:

All you have to do to get 1949's most magnificent highball is to see to it that it's endowed with the perfection of that superlative whiskey—Four Roses.

So today—at your favorite bar, or at home with congenial guests—enjoy a Four Roses highball . . . a highball that simply can't be matched for its mellow smoothness and its delicate, distinctive flavor.

We'll stake our claim that you'll be a Four Roses enthusiast from the first sip —right through '49 and from then on, too!

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Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

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FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

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EBB TIDE

Continued from page 33

head. He didn't see Sue on the sidewalk for a moment and she stood there staring at him, looking at the weather-beaten column of his throat and at the squareness of his jaw in three-quarter profile. Sue felt her breath catch as it always did when she looked at him—and as she always swore it wouldn't next time.

She stood there, not really wanting to go in, yet urged in spite of herself. She looked past the boat at the canal, with the water surging under the push of the tides. It was black as ebony and on its surface floated clumps of vegetation that also looked black though Sue knew that in daylight they showed dark green.

STEVE raised his hand, in which he held a glass of beer, and Sue stepped aboard. Steve showed her into the cabin. He lowered Venetian blinds fore and aft and on the street side, and the two sat in a dim cave opening on the dark and polished water.

Steve poured beer. Sue didn't utter her protest once more that she must not drink beer; he would only have repeated that she was too thin anyway and ought to take on a few more pounds.

"Everything okay in the Porthole?" he asked.

Sue shrugged. "Four toughs from Boston."

"Perce?"

Sue shrugged again. Perce, proprietor of the Porthole, had a mouth like a moray's and sharp ideas about money. He would not cause anyone to be escorted from his place merely because it grew a little noisy. "I can take care of them."

Steve did not say: Want me to stick around? He was around if wanted, and she knew it. He sat there and she sat there in the almost dark and in the companionable silence that Sue seemed unable to experience with any other man, even Charlie. But there were things besides companionable silence, she told herself.

He was looking at her hair. She touched it, careful not to disarrange it. "You don't like it, do you, Steve?"

"It doesn't look quite real," Steve replied mildly.

He filled and lighted his pipe, an expensive one, present of a grateful client. Sue watched him and thought: He doesn't like the kind of clothes I wear, either. Or the things I do to keep my weight down. I wonder why he likes *me*? But he did, to understate it, and she knew it.

Steve said, "Monday? The Sprite isn't chartered then. I'll give the mate a day off and we'll take a spin."

Sue raised her glass and sipped a little. She remembered the long, lazy days last winter. The bright blue sea, humid and languorous with its Gulf Stream warmth. The beaches you could only reach by boat, and picnics with beach fires, and leisured swimming, and the feel of utter safety with Steve's hard brown body near. Slow and wonderful days last year. But this year she'd known better than to indulge herself in such profitless contentment.

"I can't, Steve. Sorry."

At the swift look on his face she wanted badly to change her mind. But the very urgency of her longing was a danger sign.

"Still live aboard, Steve?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Do most of the men sleep aboard?"

"No. Only a few of us who are single."

"The others?"

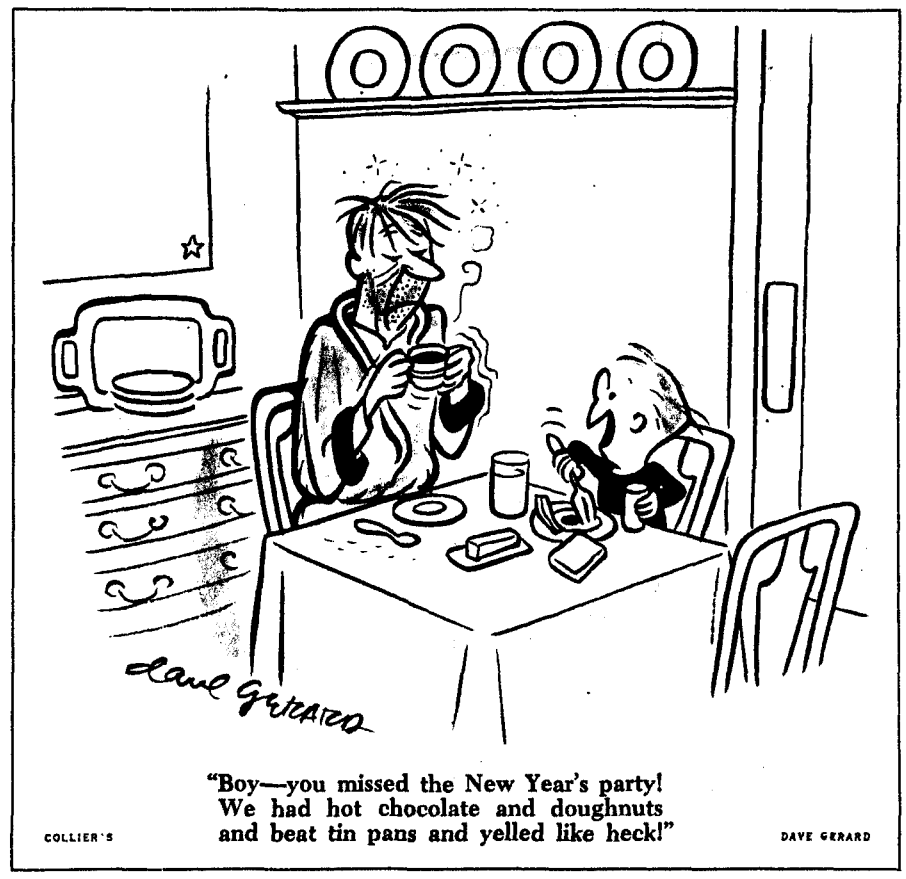
He looked at her; he knew the current of her thought. He said deliberately: "A little two-apartment bungalow inland where the lots don't cost so much. Couple of kids and an old car. Other wives running in and out to swap gossip. Like anyone else."

Sue placed herself in one of those little houses white and squat on its bare fifty feet like ice cream melting slowly in the sun. She saw herself being charwoman for the extra apartment whose winter rental helped swell the boat's income. She visioned herself with wet clothes in her hands beneath the washline ten pounds heavier—and in the wrong places—shapeless mules on bare, tanned feet, hair streaked and straggling in the eternal southern breeze.

She moved restlessly and looked past Steve's solid brown arm at the black vegetation floating on the black water. "What is that stuff, Steve? The weeds floating there?"

"Water hyacinth. Wild hyacinth."

"Where does it come from?"



"Boy—you missed the New Year's party! We had hot chocolate and doughnuts and beat tin pans and yelled like heck!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

"Big home beds inland. Tough stuff. But some of it gets torn loose and floats down with the tide."

"And then?"

"Some of it drops anchor here near shore. Most of it just drifts on out to sea."

"What happens to it there?"

"It's an awfully big sea," Steve observed after a moment.

Sue shivered a little, then took hold of herself. She began shaping her professional smile. "About time for my next turn, Steve. I'd better get on back."

She took his hand as he helped her to the walk, but she missed his eyes. He either couldn't or wouldn't do anything to conceal the devotion there and it troubled her profoundly.

FIRST thing on entering the Porthole's doorway, she saw Charlie. She had to stop a moment to steady herself because his presence here might mean so much. She stared at him—a big man with a big jaw and a cigar, as different in type from Steve as could be—then she went quickly to where he sat, at a table for two along the side wall.

"Hello, Charlie." Sue had learned not to be effusive with Charles Westall. He didn't like emotional display.

"Hello, Sue." He might have seen her only last night from his casual tone.

"I didn't know if you were going to get here or not."

"I was delayed a while in Baltimore. Business."

This could be true. Charlie was vice-president and Eastern sales manager for a brewing corporation and made his trips to Florida pay for themselves.

"You're looking fine, honey," Charlie said. He stared around, big face expressionless. "How's it going?"

He'd often asked her this in the various places where they'd met, and she had always given the expected answer: Fine, they love me here. But tonight she was tired, and she let something slip that she shouldn't have, in view of Charlie's liking for success.

"Well, Charlie, after all I'm no novelty in the trade."

His eyes, seal brown, veiled themselves between shrewd and heavy lids. His cigar glowed faintly. "They wanted you back. They hired you for another season."

"Not for the season, this year."

Sue had known accurately the talk that must have taken place between her agent, Ritch, and Perce, proprietor of the Porthole. "But, four weeks, Perce. It's not worth going down for." And Perce: "There's this kid from Jacksonville on the make. Sue's a nice character, Ritchie. She's got personality. But she ain't a kid any more."

Sue thought: I oughtn't to admit it—Charlie likes people on the way up. But then he'd probably find out anyway. "I'm here for four weeks, that's all. It seems there's a girl from Jacksonville."

Charlie didn't look at her. He eyed the bar and grunted. Sue felt fear cold in her stomach, for this, a very wonderful chance, was perhaps her last and she had gambled heavily on it for a long time. But she could smile as she stood up.

"Time to hit a few more high notes."

"Come back when you're through," said Charlie, looking at the bar.

The four sport-shirted youths from Boston didn't bother Sue this time. They were wrangling among themselves, which did not help her artistic effects but was a lesser evil. She sang, not much disturbed, to all the drinking, smoking shadows in the shadowy room, with an occasional small smile for Charlie.

His boat would be moored over at the club, a craft only a few feet longer than Steve's Sea Sprite, no more elegant or sturdy in design, but with what a difference of detail! For Charlie was a moderately wealthy man, living eight months of the year in the big Madison Avenue apartment and the other four down here on his boat, with the Cuban houseboy to do for him in both places.

He knew a lot of women, for he was personable in his heavy-bodied, golf and sea-tanned way and was also a free spender. But he was faithful to Sue when they were in the same town at least, and he had frequently been in the same town with her—New York, Palm Beach, Miami—in the several years since they had met. If only he wasn't so damned comfortable in his bachelor existence, Sue thought.

She came back to his table and he half stood up, perfunctorily, as many men tend to when they've known a woman very well and for a long time. She slid onto the leather wall seat beside him. He patted her arm and she was sure she saw fondness for her in his poker-player's eyes.

"You look good up there at the mike, Sue."

She stroked her hips. "I still manage to keep these down."

"And everything else, honey. You're the same girl I met a few years back. You couldn't get away with a number like that black dress if you weren't. Or the hair-do."

She touched the nape of her neck, where no smallest tendril was out of place. She asked for the second time that night, "You like my hair?"

"Love it. I always have. It's got elegance."

FOR a moment Sue's smile was for a different place and person: Minneapolis, and Sue Deckstrom at fourteen. "When I was a kid a lady owned a restaurant near us who had about my color hair. She was rich—it seemed to us—and she did her hair about like this, and I thought it was wonderful. I thought that if someday I made enough money I'd have mine done the same way and never have it different." She stopped. He wasn't listening; he had never been interested in causes, only results.

"It's almost like an old-fashioned pompadour," he was going on. "But on you it looks new-style and different. . . . Break a rule and have a drink with me?"

Sue hesitated. She shouldn't. But Charlie liked alcohol and he liked his women to drink, so she said, "Why not? Rye and soda."

They talked there in the smoky dimness, Sue bright and animated because she could never let herself be any other way with Charlie; the brief but amiable about his yearly boat ride down the inside passage. He bulked beside her easy and at home in the thick, blue, night club air, and to save her soul Sue could not tell whether he had been repelled by her frank admission that she was not wanted here for the season, and some of the chill stayed in her stomach. She thought worriedly: Men his age like youngsters, they don't really go for women with a few hairs lighter at the roots. But they have to settle down sometime, don't they? And they don't want to *marry* youngsters, do they?

Herb, at the piano, adjusted his spectacles and touched the keys, and Sue got up almost eagerly for she knew that Charlie liked to see her in a spotlight. She had sensed early that he was warmed by the fact that others watched her too, in a measure on display, and found her

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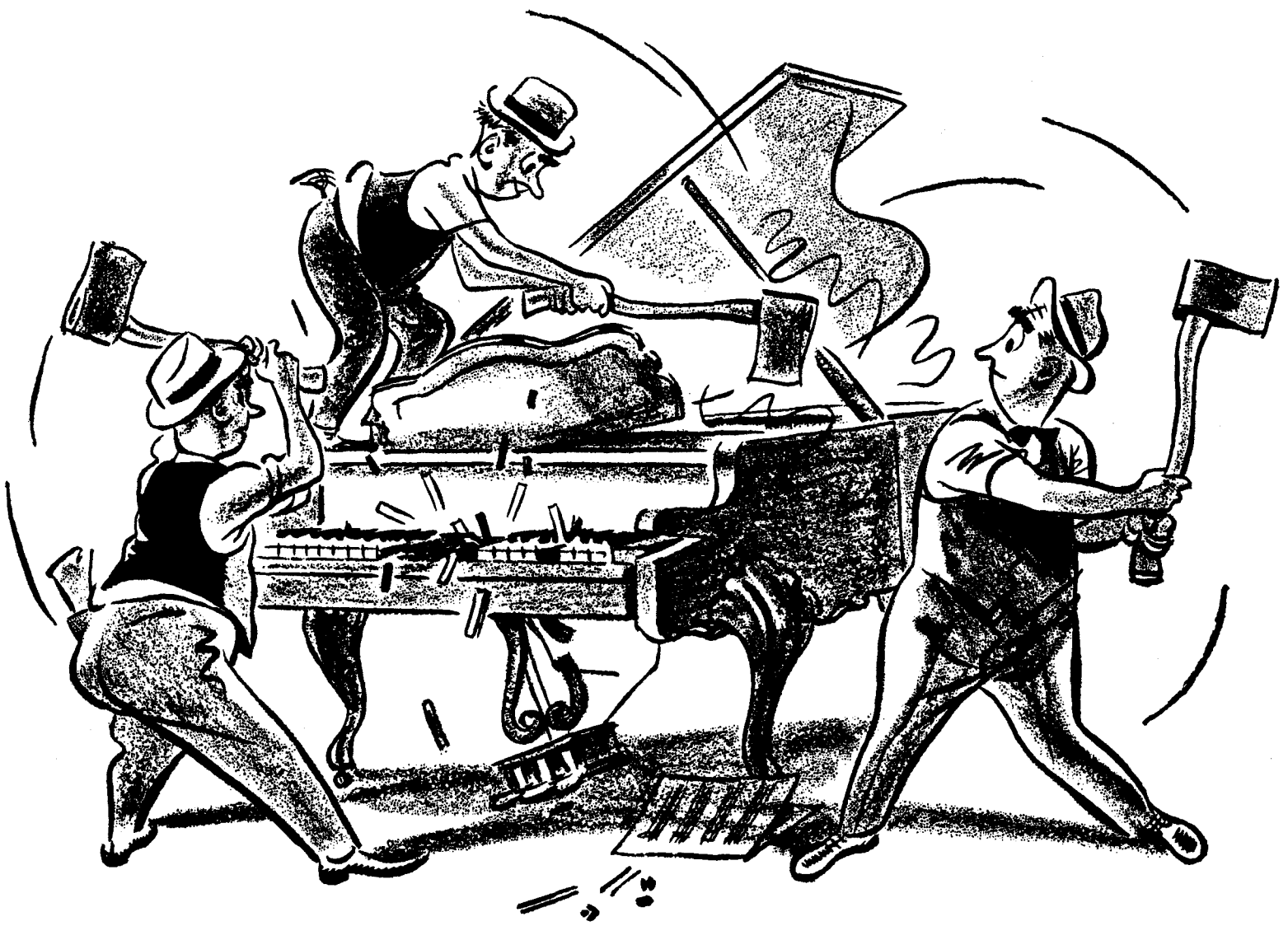

How to tune a piano!

The piano's out of tune. So we'll chop it up. Then we'll get a tin horn instead.

Sure, these men are crazy.

But they're using the same kind of thinking a lot of people have been using on the American economic system lately.

Our American way isn't perfect. We still have our ups and downs of prices and jobs. We'll have to change that. But even so, our system works a lot better than the second-rate substitutes being peddled by some countries we could mention.

It works better because of a few simple things. We are more inventive, and we know how to use machine power to produce more goods at lower cost. We have more skilled workers than any other country. We believe in collective bargaining and enjoy its benefits. And we Americans save—and our savings go into new tools, new plants, new and better machines.

Because of this, we produce more every working hour . . . and can *buy* more goods with an hour's work than any other people in the world.

We can make the system work *even better*, too: by *all* of us working *together* to turn out more for every hour we work—through better machines and methods, more power, greater skills, and by sharing the benefits through higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours.

It's a *good* system. It can be made *better*. And even now it beats anything that any other country in the world has to offer.

So—*let's tune it up, not chop it down.*

Want to help? Mail this!

I want to help.

I know that higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours and larger earnings can all result from producing more goods for every hour all of us work.

Therefore, I will ask myself how I can work more effectively every hour I am on the job, whether I am an employee, an employer, a professional man or a farmer.

I will encourage those things which help us produce more and add to everyone's prosperity—things like greater use of mechanical power, better machines, better distribution and better collective bargaining.

I will boost the good things in our set-up, and help to get rid of the bad.

I will try to learn all I can about why it is that Americans have more of the good things of life.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Miracle of America" which explains clearly and simply, how a still better living can be had for all, if we all work together.

A message prepared by

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attractive too. Which was why it had been a grave tactical error to talk as she had about her welcome here wearing a trifle thin.

To cover the ice of defeat that kept forming in her stomach Sue made her smile embrace more affectionately the patrons of the place, and sang a little more loudly; and this time the four from Boston were no longer squabbling among themselves but were free to give her their undivided and dubious attention.

"Sing, I'll Be Your Baby, Baby," said the black-haired one.

"She's got a baby, baby," sneered the bigger youth. "Probably old enough for college."

The other two sniggered and a few of the customers joined them.

"College?" Sue retorted, and smiled widely. "He's a general of the armies. Didn't you know? I'm eighty-six. I look like this because I was given the secret of eternal youth. By my grandfather. He's a hundred and fifty, and he looks younger right now than you did this morning with your hang-over."

She slid, in the laughter, into the half-sung and half-recited number, When Grandpaw Takes a Vitamin, and stilled them for a while. But only for a while.

The big-shouldered one was the worst. He talked out of the corner of his mouth to the others, and some nuisance was being hatched, Sue could see that. Then, after Sue's next song, he said audibly, "Sure she does. Ten'll get you fifty she does."

"I don't think so," objected the black-haired one. "I think it's wired."

"Okay, we'll find out." Too politely the big-shouldered youth said to Sue across the thirty feet between them, "Would you come here a minute, lady? We got a bet we'd like you to settle."

COLLIER'S "Would you all mind moving over one?" SIDNEY HOFF

AT THE end of the bar Perce's face appeared, with his moray's mouth concerned. He didn't want to throw out good bar money, but he didn't want his entertainment disturbed, either. Sue hesitated, then flashed him a reassuring look: I can handle it.

She stepped down smiling from the dais and moved smoothly toward the four. She had wit and knew her fast and ready hostess' manner well. "What's wrong, friends? Need a vitamin or two yourself?"

"It's your hair," explained the big-shouldered one. "We got a bet on about your hair. I bet you wear a rat in it, but my friend here bets you wire it up."

All eyes went to Sue's face and to the golden mass piled wave on wave above it, and laughter rose and in it Sue inwardly exploded. They could muss her evening up—she'd had evenings spoiled before—but not like this. She had enough control left to join heartily in the laughter but her eyes were a very cold bright blue as they rested on these jesters.

"Sonny," she said with sweet clarity, "you're too young to bet on anything. Hasn't your mama told you? The glass beside you—it ought to have milk in it at this hour. Warm milk. And that dish of pretzels. Dear, dear! Mike, send out and get a bowl of cereal for our little friends."

I can handle it, she'd flashed to Perce. And she might have if she hadn't lost her temper and her rough-cut humor. For to joke about a young man's youth in public isn't funny to him.

The big fellow's face showed how she'd stung. His eyes smoldered and he took a quick, angry step forward. "All right, Auntie," he said, "we'll find out for ourselves." And he passed the bonds of mere heckling by reaching for her hair.

A large form stopped beside him, cigar between heavy jaws, shrewd eyes seal-colored and bland between heavy lids. "Easy, boys," said Charlie. "You don't pick on women, do you? Now let's just have another drink. On me. Four of the same for my friends, Mike."

"We don't want another drink," snapped the black-haired youth.

"Sure you do," soothed Charlie. "You'd rather have another drink than trouble, wouldn't you?"

"Trouble?" The big fellow held his arms out from his sides. He had been laughed at; he had to prove how rough and male he was. "We love trouble. Anyhow, why're you pushing in?"

"Yeah," said another. "What's it to you, Fatso?"

Charlie regarded the four, now crowding in on him, and some of his assurance oozed away. He was good with men but it began to appear that in this situation he might not be good enough. He had, it seemed, stepped into something too big for him to handle—and some potentially painful moments must elapse before the law could get here.

He glanced uneasily around, then looked at Sue and saw an out. "Why am I pushing in?" he said. "You'd push in for your girl, too, wouldn't you? That's reason enough, isn't it?"

"Your girl?" said the black-haired one. "Go on!"

"The lady's going to be my wife," Charlie carried it on. "Now have another setup, and drink it to our health."

His turned, defenseless back as he walked Sue toward his table was a bluff, and for a dangerous moment it looked as if it might be called. Doubt and violence clashed with sentimentality in the faces of the four. Then bathos won. After all, if the dame was his girl. They looked uncertainly at one another, grinned a little, and raised their glasses toward the table.

"Whew!" said Charlie. "Thought for a minute I was going to lose some teeth."

Sue said nothing, still seeing those hands reaching for her hair. And then she heard Charlie say in almost the same tone: " 'The lady's going to be my wife.' You know, there's an idea there."

For a moment it didn't register, so simply did it come—the statement that for so long Sue in her brighter moments had hoped to hear and in her darker ones had been increasingly sure that she would not. She caught her breath and stared, lips parted.

Charlie looked a bit surprised himself at what he'd said, and then a bit amused. He nodded, as if to himself. "I don't know why it wouldn't work. You're a good kid, Sue."

Dazed, Sue stared down the vista she had peeked at so often in her mind but had thought lately would be forever barred. Summers north and winters south. Charge accounts even at jewelry stores. The apartment in the Eighties; the boat, small compared to some but undeniably a yacht. The Cuban houseboy and a maid or two, beauty shops in an endless string. And Charlie, true to her at least while they were in the same town together.

He was looking at her expectantly, waiting for the swift: Yes! There could be no other answer. And it was the one Sue was going to give, of course. She wasn't really troubled by the manner of the proposal, nor its prelude—which had in a sense shoved Charlie into it.

She certainly did not mean to say, low-voiced, "Kid? Charlie, I am thirty-five."

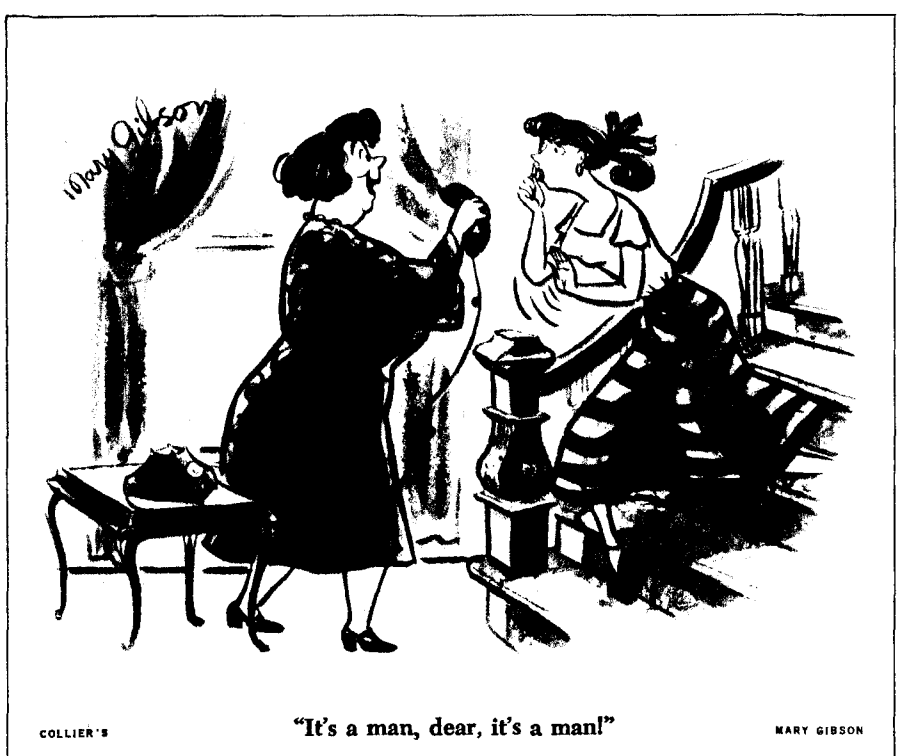
He got out a fresh cigar. The Cellophane crackled as he drew the wrapper off. He looked at her over the small flame of his lighter. "So what? You don't look it. And by taking some care you won't look it for years."

It was exactly what she wanted to hear; the whole incredible thing was precisely what she'd prayed for—and instead of feeling the wild exhilaration of success she felt only this numb amazement. She felt the eighty-six she'd joked of to the boys.

She saw Charlie beginning to frown, because this was a very big thing for him to offer. She knew she'd better answer fast; and she had the words, pat and ready, but they seemed to stick and suffocate her. She got up, with her numbness gone and replaced by something too utterly illogical to credit: a feeling of release.

She touched his fleshy hand with genuine affection. "I have to get out of here for a minute, Charlie. Sorry. I've got to get a breath of air."

She knew that if she left now she need not return to this table, to this man. And still she moved, and with her out the door went all the hopes she'd built up in her mind, destroyed by something underneath her mind that obstinately didn't have the sense to know when it was well off. Mad! she told herself. Insane! And telling herself this she walked more rapidly.



COLLIER'S "It's a man, dear, it's a man!" MARY GIBSON

STEVE was still sitting in his cabin, shadowy and dim. He was staring unseeingly at lights across the narrow canal, with his shoulders slumped; but when Sue called his name they straightened quickly enough and his gray eyes lighted up. "Hello! I was hoping, but only that."

She sank to the bench near his chair and looked at the wild hyacinth floating in its peril of the ocean. Such a big, cold, oblivious ocean. She watched some float past pilings, rootless, lost. She said, "Let's see. How long have we known each other, Steve?"

"Three months last year," Steve said. "Two weeks this year."

"That's not so long a time."

"It's not so short."

"You knew there was another man?"

He did, of course; he'd seen Charlie at the Porthole last year. There was a silence and she saw his throat work, but then he spread his hands. "It's been quite a while since either of us went to Sunday School."

She leaned back, by habit careful of her hair, till her head touched cool paneling. "I guess women are as crazy as they're said to be. They want something terribly for a long time, and then they get it—and they don't want it."

She heard his breath catch, at that, and saw him turn sharply, questioningly toward her; and either he had never learned to veil his eyes or with her had never wanted to. He stared at her for a moment and then stood up before her. His hands reached out and down. They buried themselves in her hair, searched out the pins, deliberately tousled till the sleek coiffure was a wild gold tumble around her head.

Sue sat there shocked, rigid. She did not breathe as she stared up at the tall figure stooping in the cabin's lowness.

"I've always wanted to do that," said Steve unsteadily. All the things that had to be resolved between them were in his next words: "So—want to slap me?"

Sue stirred, and her hair moved in a loose soft mass about her head. She felt oddly changed, curiously freed by this queer consummation. She touched the angle of Steve's jaw, but with a finger tip, and he caught her hand and kissed its palm.

"I have a chance at one of those two-apartment bungalows," he said, voice steady now. "Shall I take it?"

In a puddle of reflected light across the water a clump of hyacinth touched a piling, stirred, settled and remained.

"Yes," Sue said. "Yes, take it. And soon, darling."

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THE LAST GAME

Continued from page 46

don't think so, but perhaps you're right. Anyway, don't say it out loud again, or we'll have to trade a few." Then he waited.

He knew that football meant a living to Curly Wright—a chance to make more money than his dirt-farm family had ever seen. Wright had a wife and two kids, and a prospect for a coaching job if he and the team came through. Gaines knew that, and realized a part of his frustration, but still he wasn't ready for the blow. Wright swung his fist blindly, and it landed high—but it landed hard, and Gaines was on the floor, half sitting, leaning on his elbows—down.

AND there it was, the end of a dream. You carry that dream with you from the time you're big enough to get in a ragged scrub jersey, and you keep in shape and put out, every minute, every second, in the thrill of the game or the drudgery of practice. You set your sights for Madison University, top team in the toughest football conference in the country, and you hammer at your parents, over and over until they surrender and withdraw your application to the quiet, gentlemen's college in the Ivy League.

You fight down the protests of the girl at home, the clear-eyed, slender girl who'd been your sweetheart all through prep, and deliberately send yourself a thousand miles from her. You spend your freshman year battling the paid athletes and the hostile coaches who know them, and finally you prove that even if you do have two last names and come from Chatham Country Day instead of Industrial High you can play football. You make the team, you're Madison's first-string blocking back.

And then the roar of the crowd is a cold sneer on the face of the man who knocked you down. You're twenty years old, and you're licked, and your dream is gone.

They had played Silliman College in the last game of the season, the early-December game that meant the bowl. They already had the invitation—only an upset by little Silliman could take it away from them. That, of course, couldn't happen.

After they'd warmed up, catching passes and running back punts, Madden called the varsity off the field for a last-minute pep talk. The big men in their shiny game uniforms jogged imperturbably after him, but Gaines Archer, the sophomore, lagged behind. The crowd was coming into the great stadium, and the colors the coeds wore were bright in the crisp winter air.

The cheer leaders were prancing in front of the student section, but Sheila Stutts stopped her gymnastics, ran a few steps toward him, and waved. Gaines waved back, and the students roared. Sheila was smiling coyly at the crowd, eating it up. Then Gaines reluctantly turned his back on her and trotted toward the dressing room, the welcome, familiar tingle of the game dancing lightly along his spine.

Gaines tried to look as disinterested as Matusek and the other regulars as he sat down on the bench and waited for Bull Madden to start talking. Most of the men were seniors, and some were war veterans, twenty-four and twenty-five years old. They all were dragging down good pay, disguised or otherwise, and they all looked on football as a moderately pleasant means of passing four years of college life and guaranteeing themselves jobs after graduation. They sat, faces blank, waiting impassively for Madden to get through with his pep talk so they could go out on the field and do their weekly job.

". . . So they're gonna be tough," Madden was grating. "They been buying up good men and this is the year they want to knock us over. Don't kid yourself. They're gonna be tough. They wanta knock us out of that bowl game."

Gaines looked up suddenly into Santini's malevolent black eyes. He jerked his gaze away quickly. But he knew Santini was still staring at him. Santini had been the starting blocking back when the season opened; he had chattered incessantly about the red convertible a group of wealthy Chicago alumni were going to give him for Christmas. There'd be no red convertible for a second-team back, but that wasn't the only reason Santini and some others hated him. Santini hated him because he came from Chatham Country Day School, because he came to Madison uninvited and unpaid.

Just as Pat had said. "I won't argue with you any more," she had told him, quietly—Pat, the cool-voiced girl with the sudden flashes of warmth and understanding, Pat, the girl back home—"I think you'll be out of place in a big sprawling football factory, but I'm a kid, I suppose, a provincial, and I don't understand these things. I wanted you to go to school here in the East—we could see each other—but if Madison University is what you want, Gaines, then that's what I want too. Whether you're a star or a washout, you're my guy. Whatever it is you want, I want you to have it, and that includes me."

COLLIER'S — **"Twenty years from now, when we're buzzing girls with electric canes, we'll laugh at all this"** — PERRY BARLOW

PAT was right about many things; she was sweet. But she wasn't right about his being out of place at Madison, even taking Santini into consideration. He belonged to a big fraternity; he was pinned to Sheila Stutts, who was as desirable a coed as there was on the campus; and the sports writers were already beginning to give him a big play. And after they walloped Silliman, and went to the bowl, he and Sheila would really have a time—

"Okay," Madden shouted. "You know what you got, and you know what you can do. You're undefeated and you're at the top of the conference and you're going to the bowl—if you win. Let's see what you're gonna do now—let a little team whip your pants or get in there and fight!"

Gaines felt the hairs stand up on the backs of his hands and he wanted to stand up and shout away the tension, but he waited until the rest of the team got up, lazy and bored, before he lifted himself off the bench.

In the noise and confusion, he followed the other orange jerseys as they stretched and limbered up, and then he was standing on the twenty-yard line, all alone, and he heard the thud of a foot on a ball, saw it coming, end over end, felt his heart stop beating for a moment—and then something snapped, as it always did, and his mind was clear and his muscles limber.

He started running, easily, over to the right, with Matusek and the ball behind him and a black shirt coming down hard in front of him. He shifted his weight slightly for a feint and smacked into the Silliman man. The impact was solid, he heard the grunt, heard Matusek's footsteps hammer past, and he picked himself up and got himself another black shirt before Matusek went down.

As he came up to the huddle, he was laughing out loud, and Matusek, the ex-captain of infantry, was pounding him on the back and roaring something in his ear. He felt loose, and fine, and he hugged Matusek and slapped big Skora on the back and slipped into the huddle, eager to see the grass moving under his feet again, impatient to slam another man off his feet. He had no doubts, no fears. He was in the ball game and he belonged there.

But Silliman was tough. Twice Gaines rammed the line, and twice they closed it up to drag down the ball carrier. Three yards in two downs.

"We'll kick," Matusek decided in the huddle.

It was a good one that spiraled down the field, and Curly Wright, down under it fast, made the tackle. Silliman lined up. Gaines and Skora, the center, were backing up the line.

The play started, the Silliman fullback carrying the ball off tackle. Skora handled the interference, and Gaines drove his shoulder into the fullback's thighs, and they went down together. As they fell, he heard the man curse, and felt a blow on the back of his neck, then the rest of the team piled on.

"Made three yards," Matusek said. "Whatsa matter?"

Gaines shook his head. Silliman came out of the huddle, the ball went back, and DeFraites, Silliman's scatback, was tearing wide around end. Wright was dumped, and Gaines met the two men running interference. He played it safe, feinted a dodge, and then dived straight at the first man's knees. They both crashed into the second man, and came down with Gaines on the bottom. A curse sounded in his ear, dull blows struck into his stomach. Then he heard the thud as Skora and Matusek brought down DeFraites. He looked back, and an elbow caught him in the eye.

The referee put the ball down. DeFraites had made four more yards, and it was third down and only three to go.

"They'll punt," Matusek shouted in his ear.

"No, they're going to run their luck," Gaines yelled back. "Say, this guy slugged me."

"Did he?" Matusek was uninterested. "Slug the punk back. This team always plays dirty ball."

Silliman went into a huddle. Gaines tried to find the man who had slugged him, but their heads were lowered. This was something new. He'd played tough football, but he'd never been slugged, regularly and deliberately, this way. The conference teams hit hard, but they kept their fists to themselves.

The play came into the line, and Gaines's legs pumped him into the pile. A fist struck his face, but he got a foothold and drove himself at the crouching runner. They went down behind the scrimmage line. Gaines stood up and unconsciously reached down and grabbed an arm to help someone up from the pile. It was the ball carrier, and he grinned out of the side of his mouth.

"Thanks, stupid," he said as he came up, and ground his spikes down on Gaines's instep. "Thanks a lot."

They'd lost a yard. "That's the way, boy," Matusek shouted. "You're on my All-America." Matusek turned to Skora: "Get in the line and you and Haas make a hole for Gaines. They gotta punt." He pounded Gaines on the shoulder. "Block it and we got 'em."

Gaines nodded. The ball started back to DeFraites. Haas pulled his man away and Skora took care of the center. There was a hole Gaines could walk through and he hit for it, low, at full speed. The blocker was waiting for him, and the punter had the ball in his hands, starting to take a step. Gaines lowered his head and drove straight for the blocker. He had a start, and he was charging hard, and something was going to give way.

THE Silliman blocking back set himself coolly, his eyes in a calculating squint. Just as Gaines reached him, he raised his hand quick and hard. Gaines slapped at it, but he was going too fast. The blow struck in his groin, and even while he threw up his hands toward the kicker and the momentum carried him on, the sick nausea settled in his stomach. His fingers scraped the ball, and it wobbled end over end above his head.

DeFraites stepped on his outstretched arm and the blocker chuckled dirtily in his ear. "Want some more?" he sneered.

Gaines got shakily to his feet, sick with pain, his face white. He didn't look at the Silliman men, but he saw Matusek get up grinning a few yards back of the scrimmage line. He'd played up close, and the ball had wobbled into his hands. Matusek clapped his hands.

"Okay, guys, we got 'em now," he said in the huddle. "On their twenty-five-yard line. Let's see you go, Roberts."

The flashy back grinned. "Want that

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touchdown now?" he asked. "Or shall I make 'em look good? Huh, Gaines?"

Gaines answered in a half grunt, half groan. Because of him, the kid from Country Day, they were in scoring position. His name would be in every write-up of the game. They had a touchdown coming up. He tried to keep those thoughts going through his head, so he wouldn't notice the pain in his belly.

Haas cut across like a flame before the wind, and the end crumpled. Gaines ran, bent over low, his thigh muscles pumping him on. The line-backer was coming in, eyes nervously glancing from Gaines to Roberts behind him. Gaines cut to the left slightly, leaning, his cleats biting into the green turf. Ah, this was football. The pain was going, and he laughed out loud. He could see it before it happened, saw his shoulder hard against the man's thighs, saw Roberts loose with still a man left for interference.

He jerked to the right, made the blocker think he was going to hit him on the inside, knock him out toward the side lines. Then he suddenly shifted and drove head on, every muscle from his toes to his neck, driving his body head on into the fullback. The man grunted, and Gaines laughed again. Then the fist caught him, square in the nose, and he felt the bone give. He fell, heavy, disgusted, on the man he had taken out.

DEFRAITES, who was playing safety, and a halfback were closing in on Roberts. Roberts fooled the halfback, but not DeFraites. A wiry man with hairy legs and a shrewd old face, he knew the tricks. He hit Roberts above the knees, and two more Silliman men piled on from behind. A knee flashed, and only three of the four men got up. Madison's trainer ran out, looked at Roberts, and shook his head. They carried him off the field, and Matusek called the team together as Roberts' sub came out.

"This bunch is pulling every dirty trick there is," he said. "Look out for rabbit punches and knees down low. Don't slug back unless you're sure you're gettin' away with it. We aren't as smart that way. Madden never taught us. They got Roberts, and now they want Wright and me, and you, too, Archer. That's what you get for gettin' your name in the papers. When you hit 'em, put 'em out instead of just down."

They were on Silliman's ten-yard-line, but the next play Haas was caught slugging. Madison drew a fifteen-yard penalty and a warning, and the scoring chance was over. The period continued without scoring.

The first quarter turned into the second. Haas's jaw was set in his heavy, unshaven face. Starczyk had been slugging covertly, but he looked ready to start swinging in the open. Wright was nearly in hysterics. They were giving him hell, slowing him. He'd never get that coaching job that way. But now in Silliman territory, Matusek sized him up, sent him down for a pass, and he was right. The captain made a fantastic leaping catch, and fell over the goal line.

Silliman surged frenziedly through the line on the extra point, but Gaines threw himself into them, held them while Matusek kicked the goal. It was almost half time, and the coach took him out. The substitutes stood up and greeted him at the bench. There was a yell from the stands, and Madden looked up and nodded.

That was praise from Madden—worth fighting your heart out for—but somehow it didn't thrill Gaines. He sat down and stared out on the field, and became dully conscious of his throbbing nose, the pain deep down, the twist in his knee. Madden put his hand on his shoulder and squeezed.

"Get in the locker room and under the lamp," Madden said. "You been taking a beating. We need you, kid."

He nodded slowly and got up and walked steadily to the dressing room. It was beginning to come over him now. He was beginning to dread the second half. He was tired, and sore, but overlaying the pain and the fatigue was disgust. . . .

He was lying in the dressing room, under the lamp, and it was like last summer, lying in the warm sun on the lawn at the country club. That was the time he had told Pat about spring varsity practice in a castoff uniform, way down on the scrub team, ignored by the coaches who favored the men they had recruited and knew. He had been miserable then, and Pat had suffered with him.

"Football—" she had said. "I hate it, and yet I know you've got to go on, and lick it. By yourself. I can't help you, Gaines."

So he had to come back. And now that he had licked it, now that he was on the first team, he had to finish it. Anyway, he shouldn't think about Pat. He was pinned to Sheila Stutts.

He started the game in the second half. After three plays Silliman got Wright. He had to be carried off the field.

"We gotta get 'em for that, Gaines," Matusek said. "Fix 'em so they'll never want to play another game of football."

From then on he didn't know what was happening. He got his signal, he threw himself at the black shirts in front of him. He tackled with hard, jolting smashes. He was not playing now; he was fighting for existence. Finish out the game before they got him—that's all he wanted to do.

He didn't feel the blows, but he saw them coming. He didn't hear the roar of the stands when he pulled them down singlehanded but he heard the whispered threats they poured in his ear. Once Silliman got almost to the goal line, and even though Gaines piled up the line three times in succession, diving in low and holding them in the same spot until they passed the ball away, he felt no thrill. His teammates slapped his back in approbation, but the blows only hurt. There was no elation, no pride. He wanted only the end of the game.

Santini came back on the field late in the last quarter, and gave Gaines a grudging nod as they passed. Silliman had shot its wad; the Silliman sluggers couldn't move now through the line or around it and their reserves were weak.

Gaines realized the tribute; Madden had not dared to take him out before. He started off the field, every muscle an ache, his jersey ripped and matted down the front with his own blood, his pants wet and dirty, his legs slashed by cleats. As he trotted slowly, tiredly, a yell for him, Archer, the war horse of Madison, roared heavily against his eardrums, and he saw a blond girl in a white sweater turning cart wheels.

He'd thought of that during prep school, during his freshman year, the time when they'd stand and cheer him, the silent backbone of the team, the blocker, the line-backer, the man who flung himself into the interference and brought them solidly, heavily down, laughing at the sheer joy of sport. Now he actually heard those cheers, real, his name booming out of the stands, and he didn't care. He just didn't care.

The substitutes flung a blanket around him, and shouted in his ear, Madden screamed joyously at him, hugging him, and the backfield coach pounded him on the back and allowed a smile to run back to his ears. Gaines Archer, the sophomore kid, had saved the game, and they were going to the bowl. Archer turned his back on them and walked to the field house, his lips set beneath his battered nose. It was his last time in a football uniform—he knew that. The game was dead. . . .

He was standing up, on his feet, in Madden's office, facing Curly Wright. He looked back and down at the floor, almost expecting to see himself still there. He glanced at Madden, thinking that surely the coach would stop it, but Madden sat impassive, waiting. Wright was waiting, too, his guard up. Gaines didn't want to fight him; he understood why he was angry, and he was sorry. But there wasn't anything else to do. He poked out with his left.

That was what Wright needed, and again he seemed to explode. The fists came from everywhere, and some of them landed, but Gaines knew they were coming, and he blocked most of them. He poked again, a futile stab, but it went straight through Wright's wild haymakers and struck his nose. Again, and he saw blood ooze down on Wright's lip. Because he wasn't angry, only sad, he could be cool.

He wanted only to get it over with, and he brought his fist up from his knees, straight, with all his weight and power behind it, and Wright waddled backward limply, looking surprised. Gaines went after him and hit him again. He threw his fist straight into Wright's face, and then he brought up the uppercut again.

Wright slid down the wall to the floor, his eyes showing mild wonder that his legs were no longer holding him up, and then that they could not lift him. Gaines waited until it was all over before he turned to Madden. The coach hadn't moved from behind his desk.

"Why didn't you stay down?" Madden demanded.

Gaines looked back at Wright, then at the coach. He said, "I don't know."

"Well, I'll tell you why," Madden grated. "Because when you're good enough to play football for me you can't stay down. I never had a quitter on my team yet and I didn't think I'd started this year. I can tell 'em a mile. Sometimes I get kids that gotta grow up, though. Sometimes they gotta learn they gotta fight whether they want to or not. They keep playin', or fightin', or whatever—and sometimes it's worth it." Suddenly he let a grin spread over his face and stuck out his hand. "Huh, Arch?"

THE grin, the sudden use of a nickname he had never had before, took him off balance. And the hand, the outstretched hand of a friend, became another hand, a slender hand writing smoothly, evenly, the letter he had in his pocket.

"Gaines," the letter said, "I didn't want you to go to Madison and play football in the first place. Now you're there, and now you want me to tell you that you're doing the right thing by quitting this game I don't understand. But I'm afraid I can't. I can only tell you that whatever you do I love you as much as ever, and that's a lot. I don't care what those silly people out there think of you, and I don't care whether you're an All-America or a water boy. Just please, please, Gaines, stay the kind of guy I want so much to stay in love with. . . ."

He felt the warmth of the grin on the face looking into his; and he felt the pin in his pocket, and, caressing it with his fingers, he said, aloud, "I'd better send it back where it belongs."

"Arch, what the hell are you talking about?" Madden asked.

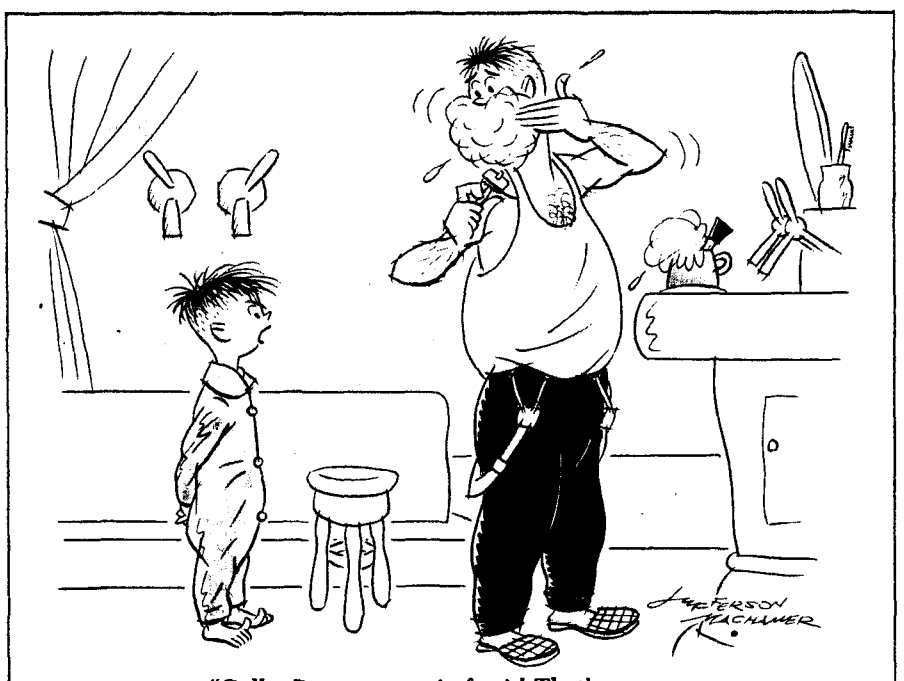
"Nothing. I guess you're right, Bull." Then he let his own grin take over. He didn't know exactly what had happened, but he knew he felt different. Maybe Pat could come to the bowl game—she'd see what a blocking back was like. "I'll help you with Curly before I put my uniform on," Arch said.

CASEY JONES

Far Cry

That money doesn't go so far
These days, there's much insistence.
I disagree.
It goes, from me,
Quite far and keeps its distance!

—RICHARD ARMOUR



COLLIER'S

"Golly, Pop, are you in for it! That's what Mom rips up seams with"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

with Broadway wisecracks, untruths and half-truths. For example: Mr. Shane calls the Met a "long-hair flop!" Now a "flop" is a show that dies for lack of ticket sales. Yet Billy Rose says the Met "plays to 97 per cent capacity." We ask you, Collier's, "What kind of a flop is that?" Fact is, the Met has never had a flop since its gala 1883 opening, through wars, "depressions" and panics.

Billy offers to take over, disrupt this efficient organization, and guarantee against a loss for one season. Would he follow through as the Met directors have done, giving time and money, all through good and hard times? He offers to enlarge opera audiences when the largest auditoriums in a dozen cities cannot seat music lovers, clamoring for Metropolitan opera. Billy Rose has put on one operatic success, Carmen Jones, a "streamlined" showpiece. Does that qualify for the Met's complexities?

CHARLES F. COLLISSON, N. Y. Reviewer for Musical Leader, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

The Met doesn't make money. Rose does.

ODE TO A WOOD PUSSY

GENTLEMEN: In your article on the care of pets (What to Do Until the Vet Comes, Oct. 23d), you maintain that skunk odor was once used as a basis for perfumes. It is still employed and is a very powerful and satisfactory fixative base that makes perfumes last weeks. We make an article called "Skunkadora" that changes the odorous ingredients of the skunk to a pleasant aroma.

The immediate effect of a dime-store perfume is strong, because it is made of only aromatic chemicals that evaporate and disappear within a half hour. If you use perfumes fixed with animal musks, one can dress around five or six in the afternoon, attend a dinner, and dance all night, and the fragrance will remain the next morning. Some of our perfumes have lasted as long as 18 days, when the distinctive odor could still be recognized as the original odor. With other high-class perfumes, made without animal fixatives, while they may smell of some flower when originally compounded, after a few days they have changed and if they do not smell actually bad, they do not resemble their original aroma.

C. V. SPARHAWK, Sparkill, N. Y.

SIGHT UNSEEN

SIR: The Week's Preview by Warren Phillips: To be blunt, wouldn't an opinion on the pictures serve the reader better than the story outline (in some cases ruining the picture for sensitive movie-goers) and less of a biography on an individual star? I don't mean it's uninteresting or badly written.

L. HENRY KOVELL, Hollywood, Cal.

. . . Your clever way of combining a preview with an X ray of an actor is like seeing a double feature, rare over here. What, no free dishes?

JANE JENNYSON, Stockholm, Sweden

SPARKS

SIRS: Re your tenth "Household Don't" (Trouble Trappers, Inc., Nov. 6th), to use any fire extinguisher on an electrical fire could prove very fatal. Only extinguishers charged with a nonconductor of electricity and prescribed for that purpose may be used on an electrical fire.

W. E. TICE, Mankato, Minn.

HOW TO BE A SPY

DEAR SIRS: I fully agree with What's Wrong with Our Spy System? (Nov. 6th). Some of the nitwits I ran up against in our O.S.S., foreign broadcasts, etc., were a danger to our country during the war. The Army, Navy, etc., could keep their own intelligence service, but it should be co-ordinated with an entirely new organization —headed by a man of experience. Some of our F.B.I. men could be induced to enter this service, and it should be a lifetime job. Enlightened business and professional men residing in foreign countries could be used in absolute secrecy. I have found my best source of general information, secret and otherwise, during peacetime, is the British consul and his staff, in any foreign country. A lunch generally does the trick.

HENRY ARNOLD, New York, N. Y.

. . . My letter is to nominate, to head that most important of our defenses, Edgar Hoover—to me he is a natural.

S. H. THORNTON, Atlanta, Ga.

U(TOPIA) S. A.

GENTLEMEN: Your editorial (We Have Cause to Rejoice, Nov. 6th) moves me to write you. You, to begin with, seem to worry a lot about what the Russians can or cannot do. You speak of us as free people voting to have done, by politicians, our will. I did not vote to squander our natural resources in Greece or anywhere in Europe or Asia, yet it's being done. I don't want war, yet some of our big boys would risk war to protect their financial holdings in foreign lands. There should be no poverty in North America; all citizens should have education (the best); medical attention from birth to death (the best); all should have air-conditioned homes; there should be *no* taxes.

JAMES A. WHALEN, Appleton, Wis.

HOW TO LIVE ON $25 A WEEK

DEAR SIRS: About a year or so ago you published an article on how to live on $25 or so a week. A friend of mine has been working on it ever since and says it's been tough but he's finally licked it. Here's the pitch:

Whisky & Beer*	$8.80
Wife's Beer	1.65
Meat & Groceries	On credit
Rent	Pay next week
Movies	.60
Midweek Pick-me-up	2.50
Coal	Borrow from neighbors
Life Insurance (Wife's)	.50
Hot Tips on Horses	10.50
Tobacco	.45
Poker Game	1.65
	$26.65**

*Deadens pain of living.

**This means going in debt, so cut out wife's beer. CHICK LARSON, New York, N. Y.

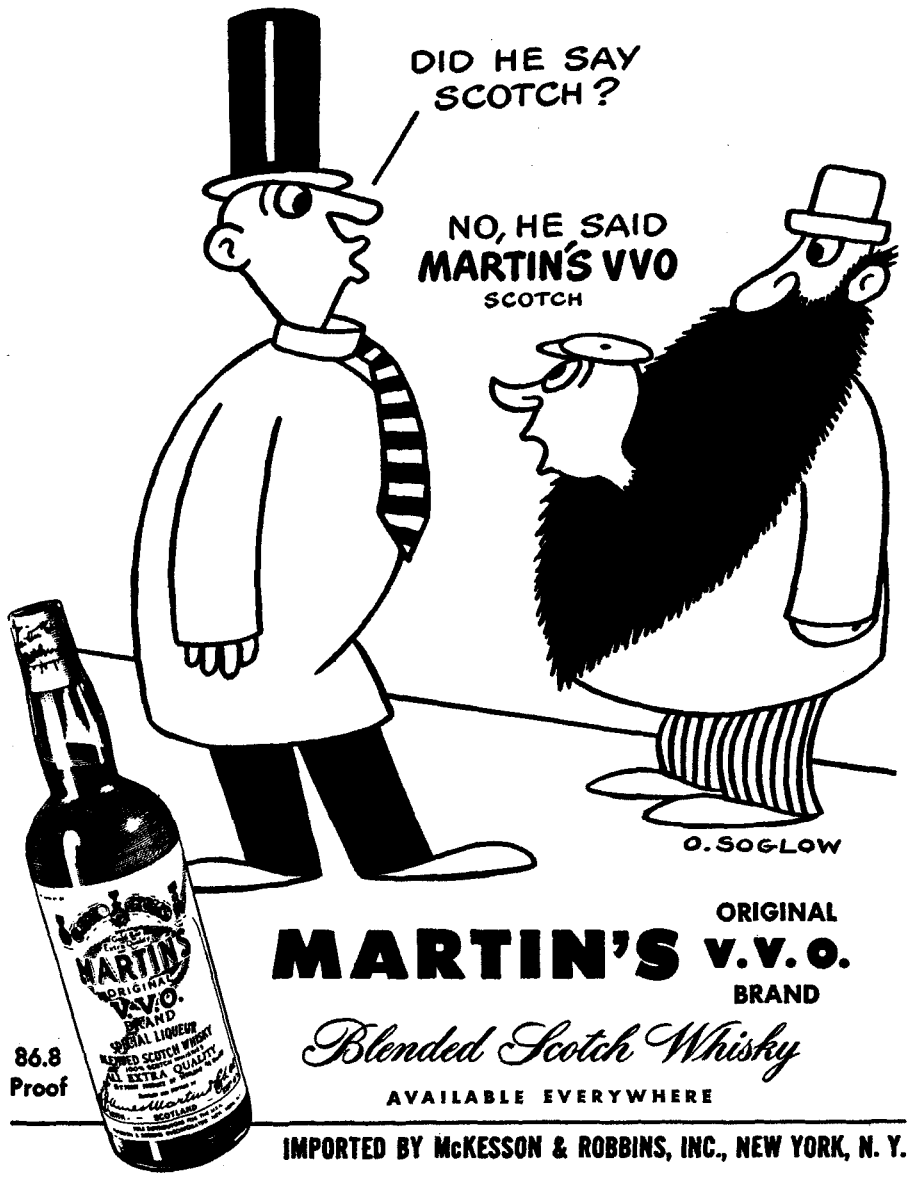
NO LASSIE, HE!

DEAR SIR: I think somebody is kidding. Your cover (Nov. 13th) is an excellent picture, but are you sure that it's accurate? I say it isn't Lassie, Rudd Weatherwax's collie (a male, actually named Pal until movie fame). I say the cover dog is a younger dog with almost the same markings, but with brown eyes. The original Lassie has odd greenish-gray tints to the iris. I realize I'm out on a limb; sometimes pictures are confusing.

GAROLD HARTSOCK, Joseph, Ore.

Sandy Lassie

The cover dog was described as "another Lassie"; there was no confusion intended.



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DOXIE AND THE AVERAGE MAN

Continued from page 44

handkerchief, he said, "You have absolutely no taste in clothes. That's why."

Doxandra paled and said, "You're the rudest man I ever met. I *hate* men!"

"That's obvious," he said pleasantly. *"And I hate women."*

She ripped off his raincoat, threw it into a puddle; but Andrew T. Aubinoe promptly seized it and put it around her again.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he declared. "If you'd get a hat instead of a gunny sack, and some high-heeled shoes you'd—"

"Shoes!" she cried. "Look at yours—*black* with a brown suit you've slept in for weeks! And that tie!"

"This tie was a legacy," Mr. Aubinoe said fondly. "My grandfather used it as a shoe rag. But *I* don't care. I don't *want* to get married. Every night when I say my prayers I thank God I don't have to please anyone but myself!"

"I don't care either!" she said. "And Heaven knows the man doesn't breathe I'd marry! Now if you'll just let me alone until the storm slacks—"

TENTATIVELY he held cigarettes toward her but she ignored the gesture. "Of course not," he murmured, lighting one. And then: "How old are you? Let's see, you could be anything from thirty up to—"

"I'm twenty-eight," she said icily.

"You're thirty-two," he said positively, "but you don't look twenty-eight." She was exactly thirty-two. "That is, you wouldn't if you knew how to dress. I'm thirty-six myself, be thirty-seven next September. And I'm happy. Never been married. I've got a job I like and I live alone. I've got good books and good records. Did I tell you I'm Senator Gilpin's foreign secretary? Yes, I guess you'd call me just an average man."

She couldn't help speaking and her voice rose. "You're not average—you're typical. Talking only about yourself!" She rammed on her hat; in the rain-blurred distance a streetcar was coming.

"Where do you work?" he said.

"If you *must* know, in the Library of Congress!"

She handed him his coat and ran for the car and not until it was moving again did she realize she was still clutching his horrible cotton umbrella. . . .

In her Mount Pleasant, one-room apartment she took a hot bath but it was not relaxing. Ordinarily, Doxandra Brown was not troubled by the thought of men. To be sure, a few earnest lads back in the Hagerstown school days now and again had taken her to a movie. And there was Arthur Biggs. That May he had kissed her in the dark on her porch and had told her she was the "swellest girl he knew."

But in September, one night at the fair with her sister Lois, she saw him kissing Florence Gove. And she had resolved that never again would she be hurt like that.

Next morning, however, she was on her corner earlier than usual, and even though the sky was brilliant she carried an umbrella. At the Senate Office Building she asked a guard the way to Senator Gilpin's suite and when she stepped out of the elevator, a tall man in a neat pinstripe suit was swinging down the corridor. Doxandra scarcely noticed him until he stopped at Senator Gilpin's door.

"Oh, Mr. Aubinoe!" she cried in a tight, strained voice. "I want to return your umbrella. And *thank* you."

They stared at each other. His cool eyes took in her trim gray suit and green straw hat; she saw his perfectly knotted tie of regimental stripes. Without a word, Doxandra abruptly fled down the corridor. On the third tap of her high-heeled suède pumps she heard him say under his breath, "You're looking better this morning."

She didn't stop, and she was still upset later in the office when Estelle Kennedy breezed in. "Whew!" Estelle said. "What's come over *you?* Doxie, you look exactly as if you'd spent the night in Charles Boyer's arms!"

Doxandra didn't answer. If there was one thing in the world she hated—more than men—it was being called Doxie.

"Darling," Estelle said, "you look grand. You ought've done it years ago. But fess up now. What *is* it?"

"I don't know what you mean," Doxandra said flatly.

"Okay," Estelle said. "It's back to the brickyards for me. But don't think I'm not going to find out, because I am." . . .

At lunchtime Doxandra avoided Estelle. She had barely got back to her desk when she looked up and gasped.

COLLIER'S — **"Pssst. You're sitting on Clemson's hat"** — VIRGIL PARTCH

There in Legislative Reference stood Mr. Aubinoe. He nodded briefly. "Miss Brown, I want to look up something on the Calydonian hunt—"

"The what?"

"The Calydonian hunt. You know, Greek mythology. The senator's making a nation-wide radio address next week on the United Nations and we need something classical—"

"Of course," Doxandra said briskly, wondering why he'd come when he could have telephoned. "It's very simple to get all the books you need—"

She sent for them and Mr. Aubinoe left. In a little while he was back. "Oh, by the way, Miss Brown," he said casually. "I've just remembered something. The Senator and Mrs. Gilpin have given me their box at Constitution Hall for tonight. Grieg and Mozart. Would you like to go?"

"Why—why, that's terribly nice of you, Mr. Aubinoe. "I'd love to, except—I'm afraid I have an engagement."

"Oh, that's too bad." He seemed genuinely sorry. "Well, thanks." She watched the back of his head as he went out the door and something told her she had made an inexcusable mistake. In fact she felt so worried, she got up and went to Government Publications where Estelle worked. "Estelle, this friend of mine, Mr. Aubinoe, asked me to go to the symphony tonight and—"

"Gilpin's Aubinoe?" Estelle said. "I know him. Wouldn't be bad looking if he'd get some decent clothes." She made Doxandra call Mr. Aubinoe right back and Mr. Aubinoe regretfully explained he had just that minute asked someone else. With flaming cheeks, Doxandra turned on Estelle. "I never want to see that man again!"

Estelle said comfortingly, "Never mind, Doxie. You've got him on the run. If that old woman hater's asked you once, he'll ask you again."

But he didn't. A week went by in which Doxandra told herself she had forgotten the way the back of his head looked. She did not speak of him to Estelle, and Estelle, in the meantime, had become excited over a newspaperman named Pete. "He's so divine," she declared, "especially when he's sober. He's taking me to the fights tonight."

Doxandra smiled sadly.

Estelle pursed her lips. "You know what, Doxie? Next Saturday's my birthday and I'm going to give a party. Dinner for Pete, Aubby, you and me!"

"Oh, no," Doxandra protested. But Estelle was firm.

Hoping that Estelle would come down with pneumonia, Doxandra waited until Saturday and, finding Estelle in blooming health spent all afternoon shopping. When she dressed she was so nervous she spilled three drops of Chanel on the front of her new black dress. Mr. Aubinoe's knock came, and she opened the door, knowing that if he insulted her just one time, she would faint.

On Saturday, when Doxandra opened her door to Mr. Aubinoe's knock, she found him faultlessly attired in a pinstripe suit, cordovan wing-tip shoes, and gray mocha gloves. Because he said it was nice of her to ask him out to dinner, she knew he thought the evening her idea rather than Estelle's. It troubled her a little.

Estelle's door was opened by one of those stocky young men who aren't as young as they look, and whose mismatched jackets and trousers and bow ties still have a campus flavor. His immediate behavior stunned Doxandra.

"Good evening," she began, "I—

"Doxie!" he cried flinging his free arm around her neck and kissing her.

"Let her go, Pete!" Estelle screamed. "You're going to see her all evening!" Never one to overlook even a dubious possibility, Estelle kissed Mr. Aubinoe and Mr. Aubinoe, to her shrieking delight, kissed her back. "But, *Aubby*, you can't leave Doxie out!" So Mr. Aubinoe placed a nice, friendly kiss on Doxandra's crimson cheek.

Doxandra never forgot that evening. There was Pete sitting on a footstool, forcing her into being an old friend of his, and no surprise on Estelle's face whatever. Later, Mr. Aubinoe followed Estelle into the kitchen and Doxandra's face turned violently red when she overheard: "Mad about her. My beau and look what's happened. Men always go for that sweet, demure type. Me, I'm just a noisy party girl that's got to have her Saturday night. Oh, I adore Doxie—but still I've got to find myself a new steady. Aubby, darling, how'd you like to be my beau?"

"Estelle," Doxandra heard Mr. Aubinoe say huskily, "there's nothing I'd rather be."

And, finally, when Pete dropped Doxandra and Mr. Aubinoe off at the apartment, she heard Pete say, "Good night, Doxie pet. Fine seeing you. I'll pick you up tomorrow night at seven."

As Pete drove off, Mr. Aubinoe was looking straight at her. "That's too bad. I was hoping you'd have dinner with me tomorrow, but it seems you're always busy when I ask you out. Good night, Doxie."

During the night she wakened and it was all clear as glass. She could hear Estelle saying, "Pete, you won't want to do this, but you've *got* to. Play up to Doxie, just for me. She's an old maid, frustrated and scared. Make Aubby jealous." It was horrible. If she could see through Estelle's plot so could Aubby. He thought inviting him was *her* idea—

SHE worried all through church the next morning. Of course Pete would not show up that night. But as she let herself into the apartment the telephone was ringing. Her heart began to pound when she heard Pete say, "Tonight's a deal, isn't it?"

"Well, are you sure—?"

"Listen, baby, you'll learn I don't welsh on dates. Look—it's such a slick day I thought we might drive into the country, say toward Olney Inn, and dig up a good meal. Okay?" . . .

Sitting apart from Pete in his convertible with the top down, she leaned back and watched twilight fade over the rolling green hills. "Pete," she said at last, "why did you ask me out tonight?"

"Because I wanted to."

She was looking at the fields. "Not because *Estelle* wanted you to?"

Pete chuckled. "You're smart."

"Anybody could see your act last night was her idea."

"Even old Aubby? Do him good. Anybody can see he's nuts about you. But let's get one thing straight, Doxie. Tonight's *my* idea and I'm the guy to let Aubby take care of himself."

There began that night for Doxandra Brown the strangest period of her life. Tough, hard-drinking Pete Holliday, who knew everybody from Capitol Hill to the White House and back again, took her everywhere. She lived in a whirl of excitement. Her diffidence began diminishing and she learned to laugh over nothing. Marveling at herself, she often longed for Mr. Aubinoe to walk into the room. He was in her mind constantly, his remarks when they had first met still rankling. The desire to *show* Mr. Aubinoe became an ambition. But evidently Mr. Aubinoe had no desire to be shown; he did not telephone.

So it was Estelle who watched her step quicken, watched the poise come over her that a woman acquires only from being seen in the company of a man other women want.

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Estelle, at first, was delighted. "Doxie! How cute!" she had cried. But as time went on she became patronizing and caustic. Doxandra knew that both of them were waiting for the same thing—for Pete to get tired of her. . . .

One Saturday night Pete stopped his car at the Lincoln Memorial and they sat on the steps in the moonlight. The air from the river was soft on their faces and the Washington Monument lay like a piece of chalk on the silvered reflecting pool. Casually, Doxandra said, "Not tired yet, Pete?"

He caught her meaning instantly. "Nope. I'll let you know." He laced her fingers through his. "My God, a woman who understands! I'm almost forty and you're the first—like you. You know when to talk and when not to." His voice grew casual. "It's too bad we couldn't have fallen in love."

She stared into the balmy night. "You know that could never happen."

"No, because I'm selfish. I want to run the whole shebang. For a long time I've been fed up with gals who know as much as I. You know, don't you, that you've given me a kind of happiness this spring? When I'm with you, I drink less, or nothing at all. You're *good* for me, Doxie. And you have yet to commit the two cardinal sins of womankind. You don't say, 'Darling, do you love me?' and 'When am I going to see you again?' Incidentally, I saw your old pal Aubinoe today at lunch, at the Willard. You could never guess who was with him."

DOXANDRA had been waiting for this chance. "Pete," she said earnestly, "you ought to be ashamed of the way you've treated Estelle. She's crazy about you and it isn't right. Don't you ever miss her?"

A thoughtful look crossed Pete's expressive face, an odd, quick, suddenly hungry look. "Yes," he said, "now that you mention it, I guess I do." Suddenly he rose and, bending, put his hand on her hair. "You're sweet and I'm very fond of you." Then he took her by surprise; quickly swinging her up into his arms, he kissed her.

With her hand in his they walked silently to the car.

On Monday, Estelle was radiant. "Have a nice week end, Doxie?" she asked sweetly when they met for lunch.

"Quiet, but very nice. And you?"

"Lovely. Simply lovely. I spent all day yesterday with Pete, the sweet thing. And last night we—" Estelle stopped abruptly and suddenly the floodgates of understanding opened in Doxandra's mind. "Really, Doxie, there's nothing like a man around the house. But then, *you* had Pete so long you know that—"

"Estelle, you know *that isn't true!*" Doxandra protested.

"On Saturday I lunched with Aubby. Doxie, there are times when he's positively cute. He just needs a woman who knows her way around." Estelle sighed happily. "I always did say things work out right in the end."

SO PETE had gone back to Estelle. It took all of Doxandra's will to remind herself that she had *sent* him. Never expecting to see him again, she declined when he asked her to dinner.

"Doxie, if you don't come I'm going to get stinking drunk. And you wouldn't wish that off on me, would you?"

She went. But the old companionship just wasn't there; her Cinderella party was over. All right, let Estelle have him. She closed the menu and, as her gaze passed over the crowded University Club dining room, she drew her breath in sharply.

Pete turned in his chair and they watched Estelle and Mr. Aubinoe come in the door. Mr. Aubinoe hesitated but Estelle came straight toward them, her big hat flopping.

"Hello, cave man," she trilled. "Hello, Doxie." Seated, she immediately took command. "What's everybody having? Aubby, you don't mind if I have just one teensy-weensy cocktail, do you?" She saw Doxandra's pillbox of a hat all but covering one eye. "Doxie! What an adorable hat! But how in the world can you see where you're going?"

Doxandra took a deep breath. "I can see where I'm going," she said coolly, "better than you can."

"Doxie's become a clotheshorse," Estelle declared. "And it's the fault of you two boys. It all started with Aubby and ended with Pete. Aubby, don't you think Doxie's hat's cute?"

Mr. Aubinoe was aware of tears just under Doxandra's lashes. "I think," he said distinctly, "it's the best-looking hat I ever saw."

"Estelle," Pete said, "you're a stinker."

Pete got Doxandra away as quickly as he could. On the way home he invited her to a ball Senator and Mrs. Gilpin were giving on the thirtieth at the Sulgrave Club. "White tie and all that rot. Ambassadors, an Arabian princess, big shots by the dozen. You know how I hate the social racket but I'll go if you'll go with me."

Reluctantly, she accepted.

The next morning Mr. Aubinoe called. "I hope I'm not too late *this* time," he said; "but will you go with me to the Gilpins' party?"

She could have cried. "Aubby," she said pleadingly, "you've *got* to understand. I give you my word that the next thing you ask me to do, I'll do—" She did not hear the door when Estelle opened it. "I'm going with Pete. But, *Aubby*, will you take Estelle?"

"I had thought," Mr. Aubinoe's voice was audible in the room, "that if you declined I wouldn't take anyone."

"Promise me you'll take her, Aubby!" Doxandra pleaded.

Mr. Aubinoe sighed. "All right," he said.

She hung up and turned to meet Estelle's blazing eyes. Slowly, Estelle came toward her. "Oh, no!" she cried. "You can't push Aubby on *me*, you little sneak! I want Pete and I'm going to have him. And not just *part* of the time!"

Doxandra watched Estelle stalk out of the room and a slow rage began to work in her. She had traded her peace of mind for her fling with Pete and it wasn't worth it.

From then on, Estelle cut her cold, she didn't know whether Mr. Aubinoe was going to keep his promise or not and she didn't see Pete until the night of the ball.

He gave a low whistle at her door. The lamp behind her caught the bronze in her hair, the gold of her grandmother's pendant earrings. But even with all those black taffeta ruffles falling to the floor, she felt naked in her strapless gown.

AS THEY joined the procession of tail coats and evening gowns moving up the Sulgrave stairs, Doxandra's eyes were searching for Estelle. She gave her name to the announcer and Mrs. Gilpin was holding out her white-gloved hand. "So nice of you to come, Miss Brown. Andrew has spoken of you and I hope you'll come to tea."

Pete took her hand. "All right, cutie, unfreeze. You're the best-looking babe here." He led her into the ballroom. Above the music, she heard Estelle's big throaty laugh float out as she danced by with Ed O'Connor. Then a tall spare man tapped Pete on the arm and Doxandra was looking into the clear gray eyes of a lean face above a faultless white tie. Her heart almost stopped.

"I take every word back," Andrew T. Aubinoe said and the crinkles were at the corners of his eyes. "The horse blanket, the gunny sack, all of it. You're beautiful."

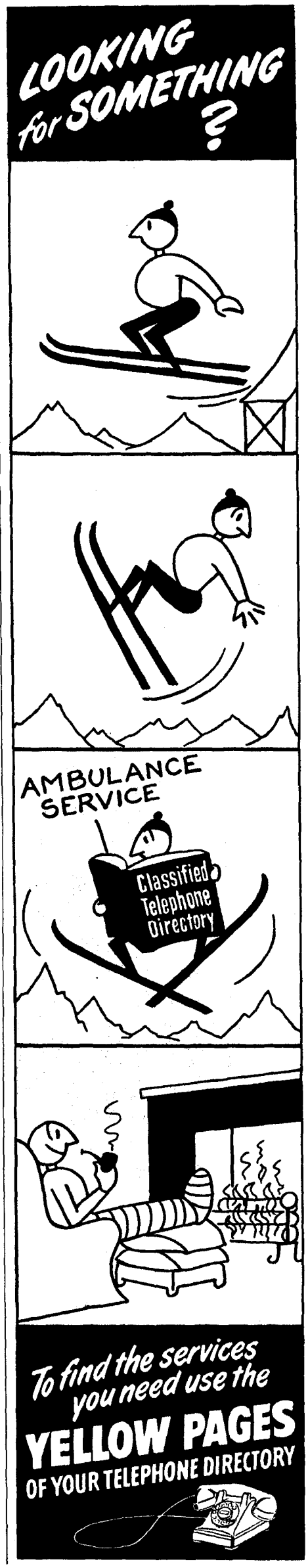
When the music stopped they drifted toward one of the cardrooms. From a sofa screened by palms they heard a woman's raised, querulous voice. Estelle's voice.

"Okay, Pete," she said hoarsely, "but you know as well as I that the whole thing was a gag! You *know* I framed it for you to make a stab at Doxie because I pitied her. I wanted drippy old *Aubby* to fall for her, not you! And now you've fallen in love with her—"

"Stop yelling, Estelle. My God, you have no sense at all. I'm not in love with her and she knows it—"

Mr. Aubinoe's long hard fingers closed on Doxandra's arm. They found the upper stairway and sat looking down at the party. Mr. Aubinoe leaned toward her. "Doxie," he said, "not long ago you gave your word you'd do the next thing I asked you to. Now I'm going to hold you to it. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she breathed.



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JIZZLE

Continued from page 11

was torn off she started on the next as if the plain paper were an irresistible invitation. By the end of the show the stage was decorated with portraits of everyone in the small audience.

People clustered round, wringing Ted's hand and inspecting Jizzle as if they were still not quite convinced of what they had seen. The only person who held aloof was Rosie. She stood apart, saying nothing, and from time to time she turned a gloomy look on the smug Jizzle.

Rosie didn't know exactly why she disliked the monkey. Jizzle was abnormal, a freak, but, then, so was Pearl, the three-legged woman. Jizzle's immodesty also offended Rosie, but an even deeper offense lay in the monkey's attitude—the way she snickered when she caught Rosie's eye.

All the same, Jizzle became the third occupant of the trailer.

"She's worth thousands of pounds to us," Ted pointed out. "We can't risk having her stolen. And we can't risk her getting ill, either. Monkeys need warm places to live in."

This was all quite true and so Jizzle stayed.

FROM the first there was never any doubt of the act's success. Ted raised the admission from one shilling to two and the price of a Jizzle drawing from a half crown to five shillings. He opened negotiations for a larger tent. His audiences were invariably delighted with Jizzle's drawings, but Rosie's sensitive ear detected a different note of laughter when they saw her portrait. It rankled. She kept her temper for a week and then struck.

"She makes me look more like a monkey every time. I believe she does it on purpose," Rosie said. "I won't stand there and have her make a fool of me."

"Darling, that's sheer imagination. All her drawing is a bit monkeyish—after all, it's only natural," Ted remonstrated.

"It's more so when it's me."

"Now, do be reasonable, darling. What would it matter anyway, even if it were so?"

"So you don't mind your wife being jeered at by a monkey?"

"But that's ridiculous, Rosie. You'll get used to her. She's a nice friendly little thing, really."

"She isn't, not to me. She keeps on watching and spying on me all the time."

"Come now, darling, hang it all—"

"I don't care what you say, she does. She just sits there watching and snickering, and I've had enough of her in the act. You can do it without me. If you must have someone, get Ireen from the Hoop-La. *She* won't mind."

Ted was genuinely distressed. He and Rosie had always got along so well together and he had wanted her to have more pleasures and comforts than the returns from Dr. Steven's Stimulator would provide.

But now that the big chance had come, discord had arrived with it. No one acquiring such a valuable property as Jizzle could afford not to exploit her properly. Rosie was perfectly well aware of that—but, well, women got such queer fixed ideas.

Business thrived. Ted's show was promoted to mention on the advance bills. Jizzle also thrived. She took to Ted's left shoulder as her favorite perch, which was somehow slightly flattering, and also had publicity value.

Little was to be seen of Rosie, however. She seemed always to be off drinking tea in some other caravan. If Ted had to go out on business he had to shut Jizzle up in the trailer alone.

His single suggestion that Rosie might act as guardian had met with such an emphatic refusal that he did not like to repeat it. At night Rosie did her best to ignore Jizzle altogether. The monkey responded with sulky moods which broke on occasion into snickers. At such times Rosie would relinquish indifference, and glare at her angrily.

Ted was aware that Rosie had grown less companionable toward him. There was a grudgingness in her manner that had never been there before. It worried him; the money that now rolled in was by no means everything.

Had he not been a reasonable, clear-thinking man, he might have begun to

COLLIER'S **"Tommy is all right, but every once in a while he thinks basketball is more important than girls"** WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

feel some resentment against Jizzle himself. . . .

The puzzle was to a great extent resolved on a night about six weeks later when Ted came back to the trailer later than usual. He had had several drinks, but he was not drunk. He walked into the trailer with a sheet of paper rolled in his hand, and stood looking down at Rosie, who was already in bed.

"You—!" he said. He leaned over and smacked her face hard.

Rosie, startled out of sleep, was as much bewildered as hurt. Ted glared down at her.

"Now I understand quite a lot. Spying on you, you said. What a mug I've been! No wonder you didn't want her around."

"What are you talking about?" Rosie demanded, with tears already in her eyes.

"You know. I expect everyone knows but me."

"But, Ted—"

"You can save your breath. Look at this!"

He unrolled the sheet of paper before her. Rosie stared at it. It was surprising how much obscene suggestion could reside in a few simple lines.

"While I was doing the patter," Ted said. "All sniggering their bloody heads off before I saw what was happening. Funny, isn't it?" He looked down at the drawing.

There could not be a moment's doubt for any who knew them that the woman and man involved were Rosie and El Magnifico.

Rosie flushed. She jumped from the bed and made a vicious grab at the top of the cupboard. Jizzle evaded her skillfully.

Ted caught her arm and jerked her back.

"It's too late for that now," he said.

The flush had gone, leaving her face white.

"Ted," she said. "You don't believe—?"

"Spying on you!" he repeated.

"But, Ted, I didn't mean—"

He slapped her again across the face.

Rosie caught her breath; her eyes narrowed.

"Damn you! *Damn you!*" she said, and went for him like a fury.

Ted reached one hand behind him and unlatched the door. He turned Rosie around and thrust her outside. She stumbled down the three steps, tripped on the hem of her nightgown, and fell to the ground.

Ted slammed the door shut, and snapped the bolt.

Up on the cupboard Jizzle snickered. Ted threw a saucepan at her. She dodged it, and snickered again. . . .

Next morning the manager and the ringmaster were faced with the problem of finding at short notice a man of presence and intrepid appearance to take El Magnifico's place in the lion's cage. Quite half the day passed before anyone but Ted knew that Rosie also was missing.

Ted spent the next few days in alternate moods of anger and remorse. He had not realized what Rosie's absence would mean. He had done, as he saw it, the only thing a man could do in the circumstances—but very bitterly he was aware of the craven wish that he had never learned the circumstances.

Jizzle's perching on his shoulder became a source of irritation. He took to pushing her off impatiently. But for the monkey he never need have known about Rosie. He began to hate the sight of Jizzle.

For a week he continued to give the show, mechanically, but with increasing distaste. Then he approached George Haythorpe of the rifle range. George reckoned it could be done. Muriel, his wife, could easily manage the range with a girl to help her; he himself was willing to take over Jizzle and run the act, with Ted retaining a twenty per cent interest in the gross.

"That is," George added, "if the monkey will stand for it. She seems mighty attached to you."

For a day or two it appeared doubtful that Jizzle would leave Ted, but gradually, by patient and repeated removal, the change in mastery was made plain to her. She sulked for two days and finally accepted it.

IT WAS a relief to be free of Jizzle—but it did not bring back Rosie. The trailer seemed emptier than ever. After a few days of morbid inactivity Ted took himself in hand. He pulled out his old stock, unrolled some of the old bills for the Psychological Stimulator and settled down to letter some new ones: MODERNIZE YOUR MENTALITY. CONFIDENCE CREATES CASH. A KEEN MIND IS A KEY MIND.

In a short while he was back at the old stand and the mugs were putting up their half crowns with a will. But it wasn't quite the same without Rosie handing out the bottles.

Jizzle was now working well with George. The act was playing to capacity, but Ted felt no tinge of jealousy or regret as he watched the crowds going in. Even his share of the takings brought him little pleasure. He would have given up any amount of money just to have Rosie beside him again. He tried to trace her, but without success. . . .

A month passed. Then one night Ted was awakened by a knock on the trailer door. His heart thumped. Even at that moment he had been dreaming of Rosie! He jumped out of bed to open the door.

But it was not Rosie. It was George, with Jizzle on his shoulder and one of the rifles from the range in his hand.

"What?" began Ted dazedly. He had been so sure it was Rosie coming back. "What—?"

"I'll show you what, you blighter," said George. "Just take a look at that!"

He held out a sheet of paper.

Ted looked. Compromising would have been the severest possible understatement of the attitude in which George's wife, Muriel, was displayed with Ted.

Ted raised his horrified eyes—

George lifted the rifle. On his shoulder Jizzle snickered.

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PAL THAT I LOATHE

Continued from page 19

again came up to George's desk. "Congratulations, pal," he said. "You're in. Tonight you shall dine and dance in the presence of Mildred Norton."

"You mean—" George gasped, "that I've really got a date with Mildred?"

"*We* have," said Steve affably. "It's going to be a foursome. Mildred's got a sister." . . .

Although George knew full well what would happen that night, he accompanied Steve to the apartment shared by Mildred and her sister.

"Hi, beautiful," said Steve as Mildred came to the door. "You look good enough to eat and, boy, have I got an appetite! You know George, don't you?"

"How are you, George? Come on in."

They entered the apartment and were seated. Mildred had cocktails ready.

"Oh, incidentally," she said, "you've never met my sister, have you?" She raised her voice. "Sue," she called.

A BEDROOM door opened and Sue came in. She was blond like Mildred but she was neither calm nor composed; she was effervescent and hoydenish and her features could not be called classical. She was shamelessly attired only in her underwear; her hair was in disarray and she had metal curlers in her mouth.

"Hello, boys," said Sue through the metal objects. "Glad to have you aboard. Sorry to keep you waiting but it's these hod-damned patented curlers. Bear with me a moment, will you?"

"Good, good, good," said Steve expansively. He was sitting very close to Mildred. They were sipping cocktails. George wasn't shocked; he was dead.

On the way downtown in a taxi George and Sue sat in the jump seats. They went to a night club of Steve's selection, sat at a table Steve picked out and drank drinks Steve ordered.

"Did you know that George and I went through the Italian campaign together?" Steve asked Mildred. "Sure thing. We took everything they could throw at us, side by side."

"I think that's awfully sweet," said Mildred.

"As a bare statement of fact," said Sue, "it'll do. But if it's the beginning of a monologue, I'll take a small beer."

"Sue," said Mildred, "you shouldn't talk like that."

"Sue's right," said Steve. "This is no time for reminiscing. This is time for fun. Let's dance."

"I think it would be sweet," said Mildred.

They danced away. George stared after them, having forgotten the presence of Sue.

"Georgie," said Sue presently, "will you please reel in your torch? Everybody's looking."

"Huh?" asked George, startled. "What torch?"

"The one you're packing," said Sue.

George said nothing.

"Georgie," said Sue. "What's with you and old triple-good Steve?"

"Huh?" asked George.

"Besides a torch in your hand," said Sue, "you've got a ring in your nose."

"Steve," said George, "went through the Italian campaign with me."

"So he said," remarked Sue.

"He saved my life."

"Oh," said Sue.

George went on. "It was night. He was in an advanced, one-man artillery observation post. I was to relieve him. Somehow I got lost. I wandered too near the enemy lines. I got a machine gun bullet in my chest. I must have yelled pretty loud before I blacked out. Steve crawled out and dragged me to safety. I would have bled to death in a matter of a few more minutes."

"I see," said Sue.

"I wouldn't have done it for him," said George. "Yet he faced what was almost certain death for me. I hate his guts."

"So do I," said Sue enthusiastically. "I don't like his face, either. With that wavy hair and that slick mustache he looks like a marcelled shark. Okay, now we're getting somewhere. You hate his guts and you want Mildred. Why don't you move in on her?"

"But can't you see?" asked George bitterly. "I owe my life to him. I know he takes advantage of me, but if it weren't for him, I wouldn't be here to be taken advantage of."

"You're a sentimentalist," said Sue. "You've got a Frankenstein's monster of obligation riding on your shoulder and it's of your own making. If you don't get out from under, it's going to destroy you; it would have been far better if Steve had minded his own business and let you die out there in Italy that night."

George stared at her with something akin to admiration. "You've put it very well," he said.

"Again don't let appearances deceive you," said Sue. "People think I'm the dumb member of the family; but I'm not, I'm the smart one. That, however, is beside the point. If you prefer 'em beautiful and stupid, Mildred's the gal for you and you've got every right to go get her, even if you do regret it later."

Steve and Mildred returned.

"We were just talking about you, Stevie," said Sue.

"Nothing bad, I hope," said Steve. "What'd he tell you?"

"That you were buddies in the Italian campaign," said Sue.

"Oh," said Steve, "George probably exaggerated *my* part."

"That's what I'm trying to convince him of," said Sue.

Steve stared curiously at her and then grinned, deciding that it was all a joke. "Oh, by the way, laddie-buck," he said to George. "Mildred and I have discovered that we both like this new be-bop stuff. I know a cozy little place uptown where they really dish it out. Now I know you kids'll have more fun by yourselves, so you won't mind, will you, if we split our forces?"

"Let's all four go," suggested Mildred, glancing at George.

George realized that Mildred was holding a door open for him but he was too dispirited to accept.

"No, you two run along," he said.

"Good, good, good," said Steve and he and Mildred left.

"If you'll notice, laddie-buck," said Sue to George, "Steve left you holding the bag for the check."

On the way home, Sue did not berate George. He was too unhappy and she was too softhearted. Besides her exact feelings toward this suffering oaf were not as clear-cut as they had been. She was becoming confused.

At the doorway of the apartment, she reached up, placed her arms around George and kissed him.

"What's that for?" asked George.

"You've just won the booby prize," said Sue and closed the door in his face.

MUCH later that night, Mildred bade Steve good night at the door, allowed him to kiss her, and then closed the door on his foot. She went to her room, put on a cream-colored negligee and lay back on the bed. Sue came in.

"You look like a cat with two trained mice," Sue said. "Well, which one is it going to be?"

"I had a lot of fun with Steve," said Mildred lazily. "On the other hand I like George quite a lot."

"If you have any sense, you'll grab George. He's nuts about you and he's honest and honorable."

"Why, darling!" mocked Mildred. "Why all this concern for me? I thought you didn't like me."

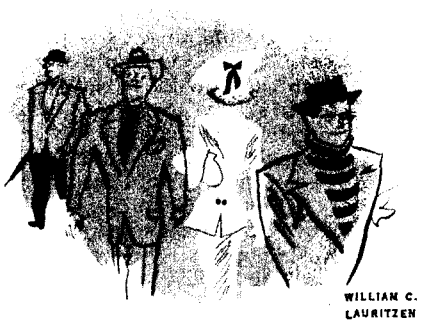
"I don't," said Sue. "I just want to get you married off before you have to go be-bopping in a wheel chair." . . .

There were several more four-way dates after that. The arrangement held together because Mildred, although becoming discouraged about George, wanted him around—just in case. George accepted the situation because he was in love with Mildred and that was the only way he could be close to her. Sue accepted the situation because she was in love with George and that was the only way she could be close to him. Steve was perfectly happy about the whole thing.

The sales manager of the Fansler Appliance Company resigned and speculation was rife as to who would succeed him. Finally office gossip narrowed the field down to George and Steve, with George having the edge. Strangely enough, most of the staff were rooting for Steve. They all knew, from Steve, of course, that he had saved George's life.

Inasmuch as they had nothing personally to lose in the transaction, George's co-workers could afford to take a broad, altruistic view of the matter. Directly and indirectly, they let George know that they would consider him a rank ingrate if he were to accept a job that the man to whom he owed his very existence had his heart set on.

Thus it was not only George's own



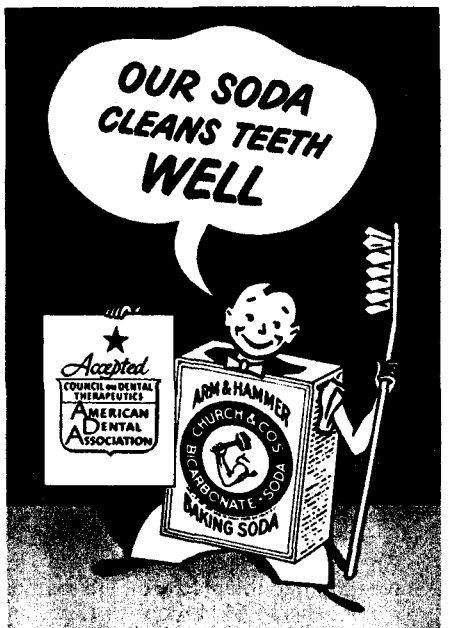
WILLIAM C. LAURITZEN

Our Vanishing Wild Life

The wolf's been banished!
Goody! He's vanished
With other extinct phenomena,
Though once his howls
On his evil prowls
Were wild as a tomcat's, and commoner.

No rude passerby
Now gives me the eye
Or ventures remarks even bolder,
And I take the air
Safe from whistle and stare.
Or is it just that I'm older?

—ETHEL JACOBSON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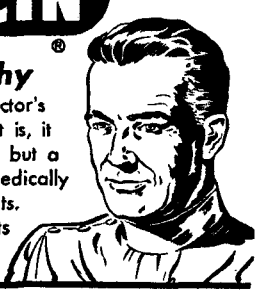

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inner compulsion but the weight of public opinion which caused him to make the decision he did. Colonel Fansler called him into his office and offered him the sales managership.

"Thanks," said George, "but I don't think I'm the man for the job—"

Colonel Fansler stared at him, disappointed and angry. "I don't know exactly what's behind this," he said, "but I can guess and I think you're a damned fool. In any event, the mere fact that you hesitate about accepting the job proves to me that you're not fit for it."

A FEW days later the annual outing of the company was held at a small beach resort, the entire facilities of which had been taken over by Colonel Fansler. The day began officially when the colonel mounted a platform and made a speech in which he announced the appointment of a new sales manager—Steve Dudley.

An enthusiastic cheer went up and Steve mounted the platform. He thanked the colonel and his fellow workers and then launched into his favorite topic. He compared the battle of business to the Italian campaign, which it appeared he had won practically singlehanded.

"And now," he said in conclusion, "inasmuch as ingratitude is the worst sin of which a man can be guilty, I hate to admit that I have returned Colonel Fansler evil for good; I have stolen his secretary. I am happy to announce that Mildred Norton has consented to be my bride."

As the cheering died down, George realized that Sue was standing beside him and that she was holding his hand.

"Well, go on, say it," he said.

"Okay," said Sue, "I'll say it, although I know damned well it'll do me no good —I love you, you big yuck." Then she turned and walked hurriedly away.

Later that afternoon, Sue walked out onto the fishing pier. George, attired in a bathing suit and bathrobe, was lying on a bench, either asleep or pretending to be. What George was really doing was listening over and over again to a small, determined voice saying, *I love you,* and savoring the infinite sweetness of being called a big yuck. Sue had no way of guessing this, however. She went on to the end of the pier where Steve, standing outside the guard rail on a piling, was fishing. Another pole leaned against the rail near him.

"Where's Mildred?" asked Sue.

"Went to get me a bottle of beer," said Steve. "Well, Sookie, aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"For what?" asked Sue fiercely. "Stealing George's girl or stealing his job?"

Steve, not looking around, laughed derisively.

Infuriated, Sue picked up the spare fishing pole, thrust the butt end toward Steve and pushed it against the small of his back. There was a wild, loud scream of terror and Steve disappeared from sight.

"Good, good, good," said Sue.

George came running up to find Sue peering interestedly down at the water. "What happened?" he asked.

"I think," said Sue deliberately, "that laddie-buck is drowning. Shall we let the others in on it, or keep it all to ourselves?"

George threw off the bathrobe, dived over the rail and swam toward Steve, who was going down for the fifth time, thus disproving the theory that three times are sufficient. It was not a difficult rescue. Steve was almost unconscious and his body was limp. George had an easy time towing him.

An excited onlooker lowered a grappling hook and Steve was pulled ignominiously to safety. George climbed a ladder to the pier's topside. Steve was soon sitting up, surrounded by a large crowd. George shoved through the crowd and Steve looked up at him and grinned.

"Thanks, laddie-buck," he said weakly

and then he turned an angry look on Sue. "You pushed me," he said. "Why?"

"Oh, it seemed a good idea at the time," said Sue. "And, by the way, laddie-buck, do you realize what this means? It means that you and George are even now. You saved his life and he, dumb as he is, saved yours."

A great wave of exultation swept over George. He felt so buoyant that it seemed he was floating.

"And, incidentally, laddie-buck," said Sue, staring thoughtfully at Steve, "I really don't think you are even. I think George is one up on you. I think you're a phony. You aren't the stuff that heroes are made of. You panic too easily. You can swim. I know; I've seen you. And yet when you hit the water a while ago you lost your head; you were so busy yelling for help that you swallowed enough water to sink a barge. You don't have to confess. I know that you never saved George's life or anyone else's."

Steve grinned sardonically up at George. "She's a darned sight smarter'n you are, laddie-buck," he said. "You know I always hated you. I knew you detested me and I resented it. If it had been up to me that night, you'd still be in Italy pushing up grapevines. Do you want to know who really saved you? It was a little *Italiano,* hardly half your size. He came up to my post all doubled up, with you over his shoulders, and dropped you at my feet. He asked for a cigarette, which I gave him, and then he disappeared. That, Georgie boy, was what your life was worth to the *Italiano* —one cigarette."

He glanced at the faces around him, sensed their hostility and seemed perversely to glory in it. "It was the best investment I ever made," he went on. "I parlayed that cigarette into everything I could get out of you. Among other things I got your girl."

George put his arm around Sue and squeezed her so hard that she gasped. "You didn't get my girl," he said.

STEVE stared at them for a moment. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said. "Anyway, I got your job and—"

"You haven't got that any more," said Colonel Fansler, who had come unnoticed into the group. "George, I want you in my office first thing in the morning."

Steve sat in his puddle of water and grinned impudently at his former boss. "That's okay, too." He shrugged. "I'm a restless man and your job promised to be too confining. I suppose the only reason I went out for it was that I knew George wanted it so badly."

He started to get up and slipped in a puddle. Someone laughed. Mildred stepped forward, took his hand and helped him to his feet.

"Come on, hon," she said calmly. "Let's take you someplace and get you wrung out."

"Good golly," said Steve in astonishment. "You don't mean you still want me, do you?"

"Well," said Mildred, shrugging, "you're alive, aren't you?"

She took him by the arm and piloted him off. George was busy trying to kiss the freckles off Sue's ear when Steve came back onto the scene.

"What a pal!" he scoffed. "What a buddy! Why, laddie-buck, you aren't even an honest man. What do I have to do to make you pay your just debts, sue you?"

"What," gasped George, "do you mean?"

"I told you, didn't I," said Steve evenly, "that your life cost me one cigarette? I want it back."

At that moment, George, in his newfound happiness, almost forgave Steve for the past; he almost liked him. He reached into the pocket of his bathrobe.

"Here, Steve," he said, "take a whole pack."

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HAS THE TOOTHACHE BEEN STOPPED?

Continued from page 31

completely satisfactory. Doubters could point out that other factors might have worked to reduce the decay rate in the treated children. It was not likely, of course, but it was best to button this thing up tightly. Why not conduct another experiment, letting each child act as his own control? Why not, for example, treat a *part* of a child's mouth, and leave another part untreated? Then compare decay rates in the two areas?

Another experiment was blocked out along these lines. A group of 42 children, all highly susceptible to decay, were selected. Their upper-right and lower-left teeth would be treated with the chemicals, the rest left untreated. This was done and a year later the children were re-examined.

In treated portions of their mouths, there was a total of 16 new cavities. In the untreated sections, there was a total of 83 new cavities. Here was a reduction in decay rate of over 80 per cent! Gottlieb's idea had worked. His chemicals had stopped formation of eight out of ten cavities, saving children that much grief in the dentist's chair.

Report on an All-Ages Group

In private practice, the chemicals turned in the same brilliant results. One dentist kept check on a group of 75 treated patients ranging in age from three to eighty years. In this group, only 22 new cavities appeared in the year following treatment—less than a third of a new cavity per person!

In this group, one eleven-year-old girl had exceptionally bad teeth. In the year prior to treatment, she had eleven cavities. In the year following treatment, only one small decay spot appeared. Another youngster, a three-year-old boy, had teeth so bad that no dentist would attempt to fix them. In this child, the chemicals stopped decay in its tracks—and will likely hold the teeth in good condition until permanent teeth appear.

Children who suffered a toothache every time they ate a piece of candy saw pain disappear as the chemicals blocked pain pathways. Those who couldn't tolerate ice cream started eating it with relish. Perhaps the most striking case of all was presented by the small nephew of a dentist who had been highly critical of Gottlieb's work.

The child's teeth were so sensitive to heat, cold, sweet and other foods that he was refusing to eat. His weight was declining at an alarming rate and the child was morosely unhappy. The chemicals eliminated tooth sensitivity and the child's health was restored. The critical dentist apologized to Gottlieb, became an ardent enthusiast for the new method of chemical impregnation.

Where Bacteria Enter

As techniques for applying the chemicals were improved after these early tests, the impregnation method proved itself capable of reducing decay at least 90 per cent. Why not 100 per cent? Gottlieb guesses that no matter how careful the treatment, some crevices are left unfilled. Bacteria slip through these open channels.

While these results have been accumulating, dentists have found additional uses for Gottlieb's chemicals. In preparing a tooth for filling, tubules in the dentine are left exposed. This accounts for the fact that new fillings are often painful for weeks—the tubules conducting pain sensations to the nerve. Why not, Gottlieb asked, seal off these tubules as a routine part of filling preparation? Scores of dentists adopted this procedure with excellent results. New fillings and crowns ceased to be uncomfortable in people with highly sensitive teeth.

As this experimental work progressed, set techniques and recommendations for applying the chemicals were worked out. Also, a new chemical was added to the two originally used—silver nitrate. The use of silver nitrate makes possible the formation of two more insoluble chemicals—thereby insuring greater penetration and stoppage of tooth fissures. Silver nitrate, however, is used only on back teeth—for fear that it might blacken front teeth. This hasn't happened, but dentists want to stay on the safe side.

"I spend all day cleaning and waxing the floors, then you come home and walk on them!"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

As already noted, the first step is to clean teeth thoroughly. Then groups of three to five teeth are blocked off at a time with cotton rolls or rubber dams. Meticulous care is exercised to see that they are *absolutely dry*.

Then a 40 per cent solution of zinc chloride is painted on with a cotton pellet and worked between the teeth with dental floss. This is permitted to dry for one minute, then a 20 per cent solution of potassium ferrocyanide is painted on. After this, a 10 per cent solution of silver nitrate is applied to the back teeth. As a precautionary move—to be sure every tooth crevice is plugged—the whole procedure is repeated a second, and sometimes a third time.

Treatment of First Teeth

According to present recommendations, children highly susceptible to decay should have teeth treated at the age of three. In no case should this be postponed past the age of six—when the first permanent teeth appear. Since the chemical plugs will wear away in time, the treatment must be repeated from time to time. If children have lots of decay they should be treated two to three times a year. In adults, treatment once a year might suffice.

This treatment is completely painless—as I can attest. I have had it. Beyond a slight puckering of the mouth, caused by astringent zinc chloride, there are no sensations beyond those associated with cleaning of the teeth. In the hands of the skilled Dallas dentist who treated me, the entire procedure took exactly one hour. Since the cost of the chemicals is negligible, the cost of the treatment is governed entirely by the price any dentist puts on his time—$10 to $25 an hour would be a probable range.

Gottlieb's radical new theory explains many puzzling questions about dental decay. Why does the decay rate decline as people grow older? Apparently, as less calcium is needed for bone building, this mineral shows up in increasing quantity in the saliva. The saliva, in turn, deposits it in tooth fissures, thereby blocking the entrance for bacteria.

How do the fluorides, which are demonstrably effective in cutting the decay rate, work? Gottlieb thinks they react with tooth calcium to block crevices in enamel. Why do Eskimos have excellent teeth? Possibly because they subsist largely on proteins and fats—which are notably poor fodder for the bacteria of decay.

This completely new concept of tooth decay, and the means by which it can be controlled, looks like the greatest advance in modern dentistry. It promises better teeth, the elimination of a major portion of the painful hours spent in the dentist's chair. Furthermore, it promises to give the child treated today a means of escaping the dental ills that beset most of the adult world.

Since the treatment is so new, it isn't likely that more than a small portion of the public have even heard of it. People may even confuse it with the application of fluorides to the teeth—which gives results less than half as good. Any dentist wanting full facts about the treatment may get them from Dr. Gottlieb, Baylor Dental College, Dallas, Texas.

The men most familiar with the treatment, a small group of Dallas dentists, are overwhelmingly sold on it. Not long ago, one of them gave Gottlieb the highest praise any scientist can get. "After you are dead," he said, "you will be a famous man."

"The price is too high," Gottlieb replied.

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I SURRENDERED CORREGIDOR

Continued from page 13

voices died out; the last scufflings stopped. The brown figures crammed shoulder to shoulder in the dim niches, blurred into faceless, muck-shrouded lumps.

Only an occasional cough marred the illusion that the tunnel had become a tomb of mummies awaiting the final trumpet or the pick of the excavator. Meanwhile, those inside the laterals were, at my orders, similarly frozen. Under no circumstances were they to approach the main tunnel.

A Soldier's Sorriest Task

The dead silence of our tomb now gave the din outside a deafening echo. Standing there, awaiting the sorriest task that can befall a soldier, I became aware of another kind of echo. For the first time in my life I felt my heart, like a little machine kicking against my shirt. If this were fear, it was as much for the command as for myself.

Five ghastly minutes passed, then ten! My God, I prayed, could it be that the resourceful Ted had also been killed? My eyes watered from the strain of peering at the entrance.

It was a terrible relief when Kalukuka swam into view framed by two Nips. One was a major in command of a battalion near the entrance and the other a lieutenant who, by his knowledge of Russian, had been the "contact."

The Japs stepped up to me. They studied the men and, with a roll of brown eyes, cased the tunnel all the way up to the arch. The major muttered in Jap to the lieutenant who tossed it in Russian to Kalukuka who put it in English for me:

"We are coming in and will give you 10 minutes to get everybody through the west entrance. If you are not out by that time it will be too bad."

At this arrogance I momentarily forgot my role and flared to Kalukuka: "You tell him there are 2,000 men in this tunnel alone. It will be impossible to get them out in that time. Also, there is firing going on outside that entrance and it must be stopped before the men will place themselves in a position to be shot down."

Then, remembering the necessity for appeasement, I added: "Give them my guarantee that I will get every man outside of this tunnel as quickly as I can, if they will give me time to do it."

This was fed to the major and I watched the faces of the Japs closely. Incorrigible liars themselves, they judge their enemies by their own standards. Those slant eyes, buried behind the raw cheekbones, were inscrutable; their features did not so much as twitch. My hopes rose, however, as the pause lengthened.

Even before the major's gibber got to me in English, I knew I had won the point:

"All right! You make a line through your soldiers so we can get through to the other entrance, and stop the firing."

Taking Kalukuka, they disappeared east through the barrier. I turned to the men, few of whom had heard this exchange, and explained the situation. Once again I warned:

"Squeeze back just as close as you can to both walls and open the widest possible aisle from the west entrance. Remember what I said about silence and, for God's sake, don't move a finger."

The poor fellows actually did back themselves so close that even if, as was not unlikely, one or more of them fainted, there was no room to fall to the floor.

Back through the sandbag barrier strode the major and lieutenant with Kalukuka between, behind them a procession which, to the Western mind, could exist only in a nightmare or the fevered imagination of a Floyd Gibbons.

In crept four weird military coolies at hesitating pace; they had flame throwers strapped to their backs and carried bamboo poles to the ends of which were attached sticks of dynamite, evidently for blowing up barricades.

Then followed more—about twenty in all—with tommy guns, rifles and bayonets. All wore black shoes with the rubber soles and the split toes common to the Japanese army. They were clad in camouflage suits with hoods of green netting thrown back from their faces.

The tension was terrible. The hatred among the men could be felt in the fetid air and, momentarily crazed as some of them were, I still feared an outburst. Had it come, we should all have been instantly wiped out. These conquerors, quite unfamiliar with their part, had a jittery fear of Americans or, for that matter, of all Westerners. Our discipline held, however. I think the dead-pan immobility of the men rivaled anything the Orient could have produced.

The major halted the procession when it reached me. Swiftly, the Japs on the flanks raced down the eastern laterals. Apparently they feared a trap of some kind. When these fellows had panted back to position the major, who had been returning my cold stare, rapped out an order which ricocheted through the tunnel.

"As soon as my men have passed through the west entrance you will order your men to follow as quickly as you can. I will stop the firing. Once outside, you will remain where you are."

Brushing down the tunnel past our men, they went out of the west entrance. In a few minutes firing ceased at that point and our evacuation began. It went off without a hitch and, by 4:00 P.M., it was all over.

Waiting for the Enemy

Walking back through the tunnel I turned off into my headquarters at lateral No. 3 to await the coming of the Japs. I was now alone in the honeycomb, except for the rats which squeaked and scampered in their own continual conflict.

Despite the anguish of the last days in this place, I was filled with the melancholy of moving day. It was like waiting in an empty house, an old home still echoing departed voices where the familiar furniture is either gone or scattered about in unseemly postures. Torn paper lay calf-deep in virtually every office in the laterals; though it seemed ages ago, it was only the night before that we had set about to destroy all records.

I sat among the litter—waiting. Soon the firing stopped at the east entrance and I heard the Japs' shoes slapping down the tunnel.

In no time at all my office was filled with the enemy. I stood at attention and, as they circled me, I sadly contemplated the runtiness of these men. I knew the shame of a mastiff being sniffed at by a pack of poodles.

They took my jewelry and watch—everything of personal value except the West Point ring which I had had the foresight to conceal under my dog tag. Touchy as the Japs are about their own samurai swords, they find exquisite pleasure in filching the nearest equivalent from an American officer.

The Nips were hardly gone before General Moore and his aide Major Bob Brown entered the tunnel. All through the surrender procedure, I now learned, these two were being held against a tree with bayonets at their throats. Wainwright and the rest of the group had, meanwhile, been packed off to Homma's headquarters on Bataan.

That night, while the rest of the command lay in the open space just outside the west entrance, we senior officers sat up in the tunnel wondering what in the world was happening to Wainwright and his party.

Their personal safety was now our only concern since, regardless of the outcome of his negotiations, the surrender had been accomplished. Except for a small number of men still holding out on Topside, all of us on Corregidor were prisoners of the Japs.

Early the next morning the Wainwright party at last arrived to fill us in on the rest of the story. His mission had been a total failure. In conference, Homma had refused to accept surrender of Corregidor unless it included all other forces under General Wainwright's command in the Philippine theater.

Grim Choice for the General

Specifically, Wainwright's alternative was to submit to annihilation on the Rock, or order Major General William F. Sharp to quit in the Visayan-Mindanao area.

Sharp still had lots of fighting possibilities and, as the American writhed in dilemma, the Jap had suddenly stalked out.

General Wainwright had no choice but to rejoin his men in the suffocating hellhole.

On returning to the island he was, by his own account, astonished to find his men under guard at the west entrance of the tunnel, with the Japs in complete control of Malinta Hill. Only then did he finally decide to meet the enemy's terms.

The papers Wainwright signed that night merely gave formal recognition to the fact that Corregidor was in possession of the enemy.

Not until May 8th, two days after the actual surrender described here, did General Homma deign to acknowledge it on paper.

Though Wainwright and I spent considerable time together in prison camp, we never discussed this matter. I assumed he had learned the facts. On reading the book he copyrighted in 1946, however, I found that he was still unaware of them.

When he reads this he will know that it was the bravery of Kalukuka that broke his dilemma and saved countless lives on Corregidor.

As for my decision in sending Ted Kalukuka out, the public and the men who were on Corregidor with me must judge.

WILLIAM C. LAURITZEN

If the Truth Were Told in Thank-You Notes

Thanks for the ties my husband hates
And for my son's "beginner's" skates.
He's sorry that you didn't know
He mastered skating long ago.

The "Bedtime" book was dandy too,
A tale familiar through and through.
The mittens also made a hit,
Until we found they didn't fit.

Thanks also for the cocktail tray.
It served us drinks on Christmas Day
And struck a note of right good cheer.
It's what we sent *you* just last year!

—MARGARET FISHBACK

"By the way, girls, just so I wouldn't miss anything, I've been making a wire recording of everything that was said while I was out of the room"

COLLIER'S — LARRY HARRIS

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THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY CRISIS

Continued from page 9

a fraternity," he related. "Having some standing doubts, I asked the person inviting me what sort of an outfit it was.

" 'Oh, this is a regular fraternity,' he replied. 'You know—Christian, and all that.'

"I pondered a moment. That word *Christian*. What did he mean?

" 'You know, Christian—no Jews, Negroes or Catholics! Just a nice bunch of regular fellows. That's our constitution!' "

The University of Minnesota has 32 national fraternities. Forty per cent have definite discriminatory clauses in their constitutions. Several others simply discriminate by "gentlemen's agreement."

Intimations of Reprisal

Should a chapter revolt against what seems to be headquarters policy it would probably find itself up against the sort of situation described to me by John Dablow, fraternity adviser. "Some national fraternities have told us," he said, "that if Minnesota takes a stand against discrimination, they will revoke the charter of their chapter and remove their fraternity from our campus."

One national fraternity, apparently sensing hostility to its policy in some quarters, is sending its national executive around the country—ostensibly to "liberalize" its constitution. Yet students in one chapter were shocked to hear this good-will emissary say, "I've got a good chance of getting that discriminatory clause taken out—so long as you boys don't go taking in any damn' niggers."

Picturesque Amherst College, Massachusetts, has been a testing ground in the fight between a national fraternity which favors discrimination and a local chapter of that fraternity which does not. Amherst has 13 fraternities. They all used to be national. Only 11 are national now. Two have been thrown out of their national organizations for refusing to practice racial discrimination.

At the close of the war a faculty committee at Amherst recommended that fraternities be abolished. An alumni committee, four fifths of whose membership consisted of fraternity men, surprised the whole campus by making the same suggestion.

But instead of abolishing fraternities, the Amherst board of trustees gave them a sound overhauling. It ruled in April, 1946, that fraternities would have to take discriminatory language out of their constitutions or get off the campus. Their deadline for complying is February, 1951.

The first national organization to yelp at this order—and other fraternity reforms—was Delta Tau Delta. It sent a letter to its Amherst chapter denying it permission to reopen after the war. It was to stay closed, the letter stated, until Amherst became "a suitable field for national fraternities" and until the Amherst chapter could "conform to the established customs, rules and standards of Delta Tau Delta fraternity."

Calling a meeting, the Amherst chapter, along with alumni from the Massachusetts towns, drew up a resounding declaration of independence, stating:

"They (members of the Amherst chapter) have gone through a war where the ideals of democracy were tested under fire. They are serious in their wish to see their ideals in action. They are unafraid of, in fact welcome, the opportunity to be in a fraternity, whether it be local or national, where they may exercise their democratic rights to determine with whom they may associate without let or hindrance from some power which considers itself higher than the country in which they live or the college they have chosen."

So saying, the Delta Tau Deltas of Amherst College kissed the national organization good-by and formed their own local fraternity, Kappa Theta. They have already expressed their independence by admitting two boys who would have been barred by the race and creed clauses in the national constitution.

In the year just passed, courageous Amherst has had its hands full with the initiation of a Negro student into Phi Kappa Psi. The Amherst chapter informed its national organization two weeks ahead of time that the initiation of the Negro boy, Thomas Gibbs, was going to take place. The Phi Kappa Psi executive council reacted with such swiftness that the Amherst chapter was already an orphan—fired from the national organization for "unfraternal conduct"—by the time Gibbs was initiated on November 23d.

The Amherst boys seem exhilarated at having fought this issue. Speaking of their new fraternity brother, one of them said, "We want him with us because he's a great guy. We aren't interested in his race, or his color or anything else—just in what he is for himself."

But this is not being echoed across the country. Far from it. In a bull session of fraternity men at the University of Wisconsin, I heard a towheaded lad jump up and cry, "To hell with this talk of democratization! They've got *their own* fraternities!"

I had heard that phrase often. When I tried it out on Wilbert Whitsett, president of Alpha Phi Alpha, a Negro fraternity, at the University of Pittsburgh, he replied, "If we are not permitted to join other fraternities, we *must* form a fraternity of our own. We have no other choice."

One of his colleagues pointed out, "In the land of Jim Crow, you ride in the back of the bus—or not at all."

A member of a Jewish fraternity remarked, "The pattern of segregation is fixed by the so-called white Caucasian fraternities. We simply have to fit into it." He smiled wearily. "Nobody really *likes* to live in a ghetto. But sometimes you have to."

Indexed by Race and Creed

Every year thousands of freshmen, accustomed to being regarded simply as Americans, enter college to discover that they are sorted out by fraternities into pigeonholes labeled Protestant, Catholic, Jew; then cross-filed as white, black, yellow or brown.

"Now—just a minute!" objected a fraternity man when this subject came up at the Alpha Delta Phi house at Amherst. "What about your golf clubs, your business clubs, your country clubs—aren't they doing the very same thing?"

I jotted his words in my notebook and tossed them a few days later to the president of Amherst College, Dr. Charles Woolsey Cole.

President Cole replied, "Institutions of learning ought to pick and choose the *best* parts of our culture, not the *worst*. College students ought to set the pace. If they make enough headway with the democratic idea, the country clubs and the business clubs will come along later."

Setting atop the college fraternity structure is the National Interfraternity Conference comprising 58 national fraternities. At its 40th annual meeting in New York recently, the N.I.C. abortively battled over the discrimination issue and finally put it on ice for another year.

However, some of the N.I.C.'s leaders have not hesitated to present what they call the "other side" of the discrimination picture. At one meeting, a top N.I.C. officer appealed to Americans to "stop shivering at the word 'discrimination.' "

He said, "I love the discriminating tongue, the discriminating eye, and the discriminating ear, and above all, the discriminating mind and soul. The person for whom I can find no love and no respect is the indiscriminate person. To be indiscriminate is to be common, to be vulgar."

One N.I.C. spokesman insists, "There is nothing arbitrary or capricious or unnatural about fraternity membership restrictions based on race, creed or color. College and university administrators who attempt to prevent forcibly the nation's fraternities from exercising racial and religious restrictions in choosing members are violating the tenets of democracy!"

Trying Out a Milder Word

With softer pedal, the executive secretary of a national fraternity said to me, "I wouldn't say we *discriminate*. All we have is a 'restrictive clause.' You simply have to get the consent of every official of the national organization if you want to take in somebody of a *different* race or religion."

At Williams College, a committee on postwar extracurricular activities while stanchly defending fraternities, made this curious statement:

"It is a truism that fraternities are undemocratic. Any social or caste system is undemocratic . . . There is no use denying the facts of life merely because one does not like them."

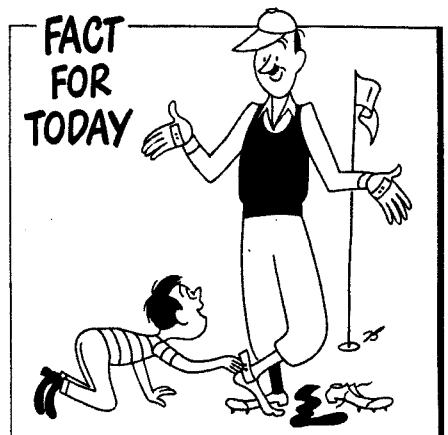
That an undemocratic caste system should be a "fact of life" in American institutions of higher learning is repugnant to a good many people. Some critics insist that colleges, being tax-free, have no right to harbor such a system. They decry the fact that in 12 states even the houses owned by discriminatory fraternities are freed from taxes.

Between the extremes of the National Interfraternity Conference and those who would abolish fraternities entirely is a middle ground which is all but obscured by flying fur. Many educators feel that the fraternity system, given—as one of them put it—"a transfusion of free American blood," could get up from its sickbed and walk with a truly democratic stride.

The transfusion had better be given soon. As President John Sloan Dickey, of Dartmouth, said to me, "Our colleges cannot for long be indifferent to an influence on their campuses which tends to fashion men's attitudes in a prejudicial way . . . We *must* find a solution in the not-too-distant future."

I spoke with Eric Johnston just after his recent trip to Russia. Johnston is a Theta Delta Chi, University of Washington, '17. He earnestly declared, "Our fraternities must be democratized. We're competing with another ideology in this world, and the competition is likely to go on for a long time. We've got to show them, and the rest of the world, that 'democracy' is more than a word over here. We've got to live democracy, not just talk democracy."

The snobs who dominate our fraternity system disgusted the students who came back from the war. The campus campaign against racial and religious discrimination was on! When the smoke cleared, something of greatness was born: a national fraternity which opened its doors alike to Christian and Jew, to white and Negro, to rich and poor. Don't miss Howard Whitman's inspirational concluding installment in next week's Collier's.



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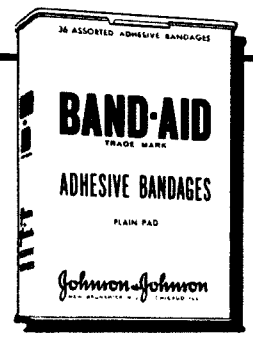

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

Continued from page 40

"Why can't the waiter come in early?" And, after some discussion, it was arranged that Walter, the gruff, bony waiter, would come in at noon the following day to help Agatha open up the bar.

The waiter glanced over his shoulder, shrugged expressively, and finished serving his tray of beers, then slowly approached the bar. His gray alpaca coat was two inches too short and his bony wrists protruded. His body was hunched at the shoulders like a man about to do a standing jump and his voice was gruff and ill-tempered as he said, "You want something?" But Agatha had a glimpse of his eyes; they were mild, kindly eyes.

"Walter, this is the new owner of the joint," Oscar said. "Miss Christopher."

WALTER murmured something and ducked his head a little lower between his shoulders. Agatha said crisply, as she thought a proprietor should speak, "Walter, I'm going to ask you to come in early tomorrow."

"How early?" said Walter.

"About noon, to open up."

"I can get another job," Walter said. "I don't have to keep this here job."

"Just for one day, Walter," Oscar said. "So I can catch up on my sleep."

"Okay," Walter said, and walked away.

Oscar grinned at Agatha and said, "You got to know how to handle Walter. Let him make his beef. Pay no attention to it. Walter will generally come around. He'll be here at noon."

"All right," Agatha said. "Walter and I will open up tomorrow, but after that, what? Oscar, I was thinking you might like to manage the place, and get another bartender."

Oscar brought out the bar rag again and began to rub the wood. "What do you figure on doing, Miss?" he asked. "You gonna sell the place or you gonna run it?"

"I'm planning to run it," she said. "For a while, anyhow."

"Then, okay, you got to have a bartender," Oscar said. "Unless you figure on tending bar yourself, like Leo did."

"Hardly," Agatha said.

"I'll get you a barman," Oscar said. "Come out back and I'll show you around."

He took them to the kitchen and introduced Agatha to Joe, the short-order cook, then showed her a cubbyhole between the kitchen and the bar that he called Leo's office. There was a desk in it, and Oscar opened the drawers and showed her bundles of bar checks bound by rubber bands.

"The books," he said. "You're gonna have a time figuring all this stuff out, Miss. There's a couple of ledgers here someplace. You'll find 'em tomorrow."

Oscar gave her Leo Christopher's ring of keys and went back to the bar, and Agatha remained with Jack Barlow in the cubbyhole that had been her uncle's office. There was a wooden bar stool, with sawed-off legs, at the desk, and on the walls were calendars, liquor bills speared on hooks, and the signed photograph of a prize fighter, framed in glass. It did not require a close scrutiny to identify the signature as that of Lefty Langan.

Agatha sat on the stool and smiled up at Jack Barlow. "I'm wondering just what to do about this fantastic place. I'm just a girl from the country. If I tried to run this place the people out there"—she waved one hand toward the barroom—"they'd head for a place where the only lady in evidence was the tattoo on the barman's wrist. Now wouldn't they?"

"You're Leo's niece," Jack said. "They seem to have thought a lot of Leo."

"Yes," Agatha said. "But I'm just not the *type*."

He grinned. "Try it and see."

"Some women could," Agatha conceded, but shook her head dubiously. "No, I'll have to sell out. I'll wait a week or so, and then go home and say I had an offer I simply couldn't refuse." She frowned. "But what can I do with ten per cent of a prize fighter? How do you sell that? Put an ad in the paper under 'Business Opportunities'?"

"From what we saw tonight I doubt if it's a negotiable property," Jack said. "It looks like you own ten per cent of a has-been."

"Maybe," Agatha said. "But Uncle Leo thought something of him."

They heard voices raised in the bar beyond, and someone saying, "Forget it, Lefty. It can happen to anybody." Agatha and Jack exchanged glances, and moved out of the office. Jack held the swinging door open for her. At the bar with fat Si Kraft, dour Tony Franklin, and the girl, Lucille, was another man. Agatha recognized him from the photograph inside as Lefty Langan.

Lucille had one hand on his shoulder and was saying, "Honey, are you all right?"

"Sure, I'm all right," said Lefty Langan.

"You ain't dizzy or anything?"

"He's all right," Oscar broke in roughly. "A good bump on the head might do him good. It might get him working on that stance. Kid, you left yourself wide open—tonight."

"Lay off," Lefty Langan said. "Gimme a rye."

"Take a beer," Oscar said.

"A rye," said Lefty Langan. "Beer chaser."

OSCAR scowled and thumped a jigger on the bar in front of the fighter, poured whisky into it with reluctance. Agatha moved up to the bar with Jack. "Hey, Lefty," said Oscar, "I want you to meet a lady. This here is Miss Agatha Christopher."

Lefty glanced up from his beer and said, "Hi, Aggie." He looked steadily at Agatha. He carried his head well back on his sloping shoulders, and his eyes were bright under the ridge of his brows, which scar tissue continued in an uneven line across his forehead above the nose.

"So you're the dame owns that ten per cent?" he said. He gave her a look like a truck driver's whistle, and while she was no more outraged than any other girl would be at a truck driver's traditional salute of approval, Agatha was nevertheless embarrassed. She had an odd, disturbed sensation and said, "Yes, I am, Mr. Langan."

For the first time she considered what it might mean to this young man to be bartered like a chattel and have ten per cent of his earnings assigned to a stranger.

"Mr. Langan," she said suddenly, "I don't want your ten per cent. I'm returning your ten per cent."

A flush rose to his broad cheekbones, and his eyes narrowed under their protective ridge; he looked angry and menacing. "So I'm a bum," he said. "Manolo gets lucky and I'm a bum. So now you don't want any part of me. Okay, lady, okay."

"I didn't mean it that way," Agatha protested. "All I meant was—"

Jack Barlow put in, "Miss Christopher was generously offering to return her percentage because she feels she has no moral right to it. Isn't that it, Agatha?"

"Exactly," Agatha said.

Lefty Langan's unnaturally bright eyes turned to her. "You seen me fight?"

"Yes," Agatha said. "Tonight. On television."

He reached for his beer, murmured out of the side of his mouth, "I had an off night. Everybody gets an off night." He drank off his beer and said to Oscar, "Hit me again."

"Honey," Lucille said, and tugged at his elbow. "No more. Come on, let's get out of here."

Lefty turned his head slowly and looked at her with the eyes of a stranger. "Here's Mrs. Santa Claus," he said. "Jingle bells, jingle bells. Go get your red suit."

Agatha exchanged glances with Jack Barlow.

"You oughta join the Salvation Army," Lefty said. "Shake a tambourine with bells on, the way you're jingling all the time. Look at that dame." He pointed a finger at Agatha. "Look at her. She's got class. She don't jingle. Why in hell you always jingling? Come on, get 'em out, get 'em out."

Agatha gazed big-eyed as Lucille opened her coat and disclosed a waitress' uniform underneath. She put her hand in a pocket of the uniform and took out a handful of change.

"On the bar," Lefty said.

The girl put the coins on the bar and Lefty said, "Okay, Oscar, give her some silent money."

Oscar counted the change, pushing the coins with a big forefinger, then put four dollar bills on the bar and picked up all the coins but a quarter and a dime.

"Now put it away," Lefty said. "I told you not to come jingling around me."

"I had to hurry to catch the fight, Lefty," Lucille explained in a docile tone. "I didn't have time to change it at the diner."

AGATHA gathered that Lefty's complaint was one of long standing, and that the coins were the girl's tips. At least, she thought, he wasn't punch-drunk.

"Now, honey, let's go," Lucille said. "You don't want any more to drink."

"Says who?" said Lefty. "Says who I don't want no more to drink? I got a right to a drink." He backed away from the bar, his chin low under his left shoulder, his left arm extended. "I was set for him, Oscar. I was laying back, see." He danced back shadowboxing. "You know that Eddie Manolo. He's got a jab—"

They were all watching as he danced the length of the bar, whirling, beating the air.

"I'm waiting for that right," Lefty said. "Come on, Eddie, throw that right." His voice was steady, and he was not breathing hard. "I'm waiting for that right and I'm taking them lefts on my glove. Like this." He made a plucking motion. "I'm picking them jabs out of the air and as soon as he throws that right I'm gonna . . ." Lefty whirled and let his right fist fly at the swinging door between the barroom and the kitchen. His knuckles cracked the door hard and slammed it back and Lefty stood still, watching the door as it swung.

"That's right," Oscar said. "Break a hand. That's all you need is a broken hand."

Lefty slowly turned, and Agatha saw tears in his eyes as he shuffled up to the end of the bar and leaned his elbows on it.

"So," Oscar was saying, "you led with your right and you left yourself wide open. You forgot all you learned and you turned southpaw again."

"Gimme a drink," Lefty Langan said. "I had my last fight. I'm through. Gimme a drink, Oscar."

"Honey," the redheaded girl murmured, and moved past Agatha.

"You're not through yet," Oscar said. "That Manolo's no slouch. You still got a chance."

"You heard him," Lucille said sharply. "He's quit the ring. Haven't you, Lefty?"

Lefty Langan put his head down on his hands, low on the bar, and Lucille draped a soft, thick arm around his shoulders. Agatha glanced at Jack and whispered, "Suppose we get out of here?"

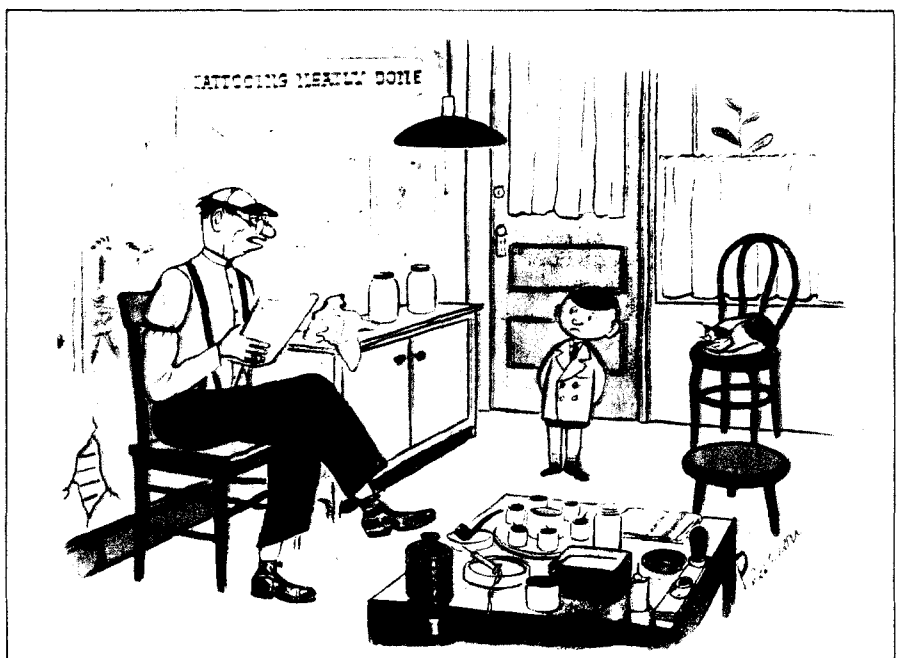
In a taxicab, she glanced back over her shoulder for a last look at the neon sign of Leo's Place on the avenue behind her.

"It's been quite a day," she said. "Quite a day."

"Hasn't it?"

"For me," Agatha said. "And for Lefty Langan, too. We both caught one on the chin today."

But when she was in bed, with the lights out and the windows open, hearing the faint sound of traffic noises eighteen floors below, Agatha found herself thinking more of the blow that had struck Lefty Langan than the blow she had herself suffered. She remembered the small,



"Come back in a few years. If you're still nuts about her I'll do it"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON

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still figure on the television screen, prone on the canvas; she remembered the proud, insolent young man who had held his head high in Leo's Place, and who finally had given way to tears. Probably by now he was bawling like a baby. It was the most important thing in his life, Agatha thought. She felt very sorry for Lefty Langan, the whole hundred per cent of him.

AGATHA was awakened next morning by the telephone; it was her mother calling long-distance from Connecticut.

"Dear, I expected you to call," Gwen Christopher said. "Tell me about it. How is the restaurant? Have you seen it? Where is it, Agatha?"

"It's not awfully grand," Agatha said. "Just a quiet little place, Mother, but it has possibilities."

"Where is it, Agatha?"

"It's off Park Avenue," Agatha said, truthfully. "Just a few blocks off Park. Mother, I'll tell you all about it when I see you. I'll be coming home to pick up some clothes."

"Yes, but I want details," Gwen persisted. "Charlie wants to know all about it. Agatha, let's have the details."

"I'll call back, Mother," Agatha said. "I really have to run."

She hung up. The rush was not as great as she had indicated, but it was already ten o'clock. By the time she had dressed and breakfasted it would be time to take a cab to the bar and grill.

On her way west she told herself that it had been ridiculous to agree to take any personal part in the operation of Leo's Place; she should have left the doors locked until Oscar came in at six. She had no business in an Eighth Avenue dive. She would sell it as quickly as she could.

The sky was overcast, and the streets had the shadowless monotone peculiar to New York on a gray day. The spirits of the city drooped, and Agatha's drooped with them. By the time the cab deposited her on Eighth Avenue a fine drizzle of rain had begun.

Standing in the doorway of Leo's Place, with a cigarette drooping from his mouth and his shoulders hunched unhappily, was Walter the waiter. He grunted a good morning to Agatha, took the keys from her hand, and opened the door. Leo's Place was dank and dismal on this rainy day. The bottles behind the bar had a bleak, unwanted look, and wore their bright labels like false faces.

Walter brought a broom from the kitchen and began sweeping up, and Agatha stepped into the cubbyhole beyond the swinging door, turned on an overhead bulb, and gazed forlornly at her uncle's desk, for a minute. Then she went back to the bar.

Walter, standing by the door, said over his shoulder, "No ball game today."

Agatha sat down at one of the tables; its surface felt cold and greasy to her hand. So here she was, she thought, opened up. And now what? She looked out at the rain on Eighth Avenue. There must be some duty to occupy her, she thought, and she called to Walter, "Just what am I supposed to do, Walter? As proprietor of a bar, I mean."

Walter picked up his broom, said, "Count the money," and resumed his sweeping. "The rest of us do the work," he said. "All you got to do is count the money."

A bell rang piercingly in the still room, startling Agatha.

"And answer the telephone," Walter said. "You can do that."

The telephone was in a booth near the door. Agatha went to it and lifted the receiver. She said, "Hello," and a cheery voice said, "So you made it on time."

"Who's this? Jack Barlow?"

"That's right. Just wanted to tell you I'll be in this afternoon for a cocktail. Can you mix a Manhattan?"

COLLIER'S **"Mr. Angelo still feels it isn't quite right"** NED HILTON

"I think so."

"Better practice," he said. "I'll be in about five."

Agatha felt more cheerful after she had hung up. It was thoughtful of him to call, and he had chosen the perfect time. She went behind the bar, aimlessly, and examined the rows of bottles. Walter had finished sweeping out and Agatha asked, "Walter, how do you mix a Manhattan? It's two to one, isn't it?"

"It ought to be three to one," Walter said, and unexpectedly grinned at her. "I guess you're Leo's niece, all right. Here, I'll mix you a Manhattan." He did, and then drew himself a beer.

"I do want to learn," Agatha said. "I want to keep it going just the way Uncle Leo wanted it."

"That's easy," Walter said. "Just leave it like it is."

"I intend to leave it as it is," Agatha said. "I don't know what else I could do with it."

Walter turned his head, said, "What do you know? A customer!"

The man coming in had been in Leo's Place the night before. He was the thin one with the long nose, and when Walter said, "Hi, Tony," Agatha recalled that his name was Tony Franklin.

"Yanks are rained out today, Tony," Walter said.

"Yeah," Tony said. He gave Agatha a grave, expressionless glance, as if he were accustomed to finding her behind the bar, and said, "Morning, Miss Christopher."

"New bartender," Walter said. "You want a drink? Take a Manhattan. She can mix a Manhattan."

"I want a beer," Tony said.

"Okay," said Walter. "She can draw you a beer."

Agatha flushed, but not in anger. She put a glass under the spigot, slapped the handle the way Walter had, and was rewarded by a spray of foam that cascaded over the rim of the glass.

"Serving Coney Islands now," Walter said. "Excuse me, Miss, let me show you."

This time Agatha noticed that he allowed a quick spurt, to raise a head in the glass, then tilted the glass and eased the beer in the rest of the way.

"Oscar asked me to come in today," Tony said. "Miss, I'm a C.P.A. I used to balance the books for Leo."

Agatha smiled happily. "You're the man I'm looking for," she said. "I was just telling Walter. Everything goes on just as it was. You know where the books are, Mr. Franklin."

It was a great load off Agatha's shoulders. She felt so much better that she went to the telephone booth and put in a toll call to her mother. Gwen said crisply, "Now, Agatha, let's have it. Why are you being so evasive? Where is the place? What's the name of it?"

"It's called Leo's Place," Agatha said. "It's over on Eighth Avenue."

"Oh, Lord!" said Gwen. "It sounds like a place Leo would have, all right. On Eighth Avenue?"

"Yes, Mother, it's just a bar. Just an Eighth Avenue bar. Now please don't tell anyone. Don't tell Charlie. I'm going to sell the darned thing as soon as I can and come home."

"I'm not surprised, knowing your Uncle Leo," said Gwen. "And I'm glad you're coming home again. I'll tell Charlie."

"Tell Charlie nothing!" Agatha cried. "I'll be home in a day or so."

"All right, dear," Gwen said gently, "the fact of the matter is that a girl can't inherit a career. Don't you think you'd better hurry back to something you know something about? I was talking to Roy Smith and he said of course they don't take your resignation seriously at the library."

Agatha stepped out of the telephone booth into her saloon. It was still raining outside and no more customers had appeared. She went through the swinging door and found Tony Franklin bent over the books, a beer at his elbow.

"Leo left everything in pretty good shape, for Leo," he said. "Bills all paid up." He opened the top drawer and took out a sheet of paper. "I found this here in the drawer."

Agatha saw a notary's seal at the bottom of the page. It was the agreement assigning ten per cent of Lefty Langan's net profits to Leo Christopher. She tapped it thoughtfully on her finger tips, then carried it back behind the bar and put it in her pocketbook.

A LITTLE after three o'clock a man entered Leo's Place, took off his hat and called, "Miss Christopher here?"

"Here," Agatha said.

He was a small, trim man with bright eyes and a ready smile. "Oscar sent me down," he said. "I'm your new barman."

Walter looked up. "Know how to work television?"

"Yeah, I was in a bar over on Seventh and—"

"Okay," Walter said. "Tell the lady your name."

"Billy Walsh, Miss."

"Ready to go to work?" Walter asked. "We're breaking in a new owner here. Ready to work?"

"Sure."

"All right," Walter said. "You can go to work. Right, Miss Christopher?"

"Why, yes," Agatha said.

Billy Walsh went behind the bar. He seemed to know which cupboard to open to find an apron.

"That stuff on the end is the bar whisky," Walter said. "We're trying to get rid of that stuff. Leo stocked it to help out a friend." He winked at Agatha. "Trouble is all the customers know it."

Tony Franklin pushed the swinging door open and called, "Hey, Aggie." Agatha turned with a jerk. Tony said, "Can you come here a minute?"

Agatha walked purposefully back to the office, met Tony's eyes and said with severity, "My name is Agatha Christopher, Mr. Franklin. Don't you think you should call me Miss Christopher?"

"Sure," Tony said. "Last night everybody was calling you Aggie, after you left, and I kind of forgot. Sorry."

"Oh, they were," Agatha murmured.

"Everybody calls me Tony, Miss. Why I called you back here, you know, this joint ain't no money-maker."

"No?" Agatha said.

"No, and another barman's gonna make a dent. I wanted you should know that."

"Last night there seemed to be a big crowd," Agatha said. "They were doing business last night."

"Yeah, sure. Lefty was fighting. But it was a beer crowd. Mostly beer. You put another barman out there you're lucky if you clear a C-note a week."

"But I have to have a barman, Tony."

"Yeah," he said. "I just wanted you should know."

"Thanks," Agatha said.

"Leo was a pal of mine," Tony said. "I want to steer you right, Aggie. He sunk a lot of dough in that television, but it ain't paid off. Every bar has television."

"Yes," Agatha said. "But they haven't all got a house fighter, have they?"

TONY chuckled and rubbed his long nose. "Yeah, we got Lefty Langan." He patted her shoulder lightly and murmured, as he sat down again, "Aggie, you're okay."

Agatha was pleased. The gesture was more than friendliness; it was a gesture of acceptance, she felt, and she did not mind being called Aggie in the least, under the circumstances.

She stepped again into the bar. With Tony in the office and the new barman behind the bar, Agatha felt there was no further need of her. In fact there was no comfortable place for her to station herself, unless she stood at the bar, which she remembered with a smile was against the house rules, or unless she occupied a table. She decided that she would have some work done on the office, make it somewhat more livable, and then recalled that she was going to sell the bar anyhow. She glanced around her and smiled and thought that she had become attached to the place; it was a shame to sell out.

It was getting on to four o'clock, and Agatha had eaten no lunch. It was still raining. She went to the door to look at the driving rain, and stepped aside as a bareheaded man entered, his black hair plastered to his forehead. For a moment Agatha did not recognize Lefty Langan, not until he said, "I want to talk to you."

His face looked drawn, and his dark eyes were lusterless under the ridge of his brows. He moved his arms uneasily, like the reflexes of an inarticulate man used to talking with his fists. After a moment's pause he said, "I guess I was out of turn last night."

"Why, no," Agatha said. "You were all right."

"I didn't get it last night when you talked about tearing up that contract. But Oscar straightened me out, and thanks."

"I'll get it for you now," Agatha said. "You can tear it up yourself."

(To be continued next week)

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MR. AND MRS. PERÓN SLUG IT OUT

Continued from page 17

when Perón heard about it, he practically blew his top.

It didn't take long after moving into the Presidential Mansion in June, 1946, for Evita to learn that housekeeping was pretty dull stuff compared to the fact that in a dictatorship anyone who's in and knows how to use connections can easily get into the heavy peso brackets.

Perón's prime interest then, and since, was planning the enlargement and development of his army and country.

Job for an Economic Czar

This involved a Five-Year Plan of hydroelectric dams, roads, docks and industrialization so vast that he has, in public speeches, explained that he would, if necessary, take 15 years to finish. So he appointed a fattish, balding biscuit manufacturer named Miguel Miranda as "Economic Czar" whose job it was to convert the rich meat and wheat resources of Argentina's endless pampas into the wherewithal for the plan.

Miranda, in turn, cemented his ties with the inner sanctum by teaching and tying in with Evita. Their first step was a new company, A.L.E.A., in which Evita is principal stockholder. Originally capitalized at 50,000 pesos ($12,500 under normal four-to-one exchange), it began to import and sell badly needed scientific instruments. Nobody else could get the government permits to import such equipment and A.L.E.A. cleaned up. Then the company expanded to wheat bags, farm machinery and steel fabricating. Aided by special low duties, monopolies and official contracts, each venture turned a handsome profit.

Currently, according to unimpeachable sources, Evita, through A.L.E.A., has very substantial sums deposited in Switzerland and Panama. It is impossible to determine how much money has been sent out of the country because Evita dominates Argentina's National Economic Council, which controls foreign exchange, and the state trading agency, I.A.P.I.

The latter, an octopuslike setup, fixes its price for buying wheat at, say $1.50 a bushel, then sells it to a hungry Europe at anywhere up to $5.25. Profits are supposed to be turned over to Perón's national development plan. But I.A.P.I. has never issued more than a one-page accounting of its transactions and is not publicly audited.

One banker was frank in explaining: "Evita gets the lioness' share. But she divides with her boys—and so far there's been so much to go around that nobody wants to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

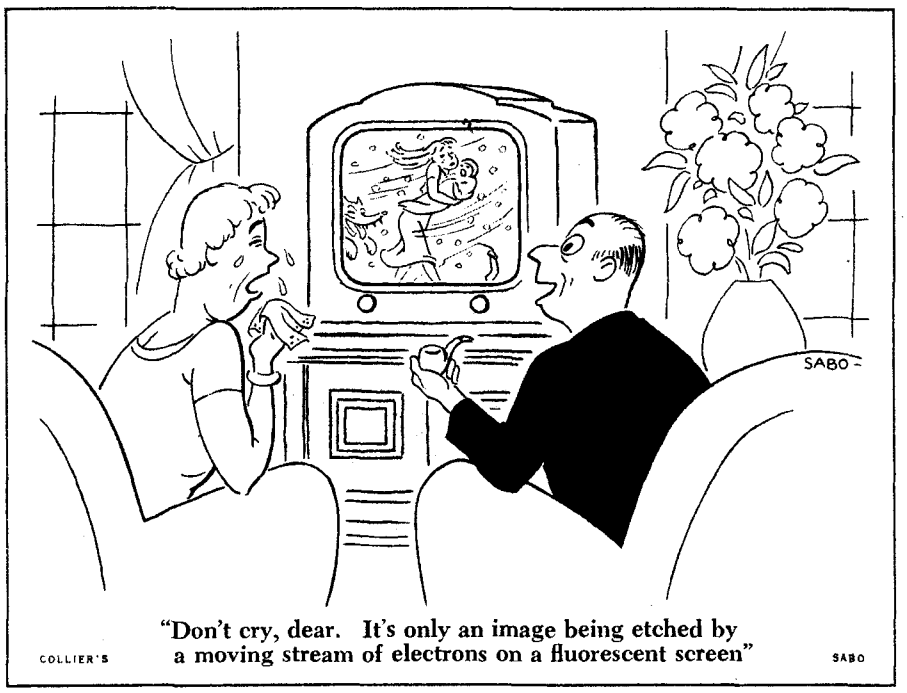
Additionally, since I.A.P.I. controls imports of newsprints, it also is the lever which Evita has frequently used to apply the squeeze to opposition newspapers. "Cutting off paper supplies," Argentine editors told me, "is far more effective than the crude censors or the goon squads of old-fashioned dictatorships."

This iron control of the press, added to the seesaw balance of power, has left Argentina's Juan Q. Público more than a little bewildered. In Evita's top circulation publications he reads one thing and then gets the exact opposite from Perón-dominated newspapers.

Last November, for example, Evita's close friend, Rolando Lagomarsino, then Secretary of Industry, received orders from her to go to the States on a buying trip. Perón first heard of it when Rolando, disembarking in Manhattan, announced what he intended to do. A day later, both Evita and Lagomarsino were amazed to read an order from Perón's office: "Lagomarsino has no official status. He represents nobody. Any contrary statement is false."

That time Evita kept quiet. But later she sought to turn the tables on her husband and get rid of José F. Velasco. Tough, sadistic, highly feared police chief of the Buenos Aires Federal District, she resented his power over Perón, his old military colleague. Her own personal force received orders: "Get Velasco." They gathered up a mass of reports and allegedly hidden arms. Then she went to Perón. "I have discovered a plot against your life, instigated by Velasco. There's not a moment to lose. He must be arrested at once."

It may sound melodramatic. But Evita is a master of melodrama. Glib, able to turn emotion on and off with lightning speed, she convinced Perón. Velasco was ousted. Months later when Perón began to suspect her motives might have been a trifle less than altruistic, the *Presidente,* to make amends, appointed his old friend governor of Corrientes Province. More recently, he recalled Velasco to the capital as a kind of rainy day stand-by.



"Don't cry, dear. It's only an image being etched by a moving stream of electrons on a fluorescent screen"

COLLIER'S SABO

Evita's hatred for Velasco and others in the Perón coterie is rarely disguised. But her opposition to Perón—and his to her—takes more subtle forms.

Their domestic life—what there is of it—offers one instance. Both are early risers. Breakfasts together used to be quite an event according to inspired accounts which once appeared in fan magazines. Currently, these tête-à-têtes are no longer stressed. Both are out of the Official Residence by 7:30 A.M. Perón drives to the Casa Rosada. Evita makes her headquarters in the key Ministry of Labor and Social Welfare.

What Visitors May Expect

Both get constant streams of morning callers—delegations, ministers, ambassadors. Perón usually tries conciliation. I've heard him promise a workers' group increased pay, then tell the next delegation, representing employers, that he would positively cut wages. Evita, whose temper is legendary, follows the give-'em-hell approach. In one recent speech she said she wouldn't blanch the day she had to issue the order to have her opponents hanged.

Perón's papers carry lengthy blow-by-blow accounts of each audience on his schedule. Evita's dailies concentrate on picture versions of hers. One special issue carried 20 and in each she wore a different outfit. Evita also writes a column, roughly patterned on My Day by Eleanor Roosevelt with whom she occasionally compares herself. The comparison makes Mrs. Roosevelt seem almost a recluse, however. Evita has boasted of receiving 10,000 letters a day.

This may account for the fact that the Peróns now usually lunch separately, generally on the thick, juicy Argentine steaks which would make them fat were it not for the tremendous energy both expend. Then Evita starts on her rounds of afternoon calls—housing developments, factories and maternity homes. Perón visits military installations and major projects.

Cocktail parties begin in Argentina at 6:00 P.M. He drinks Scotch; she vermouth and soda. Dinner, per Latin custom, is never served until 9:30 or 10:00 P.M. Save for special state occasions such as the opening of the Opera Colón, those who have kept tabs report the Peróns frequently go their separate ways.

This routine leaves little time for domesticity, save on the rare week ends when Evita isn't out on her special train whipping up flagging enthusiasts. However, the Peróns have a *quinta* in San Vicente where occasional visitors used to see them put on a good domestic show—she baking, he supervising the *asado* or Gaucho-style barbecue. But recently these homey exhibitions have been followed by open bickering so violent that one diplomat told me: "I was embarrassed to stay and afraid to leave."

In their rivalry with each other, both Perón and Evita have sought to appeal to as many diverse groups as possible. To help her keep tabs, Evita has put her brother, Juan, into a top post in Perón's secretariat. Her eldest sister, Elisa, is practically political boss of Junín Province. The husbands of two others hold lucrative political appointments. Her mother's paramour, Enrique Nicolini, used to run the vital Posts, Telegraphs and Radio Department. Uneasy over the fact that this permitted a large-scale system of checking on everybody's calls and mail, Perón had his own man replace his mother-in-law's gentleman friend.

Nothing is ever heard of Perón's family in any official jobs, but he has a personal clique of municipal, state and congressional followers that serves the same purpose.

Evita, knowing Argentina's army hates and despises her, has developed a feminine brigade. She's campaigned for universal voting rights, replacing the present state and municipal suffrage. Her feminist program has even had the age question dropped from registration forms. Women's liberation is her battle cry.

Evita's Ayuda Social or social aid has also built a tremendous following. I saw it operate in Rosario, Argentina's second city. Mothers and children, schoolteachers and local favor seekers lined up in a vast hall. A few minutes after the appointed hour, Evita strode in briskly. As she listened to story after story, orders were issued. "A house for this one." "A hospital appointment here." "Tickets for clothing." And pesos—10, 50, 100 were disbursed—all from contributions which every jobholder and business firm must make to Ayuda Social.

Perón, to counter this supergiveaway program, has built up his following in the army. He has placed his most trusted men in the vast Campo de Mayo barracks, seat of army power. In granting recognition to ambitious young officers, he's either promoted them or else shifted them to distant posts where they can do him little harm. He's also kept in reserve the highly nationalistic, anti-Semitic Alianza Nacional boys who were his first and loudest supporters.

Seek the Church's Good Will

Both Perón and Evita have sought to strengthen personal ties with the top hierarchy of the church, not only because of the criticism which marked their open, premarital association, but also because the church has great political weight in Argentina.

Yet it's generally felt in Argentina that her brief audience with the Pope while wearing a form-fitting outfit was a *fracaso,* a failure. Perón, to enhance his own status, later sent a personal gift of several shiploads of wheat for distribution by the Vatican.

But it is for the support of the "shirtless" that the cat-and-dog fight has been bitterest. It was this group—Argentina's largest labor following—which made Perón's rise possible and which has provided the support that has prevented other army officers from ousting both Perón and Evita.

Evita, who rarely reckons cost, has had an advantage here. In many cases she has offhandedly decreed worker demands while Perón, to spur lagging production, has scoldingly had to repeat the theme: *"Producir, Producir"*—produce, produce. So far it can be accurately reported that neither of the two dominates the worker group completely. It may well be that this, if nothing else, will keep them together.

To many in Latin America, figuring out why Perón just doesn't toss Evita out or put her under wraps is a puzzle. "She already has everything; there is nothing more she could obtain if Perón were killed, overthrown or somehow eliminated," one Argentine explained. Others who are more skeptical asserted: "Even if Perón died a natural death, it's doubtful that she could hang on alone. Her power, though it rivals his, stems from him. Without Perón she wouldn't last a week."

Yet I found many, pointing to the fabulous Eliza Lynch, who in the 1860s ruled neighboring Paraguay. They said: "Evita could not only make it alone—but might keep it going."

It was an exceptionally well-posted ambassador, speaking off the record, who added it all up: "Down here, where the conflict between these two incredible characters has meant betrayal after betrayal and surprise after surprise, anything can happen. One thing is certain. Perón, Evita—and the Argentines—will never die of boredom." ☐☐☐

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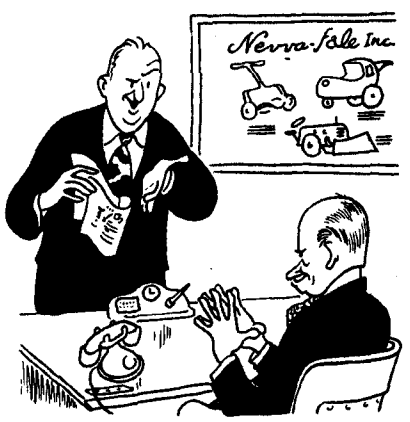
Just Follow the Directions

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

You, too, can write how-to-use-it instructions. The more baffling they are the happier the gadget maker will be

No wonder we never got the kite off the ground



"The directions are beautifully incomprehensible, Chief"

THIS last Christmas my seven-year-old son received a rolled-up paper kite from a school friend with the admonition to go fly it. This aged advice was suspiciously unlike the inspiration of a second-grader and undoubtedly stemmed from his old man, who was probably sore because my son beat up his son for calling my kid Lop Ear, an unfortunate hereditary characteristic having nothing to do with this story or my side of the family.

The kite is relevant, however, and I wish you'd try to tell me what this step in the assembling instructions means: "Bow cross stick—center forward into paper ends back." That's what it says.

No wonder we never got that kite off the ground. I couldn't locate a "paper ends back." I wouldn't recognize one if it walked up and poked me in the eye. But the point I want to make is that too many manufacturers permit incomprehensible directions to accompany their products.

So long as you're just sitting there I'd like to have you help me imagine how—not why—such instructions are created. Nobody knows why. Let's suppose it's your job to tell the consumer how to assemble and operate a Nevva-fale (don't ask what it is; you'll find out presently). As a Collier's Reader you'll be known as C.R., and I (G.W.) will be the president of Nevva-fale, Inc. The scene is my office into which you have just been ushered.

YOU: I've got it, G.W.! The directions for assembling the New Improved Nevva-fale. Unintelligible as anything I've ever done.

ME: Fine, C.R. Swell! Did you omit punctuation and conserve paragraphs?

YOU: Naturally. Listen. "Unpack the Nevva-fale from carton as follows remove parts A, B and C (see diagram) being careful to find cotter pin D put aside to hold wheel on spindle after assembly. Attach couplings E and F with socket wrench drop bearings G into slot H then tighten adjusting nuts I and J until slack is taken up from bottom fram do not oil."

ME: Great, C.R.! Were you careful to leave drawings of A, B and C out of the diagram?

YOU: Do you think I have a hole in my head, G.W.?

ME: Sorry. What about operating instructions?

YOU: They're slightly clearer but not undesirably explicit. "Grasp the Nevva-fale at points K and L and push being careful to avoid sand if so clean with Nevva-fale solvent only otherwise guarantee is void."

ME: Splendid! For what product did you write this?

YOU: Why, for all of them, G.W. They cover Nevva-fale lawn mowers, baby carriages, carpet sweepers, floor polishers and the new kiddies' Supertoy Snowplow.

ME: That's terrific, C.R.! Be sure to have the printer transpose a couple of lines of type so they'll read:

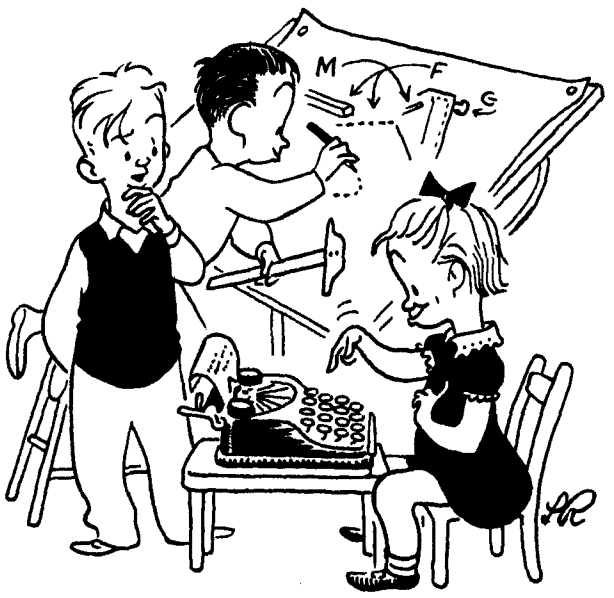
"G into slot H then tighten adjust- F with socket wrench drop bearings"

YOU: Right, G.W. You're a genius.

ME: Harummph. Ah—you've done an extraordinary job, C.R., and —ah— you can count on a few extra bucks to take home to the little woman next Saturday.

YOU: Aw, no, G.W. Anybody could have done as badly. But thanks, Chief.

Of course this is all pretty silly and exaggerated because no company I know of makes lawn mowers, baby carriages, carpet sweepers, floor polishers *and* Supertoy Snowplows. But every time I go back to "Bow cross stick—center forward into paper ends back" I am more than ever convinced that a lot of directions must be written by primary-school tots (no offense, C.R.). Come to think of it, that may explain where my youngster got the dough to buy the television set and the seven-rib standing roast he brought home last week. I know it didn't come from my side of the family.



They must be written by primary-school tots

DRAWINGS BY LARRY REYNOLDS

"All the fellows say, Switzer's has IT"
Switzer's Old Fashioned
LICORICE
IT is Tasty, Tender, Fresh!
AT CANDY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE
SWITZER'S — ST. LOUIS

The Things You Can't Afford!

LIST them today—and how much money you need. Then write to the Pin Money Club which helps girls and women buy and pay for things they want. There's a place for you in our happy group.

It isn't just pin money we hold out to you. Some members, in the quiet of their homes, earn hundreds of dollars in a year. Send today for our free folder, *"There's Money For You"* so you can get started making money too!

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Dept. C-30, 250 Park Avenue
New York 17, New York

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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HOW TO DANCE LIKE FOUR ANTELOPES

Continued from page 15

Kearns, had trouble with the routine they danced to a new tune called Embraceable You.

To solve this difficulty, the director called in Broadway's—and the world's—most famous dance team, Fred and Adele Astaire. Ginger rehearsed with Fred for the first time on the thick carpet of the Alvin Theater lobby. The show was a hit and Ginger soon went on to Hollywood.

There was more to it than that. After meeting in the lobby, Fred and Ginger danced together many times at the Central Park Casino, on dates. By the time they made their first picture, Flying Down to Rio, in 1933, they knew pretty well what to expect from each other.

He Couldn't Stay Retired

Fred himself retired about a year ago, under the impression that supervising his racing stable, headed by the great Triplicate, and running his dancing schools would be a relief from creating new steps. It wasn't. There is a story that he returned on account of his son, Fred, Jr., aged thirteen, who begged him to keep on dancing, but this is not the fact. Fred returned because he discovered happily that he hadn't run out of fresh inventions after all and because he could worry just as well about his horses and his schools while dancing.

Miss Rogers, now, is not like that. Ginger is a diligent worker and a woman of blazing determination and all that, but she does things like this:

During the throes of Kitty Foyle, which inspired her greatest acclaim, Jimmie Baker, her make-up man, went duck hunting on a week end, bagged nothing, but returned to the studio to utter some outsize brags about his prowess. The late Carole Lombard learned the truth from Clark Gable and told Ginger. A week later, Sam Wood, the director, took the entire cast and crew to a football game at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, which was packed with 100,000 fans that Saturday.

At half time the loud-speaker called loudly for Jimmie Baker. When that puzzled gentleman stood up, messenger boys released a dozen wild ducks in front of him, and Ginger handed him a shotgun.

"Now get a duck," she commanded.

Mr. Astaire will laugh his head off at a jape like this but he would as lief be caught in his suspenders as take part in it.

On another occasion when Katharine Hepburn was rehearsing for Mary Queen of Scots, Ginger got it into her head that she should play the part of Queen Elizabeth—a Bette Davis kind of role if there ever was one. She asked Producer Pan Berman to test her.

"Go back to your dancing shoes, little girl," said Mr. Berman. "Mickey Rooney could do that better than you."

Considerably miffed, Miss Rogers enlisted John Ford, the director, and with his aid pulled off one of the greatest impersonations in Hollywood history. Word was let out that Lady Diana Ainsley, great dramatic star of the London stage, was in town, and would consent to a test for Queen Liz.

Lady Ainsley was tested, too, in a ferocious red wig, with sallow make-up, and Miss Rogers' identifiable ankles completely hidden. With a clipped, affected British accent, Ginger put on such a show that she had the part until she demanded

COLLIER'S "I'd like to know who started those vicious rumors about me . . . the only *marriages I've broken up were my own!*" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

COLLIER'S "Well, that's what you say when you miss one" HANK KETCHAM

$125,000 and equal billing with Hepburn. The jape blew up then, Louella Parsons reported it, and Mr. Berman admitted like a good sport that he had been had.

"So—how about the part?" said Ginger.

"Are you kidding? Put on your dancing shoes," said Mr. Berman.

The Rogers gift for fancy impersonation once took in the entire RKO studio. This time, the lady appeared in a black wig, long wiggly eyelashes, and a frou-frou gown as "Marcelle Brown" from Paris.

She received interesting propositions in several producers' offices, was given a singing audition with Oscar Levant at the piano, and was finally offered a small part in her own picture before Joe Nolan gave her away. She turned her back on him and he recognized her.

Astaire, who never plays like this, is so shy that he seldom dances even with his own wife on social occasions, and positively never gets out on the floor and performs at parties. Ginger, on the other hand, will dance anywhere with a good dancer—she quickly disposes of men who can't keep time—and will, when properly coaxed, put on a show. She put on one in the White House once that should have cured her, but didn't.

A Special Number for F.D.R.

Ginger attended a Birthday Ball celebration and was in the Oval Room with other stars as President Roosevelt delivered his radio address. Miss Rogers was dressed décolleté, to attract attention, and she did—Roosevelt's. The President beckoned to Steve Early, pointed to Ginger, and grinned.

"The President would be pleased to have you dance, Miss Rogers," said the secretary.

There was one place to perform in the crowded room, on the marble hearth. The music was a fast and terrifying jigtime hoopla coming in with squeals over the radio from San Francisco. Ginger danced to it, hopping like a thing on a string and clutching her torso, which was threatened with complete exposure with every hop.

"Only time I ever blushed all over," she reports. "But the President was wonderful. He gave me his speech, autographed, and was most gracious."

Of recent years, Ginger has become a rancher. She has a thousand acres in Oregon, near Medford, and was once enthusiastically in the milk business. The price of beef ruined that enterprise and she now breeds beef cattle, returning hurriedly to Beverly Hills at slaughtering time.

At her hilltop Beverly Hills home she has a tennis court on which she plays a slashing, expert game against her tall third husband, Jack Briggs. When she plays golf, which is often, she goes 36 holes and is likely to beat any man except Crosby. The people who were amazed that she could keep up with Astaire again after ten years had forgotten, of course, that what with ranching, fishing in the Rogue River, a piece of which she owns, golf and tennis, Ginger had never given up the strenuous life.

Mother Has a Watchful Eye

Her mother, the redoubtable Leila Rogers, famed for her attacks on Communism, still keeps an eye on Ginger's business affairs and is available for emergencies, such as trouble about ostrich-feather skirts.

Fred Astaire became a professional dancer in Omaha at the age of seven when his father, Frederic Austerlitz, a beer salesman, lost his job when prohibition closed the Stoltz Brewery. Fred and his sister Adele, under the astute guidance of their mother, soon soared to the top on Broadway, introducing a new, twinkle-toed kind of sophisticated dancing, and became international celebrities in such fondly remembered shows as Funny Face, Lady Be Good and The Passing Show.

Adele, who hated rehearsals and was nagged at constantly by Fred, the perfectionist, eventually married Lord Charles Arthur Francis Cavendish, son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and went to Ireland to live grandly in a castle reported to have 200 rooms and one bath. He died in 1946.

Since then, Astaire has worked with virtually every top-flight girl in the dancing profession, including Rita Hayworth, whom many professionals regard as the best dancer of the lot. But for some reason, Astaire and Hayworth did not click resoundingly as a team.

Fred is frequently asked which of his partners was the best. The question embarrasses him.

"I ought to say Adele, because she was my sister," he says, "and she's pretty wonderful, but actually, Adele starred as a comedienne, not as a dancer. And I ought to say Ginger, because our act, after all, has been the most effective.

"But to be perfectly honest, my favorite is Bing Crosby. He took dancing more seriously than any partner I ever

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had, really worked at it. And we had no trouble at all about his clothes."

Today, Fred and his wife, the former Phyllis Livingstone Potter, Boston socialite, live quietly—really quietly—in Beverly Hills. Hollywood sees them little. Their interest is horses. Their best is Triplicate, who was bought for $6,000 and has earned $245,000 to date.

Recently, on the arrival of three new fillies, Fred and Phyllis went over to Pasadena to unload them and were greeted by the engineer.

"You Fred Astaire?" the engineer asked. "Good. I like to watch you dance. Say, which one of those movie stars are you married to, Fred?"

"Not any," said Fred. "This is my wife."

"Good!" said the engineer. "Just a plain, ordinary housewife, eh?"

Mrs. Astaire is neither plain nor ordinary, but she thinks that's the nicest thing that's been said about her in Hollywood. The Astaires would like to keep things as simple as that, but can't.

Fred owned race horses for 25 years before he was able to be present at a track when one of them won. He never bets, and is enormously annoyed and embarrassed when strangers yell at him: "Hey, Fred, what's that pig of yours going to do today?"

Once an old lady won on Triplicate and fought her way through the crowd to grab Astaire fervently around the neck."

"Thank you, Fred, thank you," she burbled.

"Why, thank *you*," said Fred, disengaging himself, "but, madam, I didn't ride him."

He planned his dancing schools for several years as an occupation for his retirement, then personally trained the first 150 teachers for the opening in New York. His managers were horrified when he refused to apply for certification for the schools under the G.I. Bill of Rights. "Absurd," said Fred. "We teach social dancing, not professionals." He also avoided opening a school in Los Angeles because he fears too many eager mothers would enter their offspring under the impression that the name Astaire was open-sesame to the movies.

Schools' Growth Amazed Him

Fred tried to keep close track of the schools until his new picture started. During his eight-week rehearsal and creative period, new schools were organized in eight new cities. Fred was amazed. "Good Lord, where did they come from?" he asked. "What did we get into?"

A friend asked him if his schools weren't a lot better than Arthur Murray's. Fred almost stammered his reply. "Oh, I wouldn't say *that*," he begged. "Murray's are probably a lot better."

The only time in recent years that Fred has performed ad lib for any audience was during his overseas tour during the war. For that he made deliberate preparations, toiled for several weeks learning a routine that could be performed anywhere, under any circumstances.

G.I.s on French streets or slogging through the mud often recognized him and gave out with the cry he gets everywhere he goes: "Hey, Fred, how's about a dance?"

"Sure, right here and right now," Fred would reply, and go into his number. Requests for impromptu dances now get an embarrassed grin and a cold answer.

Since even some of his co-workers do not understand the painful, worried, two-month rehearsal he undergoes alone before starting any picture, Fred is not surprised by some of the requests Hollywood makes.

"They say," he says, " 'Fred can dance with anybody.' But it isn't so. The difference between excellent amateur dancing and professional dancing, stage dancing, is an astronomical difference. First place, the girl has to be a trained athlete.

"To begin with, I can't get most of them, and I mean even the best ones, to learn how to shift weight from one foot to the other. If you start on the wrong foot, you fall on your fanny, of course."

Several times producers have come to him with the brilliant notion that Fred ought to make a picture with Hedy Lamarr.

Fred throws up his hands in surrender. "That just goes to show," he says.

Shave

Comedian Peter Lind Hayes whips himself into a lather and razors a mustache

MOVETTE CAMERA BY AMERICAN CINEFOTO CORP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON AND SHAW

Pros Admire Astaire Touch

Actually, although professionals admire his skilled footwork and his original contributions to the dance, they chiefly admire what they call his "style." The "style" is that touch of self-kidding sophistication, the hat tricks and the cane tricks and the obvious enjoyment that go into Astaire numbers. These are added touches.

Fred builds up the steps first, rehearsing them for weeks, before he begins to think about how they will look from the point of view of the camera. Then he rehearses the acting part of the performance and adds it to the dance. Usually, it is not until he has worked out every detail that his partner is let in on what is going to happen.

The tricks, or special effects numbers, are also Fred's inventions. These include such magic as having forty pairs of shoes dancing in unison, as they do in the new film, slow-motion numbers, and twenty Astaires tapping together. When Fred gets one of these notions, he goes to Irving Reis, Metro special effects specialist, and asks him shyly if it can be done. Mr. Reis's pose is never to be staggered by anything.

"Oh, sure," he says, and some way or another manages to do it.

Since Astaire is never temperamental, musicians, directors, property men and dancers who work with him regard him with a fond kind of awe, stunned and often exhausted by his sheer capacity for work and by his technical proficiency. Fred not only reads music, but plays the piano, the clarinet and the accordion. Recently, he stopped a big production number which seemed perfect to everybody else and shot it over because the orchestra wound up one fifth of a second off beat.

When important studio visitors are sometimes forced through the picket lines onto his rehearsal stage, Astaire greets them politely, makes conversation —and freezes as a dancer. Not a step. To get anything done, an embarrassed assistant director has to throw them out.

"Like having somebody looking over your shoulder while you're trying to write," Fred explains.

Things pick up when Ginger comes on. Fred enjoys a gag and is not beyond improvising hepcat steps in the midst of a special routine to startle his dance director, Bob Alton, who always obligingly tears his hair.

Both Ginger and Fred chew gum while rehearsing and carry on a rapid-fire conversation in low tones.

Since there is no effective method of scoring dance steps, Ginger has probably contributed to the culture of the nation by inventing names for the Astaire creations as she copes with them. Various attitudes are labeled "The Point Step," "The Trained Seal Step," and "The Chinese Hop," as Ginger happens to think of them. These terms are employed throughout the production.

As things stand now, Ginger and Fred are set to make many more dancing pictures for M-G-M, and both are happy about it. The Barkleys of Broadway, incidentally, is about a famous dancing couple. The girl leaves the boy and becomes a celebrated actress. Meanwhile, he keeps hoofing. Then—.

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LET'S GIVE THE POSTMAN A BREAK

Continued from page 37

cutting down on the construction of postal stations needed in new neighborhoods and old. (Brooklyn's Postmaster, Edward J. Quigley, told me his area needs 32 new postal stations.)

The mobile post office would also end the silly business, in an age of wheels, of requiring the mailman to trudge, under full load, between postal station and route. (Engineers hired by Congress found that Cleveland mailmen used up an average of almost two hours daily getting to and from their routes.) This would mean substantial savings in time, energy and dollars.

A Real Labor Saver

The mobile post-office vehicle would do the work of three trucks. It would supplant the truck that carts relay mail from station to carrier, the truck that empties street letter boxes during hours not covered by foot mailmen and the truck that delivers parcel post. And it would do the work of clerks at the station. Still more savings.

A good idea?

The men who carry the mail think so. The National Association of Letter Carriers, a union that welcomes technological change, hopefully inspired truck manufacturers to especially construct three model mobile post offices.

At a convention in Detroit, the union proudly displayed these rolling postal stations that would save money for Uncle Sam and at the same time sign the mailmen's proclamation of emancipation from foot and back labor. Union leaders buttonholed Post Office Department brass, showed them through the mobile post offices and preached mechanization. They even carted the mobile post offices to Washington.

There the rolling postal stations stood for a while beneath the windows of postal officials, a daily challenge to change.

Efficient? Toil-saving? Cost-cutting? Yes.

But imminent? Well, that's something else. I spoke to a high postal official about mechanizing city mail delivery.

"There's no substitute for the human foot," he snapped.

The post office operates the world's biggest fleet of trucks, 10,000 of them, all rolling on that ancient substitute for the human foot, the wheel. But those very trucks are a daily reminder that the post office accepts change cautiously. The men who drive the trucks, the congressmen who appropriate money to buy them and the men who make the trucks describe the Department's vehicles, even the new ones, as rolling museums, obsolete in design, costly in price and literally hell on wheels for the men who handle them.

At the loading platform of the Roosevelt Park postal station in Detroit, I saw what the drivers and congressmen meant. It was 6:00 A.M., and a bizarre assortment of trucks, of every vintage and make, stood hub to hub at a jammed platform over which flows every piece of mail going into and leaving Detroit. These trucks haul mail to and from railroad stations, deliver parcel post and pick up mail from letter boxes.

"Let me show you something," said a driver. A man of fifty-five, he had stopped carrying mail because his legs gave out. He clambered into a Model A Ford truck, a venerable veteran that has been serving its country since 1929, and cramped his six-foot frame behind the steering wheel.

"Look, no adjustable seat," he said. "Too small for me, and too big for a small guy. You oughta see what eight hours behind this thing does to you when it's not cut to your size."

He settled his back against the bare board. "No upholstery."

He pointed to the windshield. "No safety glass. No windshield wipers."

He wormed his way from behind the wheel, groping cautiously for the narrow, recessed running board, about a foot and a half above the ground.

"This is *something* on icy days," he said.

"But here are the ones the boys kick about most," said my guide. He hoisted himself into the cab of an old Army truck, legging it up two feet above the pavement to get to the first step, then groping another 13 inches to get into the cab itself.

The cab was sealed off from the truck's body. To get at the mail, the driver had to climb down from the cab, walk back to the rear and hoist himself four feet up into the truck.

"Murder," the driver said. "And we have forty of them."

Ideal for the Army, the trucks were not intended for the stop-and-start driving of the city where, say, they jounce the drivers into having kidney and back ailments.

"How about your new trucks?" I asked.

My guide led me to a new, khaki-colored job, delivered just three months before.

"It's new—custom-made at custom-built prices. But it's the same old truck," the driver said bitterly.

"See what I mean?" he asked, pointing to the steps leading to the cab. They were a total of two and one-half feet above the ground.

"I figure the driver gets in and out of this 160 times a day," said my guide.

Patiently, he pointed out the other specially ordered, built-in faults.

Many Headaches in One Truck

The truck could not be turned around in an average street, was hard to park. Its protruding rear fenders (now gone from most delivery trucks) just begged to be nicked. (And each nick is a disaster for the driver who, under postal regulations, must pay for any damage for which he's blamed.) The seat, still not fully adjustable, could be raised or lowered only by loosening four bolts; it could not be pushed back. High above the ground, narrow and top-heavy, the truck lags years behind the modern, low-slung, curb-high delivery and pickup jobs now in standard, mass production.

And it costs the Post Office Department extra money to keep its trucks behind the times.

This new truck at the Detroit postal station was one of 1,480 bought in 1948. At hearings last summer before the House Committee on the Post Office and Civil Service, witnesses declared that insistence on ancient and untouchable specifications had boosted the cost on that order $500,000 more than the Post Office needed to have paid for it.

"So outmoded (are the P.O.'s specifications) and so difficult are some of the specified materials to obtain," a large truck builder told the committee, "that manufacturers are reluctant to bid for the post office business."

This reluctance, in 1946, threatened seriously to snarl the movement of the mails. Desperately short of trucks, because the war had prevented purchases since 1941, the Post Office could not buy any because *no* manufacturer would bid on the rigid specifications. The Department had to return a $500,000 truck appropriation unused to the Treasury.

So stanch is the Department's loyalty to its hoary specifications that it won't even take modern trucks as a gift. The House Post Office Committee, a veteran prober that knows the Post Office from way back, was amazed at this story:

During the war, the Office of Defense Transportation bought, with RFC funds, 500 house-to-house delivery-type trucks, intending to ration them to high-priority civilian users. On hearing that the post office desperately needed additional trucks, the ODT offered 250 of its vehicles to the department—for free. The Post Office turned them down. They did not meet specifications.

Like a Gift Horse's Mouth

The rejection of free trucks at a time when the Post Office was unable to buy any at all took on an even weirder aspect when it developed that the Department was hiring, on a $1-per-hour contract basis, the very type of trucks it had spurned as gifts!

Chief gripe of the postal drivers: The trucks are too high. Chief specification: Truck bodies must be four feet off the ground, the height of loading platforms. Why are loading platforms so high? A clue. The postal drivers' union contends the platforms were built originally for horse-drawn wagons.

"It's time to lower them," the truck drivers say. "And anyway," they contend, "that height is right for only half an hour a day—the time spent at the loading platform. The rest of the day, seven and one-half hours, it's all wrong for the men who must hoist themselves up and jump down from that four feet."

The postal garages, even the new ones, are no more modern than the loading platforms. I walked through the $1,000,000 garage built in Detroit just before the war. It had no hydraulic lifts, and in contrast to any corner filling station, the postal trucks were greased by mechanics who rolled under them on "creepers."

"I don't know why the Post Office does things this way," a garage employee told me. "I guess it just has a policy of lagging behind."

The garage had no spray booth; reconditioned trucks were painted by hand. "We were told by Washington, 'Use a brush,'" the garageman said.

Engineers hired by Congress inspected a Cleveland postal garage. Incredulous, they fingered antiquated repair equipment, 80 per cent of it over 25 years old. Some of it was so ancient that only the old-timers knew for what such tools were used. Young mechanics new to the garage had never seen such specimens.

"What the hell do you do with these?" they asked.

No Conversation Lacking

Let's get together sometime for a chat—
We'll talk about this or maybe of that;
The newspapers tell us which strikers are out,
And the atom's in capable hands, no doubt;
There's still a shortage of men to be wed,
And the baseball scores are over my head;
So who can blame us when you come to tea,
If you talk about you, and I about me?

—HELEN CASTLE

"Medium rare, please"

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The National Letter Carriers Association was so concerned about old postal trucks, their maintenance and the resultant backaches and hernias of postal drivers, that it made its own study, devoting four months to the job.

"What happened to that report?" William C. Doherty, the mailmen union's president asked rhetorically.

"We got a two-sentence reply. And that was the end of our report."

James Nonen, president of the union's Detroit branch, thought he'd try something stronger than a letter.

If I can only prove to the Post Office that it's wasting money on its trucks, maybe they'll listen, he thought.

This Truck Was Efficient

With union funds he bought a modern delivery-type truck and then rented it to the post office as a "contract carrier." This union truck looks and acts like the modern milk truck. Men can comfortably walk in and out of it. It has an undersized, gasoline-saving motor and is being used to deliver parcels. The union expects to show, with careful day-to-day cost records, that the truck can save both money and wear and tear on the driver.

Still another exasperated employee who set out to do something about the lag in the Post Office was John Sestak of the Chicago post office.

Out of tin cans discarded by wartime canteens, scrap iron from dismantled conveyers and odds and ends of wood from a carpenter shop, Sestak constructed a mail-sorting machine. This machine saves 25 to 40 per cent of labor and promises to revolutionize the function on which the Post Office Department spends the most money (some $200,000,000 yearly) and employs the most pairs of hands.

Sestak, an assistant mail superintendent and a sort of grass-roots Edison, watched unhappily as hundreds of clerks sorted out millions of pieces of incoming mail into pigeonhole-studded cases. Into the 35 pigeonholes in each case they would flip mail destined for local mailboxes and for the various states. (This is known in postal jargon as the "primary separation.")

"Just the way they do it in a country store," Sestak, a thin worrier of a man, reproached himself. He squirmed as the clerks dropped their sorting twice every hour and filed, chain-gang fashion, before the sorting cases, each emptying out a specific pigeonhole—performing in this primitive fashion the task of removing and stacking the mail which they had sorted.

Why not have the pigeonholes empty into mail chutes that would then dump the sorted mail onto moving belts which would carry the envelopes away and stack them neatly—a stack for each state, or city, or postal station?

Sestak built his 62-foot-long "sorting machine" around this idea, but not until he had had some anxious negotiations with Washington postal officials to obtain permission for the construction of a time and moneysaving device. (If the Postal Manual of Instructions doesn't cover a situation—you must clear your problem with Washington.)

The machine accommodates nine men, seated before nine sorting cases. They do the work 12 men used to do, just because the time-consuming, chain-gang cleanout of the sorting-case pigeonholes has been eliminated. Actually, much more labor is saved because the clerks are now seated comfortably before a compact, foot-square sorting case. Under the antiquated regulation method, they half stand, half lean against a wooden bar, stretching to reach pigeonholes distributed over a nine-foot area.

Slow Wheels of Progress

Sestak's machine proved itself at once. Clerks in the Chicago post office fought to work on it, and it promised real savings, at least in the big-city post offices. The machine was put to work experimentally in the summer of 1945, but it took the Post Office almost four years to make up its mind that the old ways could be changed. Now, under the regime of Postmaster General Jesse M. Donaldson, who was once a mailman, three additional machines will be built for use in Chicago.

But that's Chicago.

I asked the postmaster of the world's biggest post office, Albert Goldman of New York City, what he thought of Chicago's revolutionary sorting machine.

"I never heard of it," he said.

I went to see Postmaster General Donaldson. At sixty-three he is a veteran of 40 years in the postal service, starting as a letter carrier in his native Shelbyville, Illinois, and smashing tradition by becoming the first career man to head the Department. A man of cool bearing, which years as a postal inspector have probably accentuated, he warmed up considerably when he spoke of the trials of running the Post Office Department.

Congress Faces a Problem

"Congress must determine whether we should operate as a service without regard to the deficit or whether we should operate as a business institution which should try to bring income and costs as close together as possible. If they decide that we're a service agency, then they shouldn't complain about the deficit. If they decide that we're a business then they should raise the rates on the things we sell the public.

"Take another thing—the new high costs imposed on me which I can't control any more than you can. This year it'll cost $800,000,000 more to handle the mails than it did three years ago. Congress gave postal employees a needed $625,000,000 raise but won't let the Post Office increase its rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the Civil Aeronautics Board hiked the rates which we must pay for transporting the mail. The cost of trucks and leases is up."

Postmaster General Donaldson paused for breath.

"Costs aren't my only worry. We lack trucks. No post offices have been built since the war, and we lack space. Rail cars are short, yet we've been handling more mail since last July than we did during the peak of last year's Christmas rush."

The Post Office, under Donaldson, may get the long-delayed changes it needs.

In office only half a year, the new Postmaster General is, of course, not to blame for the antique methods that he inherited.

He has named a new vehicles official to study the vexing problem of postal trucks. He is working closely with the Hoover Commission's engineers, who are studying ways of streamlining the handlings of the mails.

"We badly need a research division in the Department to study methods of doing things more efficiently. We need a rate board to study and recommend rates," he said.

Traditions Are Maintained

Encouraging words, from a Post Office official.

Our Post Office Department has always been faithful to its traditions and its slogans. Neither snow, nor rain—nor broken-down trucks nor hand-and-foot methods—stay the movement of the mails. With trains stymied during the Eastern seaboard hurricane of 1938, Post Office officials pressed the battleship Wyoming into service at Brooklyn, loaded her with the help of a chain of 400 sailors, who passed the mail by hand from dock to deck—and got the mail through to Boston.

When New York's oil supply ran out last winter and city post offices went cold in zero weather, mail clerks wrapped themselves in burlap bags, set up relays of men to keep the scalding coffee coming and sorted the mail with numbed fingers.

When fire leveled much of Bar Harbor, Maine, mail clerks moved into a gutted store, scrawled "U.S. Post Office" across the window with a cake of soap and started getting out the mail.

Such devotion deserves a hand. Or better still, some wheels and modern equipment.

"They want us to drop in to meet some old friends of theirs. They say to come just as we are"

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Collier's
EDITORIAL

Collier's believes...

OUR FEARS ARE FALSE: The country is again due for a long period of talk about the atomic bomb and the end of civilization and a number of other fearful things.

Collier's notion is that it is time to think about the matter calmly and to stop being agitated by every speaker and writer with a passion for anxiety.

Yes, the atomic bomb is the biggest and most expensive mass killer the wit of man has yet devised. It is just as awful in its possibilities as anyone chooses to say.

But before we begin to wallow in the details of horror it will not do the slightest harm to get some kind of perspective on the matter.

Look at the record. Plain ordinary fire, fire as old as history, did as much or more damage in Tokyo in a single day as the atomic bomb accomplished in Hiroshima.

So, if horror is what we want to think about, we don't necessarily have to concentrate on atomic energy. War—that is, voluntary killing and destruction as an instrument of national policy—is the evil to be controlled.

No military commander, so far as the record shows, thinks that the atomic bomb is a very efficient weapon against an enemy army.

Atomic bombs have to be dropped or somehow placed on or in the area which is to be attacked. The bomb will do unparalleled damage in a relatively small area. But no enemy is going to gather up his forces in a narrow space so that they will be injured or destroyed by atomic flashes. That's not the way armies fight.

Of course cities can be made "hot" with atomic energy and thus uninhabitable. Civilians in great numbers can thus be killed, burned or sickened. But the enemy could go on fighting and making weapons elsewhere. The atomic bomb, in spite of its horrible destructive possibilities, is thus not a weapon that enables one government to impose its will quickly upon another government or another people. The Japanese people were thoroughly defeated before the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.

There is no sense in getting excited about scattering industry and munitions plants about the country in order to avoid a possible atomic attack. Our government employed some very intelligent people to consider this subject, and the suggestion in their report, which has been published, is to place munitions factories a few miles apart so that if a bomb were dropped it would blow up only one plant, not dozens of them.

It is not necessary, or even desirable, to try to relocate existing plants or to install them underground. If we adopt the principle suggested by the government report, there is room enough in New England to house in comparative safety all the munitions factories we shall ever have or need.

Naturally they will not all be located in New England. Chambers of commerce and labor leaders will try to see to it that Middle West, Southwest, Pacific Coast, South, and the Middle Atlantic areas get their shares of the business.

So far as anybody can guess the United States alone has atomic bombs and the capacity to make them in any considerable quantities. Nobody seems to believe that Russia now has any present supply of bombs or any probable means of making them soon. On the other hand, Russian scientists are not fools and if the Russians want at some future time, to produce atomic energy and are willing to pay the price, they can doubtless find the way.

So, the real solution is that we alone possess enough atom bombs to make an attack but we won't use them. We could not use bombs without abandoning all our cherished principles. We are simply not that kind of people.

However, we would use atomic bombs if we were wantonly attacked. If Russia, for example, were to overrun western Europe, attack England and try to get at the United States, the pressure on the United States to use atomic bombs would be hard to resist.

Recognition of this fact doubtless restrains Russia now. So we have time to think calmly, to plan deliberately, to negotiate and even agree sincerely upon ways of skillfully saving the world from another war.

That, at this moment, is the principal business of mankind.

But while we work for peace, we also are very wisely proceeding with atomic research. And the end products of such research doubtless will be vastly more important for peace than for war.

Atomic research need not be secret. Any time Russia is willing to join the world in open inquiry and unhampered inspection, whatever is now secret may be published. Surely, there is nothing in the study of the atom that men of good will need to fear. . . .

W. L. C.

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